PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1987 $4.00

SMOKERS' RIGHTS P. 24

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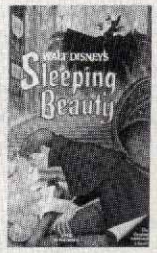

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SPACECAMP
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				DELTA FORCE	3583012		
				GUNG HO	4225012		
				ON GOLDEN POND	0523162		
				THE COTTON CLUB	3100032		
				SOUTH PACIFIC	3506112		
				RISKY BUSINESS	6033082		
				PATTON	0043092		
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PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/May 1987

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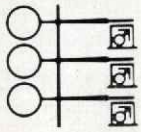

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL: A Mysterious Swami; ABC: White House Closet Secrets; Nancy's Drug Project; Columbia University; Wall Street Journal Hostage; Roy Cohn's Portrait	Column	Sharon Churcher	17
JUSTICE: Surrogate Legislation	Column	Alan M. Dershowitz	20
WOMEN: Female Umpires	Column	Nick Tosches	22
POWER GAME: Smokers' Strategies	Column	Michael Korda	24
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	28
CALL ME MADAM	Service	Xaviera Hollander	32
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	35
LOONY BIN		Karen Schwarz	36
SCENES: Ori Hofmekler		Peter Bloch	37
FOOD: Milk Spritzers		Judith Zimmer	37
SEX NEWS		Lauren Bank	38
THE MEXICAN TIME BOMB	Article	Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta	40
CRACKING THE TORTILLA CURTAIN	Article	Jim Robbins	44
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		47
HANS KANTERS	Portfolio		50
CALL-GIRL CANDIDATE	Article	Ellen Hawkes	64
MELISSA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Earl Miller	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	92
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY	Essay	Donita Leeling	94
HEAT IN A HIGH PLACE	Pictorial	Photos by Suze Randall	96
BILLY MARTIN	Interview	Allan Sonnenschein	108
NOT TONIGHT, DEAR, I HAVE A REVOLUTION	Satire	Bill Lee	115
SHOWSTOPPER	Pictorial	Photos by J. Stephen Hicks	118
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	130
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	133
HARD TIMES	Humor		143
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	152
GAMES: Strange Sex Facts	Diversions	Scot Morris	158

Our cover features Pet of the Month Melissa Leigh. Melissa was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 142.

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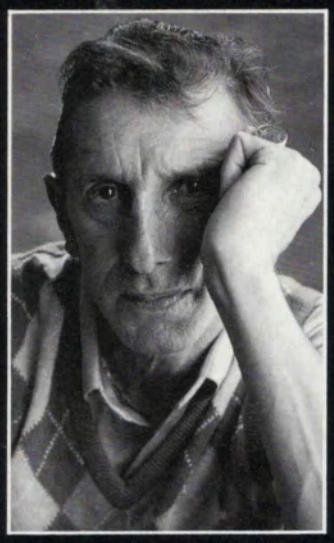
HOUSECALL

THE MEXICAN TIME BOMB
Despite Reagan's tirades about the Soviet Union's "Evil Empire," it could fairly be said that the most immediate threat to our national security comes not from Moscow, or from its puppets in Cuba and Nicaragua, but from our closest southern neighbor. According to acclaimed investigative reporters Jack Anderson and Dale Van Atta, "the situation couldn't be more serious. A time bomb is ticking south of the border whose explosion could catch the United States totally unprepared." They interviewed the presidents of both countries, drug-enforcement agents, and the former head of the C.I.A. They show why, among a number of alarming developments, Mexican babies represent a more immediate danger to us than Russian warheads—because Mexico's in-progress population explosion threatens to destroy its government and wash like a tidal wave across our borders.

BILLYBALL
He hasn't been called baseball's most controversial manager for nothing: Billy Martin tells it like it is, fast, straight, and on the inside. In this month's exclusive interview with Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein, Billy will make no new friends in his hometown . . . or anywhere else, for that matter. For instance, describing last year's "heroic" World Series between the New York Mets and the Boston Red Sox, Martin could hardly contain his disgust: "If I had a brick, I would have thrown it through the set. It was the worst World Series I had ever seen!" As a new baseball season begins, sports fans will be comforted to know that Billy Martin is on the scene, waiting to stir things up if the game gets too boring.



THE CALL-GIRL CANDIDATE
But if you think that Billy Martin is outspoken, wait till you meet Miss Norma Jean Almodovar, last year's Libertarian party candidate for California lieutenant governor. Norma Jean has a compelling way of distinguishing between politicians and prostitutes, for example: "There are some things a prostitute will *not* do for money!" And she should know! This former born-again fundamentalist and one-time traffic cop was convicted of pandering in 1984—and, like all of her convictions felonious or philosophical, it's one she stands on. "I wanted the public to hear my story so that they will understand how the government is limiting their freedom by its enforcement of victimless crimes," she told our reporter, Ellen Hawkes. To those "sister" feminists whose understanding of liberty and the democratic process stops at the sound of their own shrill voices, Norma Jean is equally scathing: "Those who think I demean women by being a prostitute or by posing nude don't understand freedom."

ET CETERA
And don't think that the current liberalization in the Soviet Union has escaped the watery eye of Humor Editor Bill Lee. In "Not Tonight, Dear, I Have a Revolution" he explores the practices and improprieties of sexual politics, much of which, we suspect, will drive Gorbachev and his Kremlin pals back into deepest Cold War paranoia. . . . And paranoia, no doubt, is precisely what closet gays in the White House must feel as the administration attempts to foist its "pro-family," ultraconservative morality on the nation. AIDS has already tragically killed two of these men, reports Sharon Churcher in this month's "U.S.A. Confidential," and others—including one of Nancy's best friends and a top Reagan strategist—have to live under the terrible pressure of working for a government that publicly despises homosexuality. . . . On a lighter note, master games editor Scot Morris offers a new sex quiz to further test your knowledge of this ever-fascinating subject. . . . And in our new "Women" column, Nick Tosches introduces us to a rare new breed of woman—the female umpire. Of course, our very favorite women are the always beauteous Penthouse Pets . . . a rare breed also, but one which, thank heaven, you can always find captured within our pages!

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"I pulled my hands out of her blouse and looked up at her smiling face. There was a spark in her eyes as she looked at me."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

PENCIL-PUSHER

I am an accountant, 38 years old, with limited experience with women on sexual matters. I'm good-looking, although not a movie star, and I keep myself in good physical condition by working out. Little did I know that my hardest workout was yet to come.

Most people think of accountants as small mousy people either trying to steal someone else's money or trying to catch someone else stealing money. I hope what I am going to tell you will show that this isn't always the case. I work for the local county government. My boss had decided to retire, and it is the practice of the county to check whatever accounts that person has handled over the years. Because of this, the state sent over one of their auditors.

The lady that arrived was something else. She was about five feet eight inches tall. She had short dark hair, sparkling brown eyes, and a great smile. She didn't have big breasts, but because her body was well proportioned, they looked great anyway. Margie wanted to go right to work on checking several accounts that had to be audited. She thought the whole project would take about a week, so I set her up in one of the conference rooms that could accommodate all the papers and files included in her job. I told her that I'd be available if she had any questions.

I came to work every day with a large stiff pencil in my pants. I didn't know if Margie noticed, but my pencil got sharper whenever I stood close to her and smelled her perfume. We got

along great on the job, but to my dismay, there were always other people around.

One afternoon Margie came to me for the last checking-account records and said that her job would be finished by the end of the day. I gave her the records, and she returned to the conference room to work on the files. At the end of the day she had still not finished, and I just happened to have extra work to do, so I stayed late, too.

Margie came to me and said she was having trouble reconciling the records on the last account, and asked if I could sit with her and help solve the problem. I followed her into the room, and we pulled our chairs together so that we could work more efficiently and look at the same set of books. Her perfume was filling my head, and I could feel the heat from her body next to me. Whenever we spotted a problem, we would turn and look into each other's eyes. After about a half hour of this, and still having trouble locating the mistake, I felt Margie's leg pressing against mine. I had no plans to move my leg, and soon she began to rub the back of my neck.

I suggested that she might enjoy the same thing, so I stood behind her and started to rub her neck. I moved my hands out to her shoulders and pressed hard with my fingers. She was saying how good it felt, so I kept on rubbing. I moved my hands further down her back, and Margie moved forward in her chair so that I could reach lower. I decided to take a chance, and as I moved my hands back up her soft, warm back, I took hold of the zipper on her blouse and moved it down a few inches. I could now feel her soft, warm skin beneath my hands. Margie let out a low moan, and while still rubbing her back, I moved the blouse's zipper all the way down to her skirt belt. With her blouse wide open, I unhooked the back of her bra and reached around to caress her flat stomach. As I moved my hands under her breasts, Margie let out a sigh and slowly stood up. She said, "Take your hands out."

I pulled my hands out of her blouse and looked up at her smiling face. There was a spark in her eyes as she looked at me. She stepped up to me, put her hand behind my neck, and leaned forward. When our lips met, they became hot and I thought she would draw the breath right out of me. By now my arms were in a vise around her body and her stomach was flat against mine. My hands kneaded her hot back, and after what seemed like half an hour, we broke our kiss.

I then looked into her burning eyes and she into mine. She reached for the knot in my tie and pulled it down from my neck. Margie opened the top button of my shirt, and without taking her eyes off of mine, proceeded to undo the buttons all the way down to my belt. I reached down and stopped her hand, and her reaction was of pure puzzlement. I took hold of her and removed her blouse, and standing before me was a woman naked to the waist. Her breasts were high and firm with a small nipple in the middle and a wide, dark-pink ring around it. While I stood mesmerized by her beauty she removed my shirt, and with a force that almost knocked me off my feet, pressed close to me with a fervent kiss.

Our mouths were then all over each other and her

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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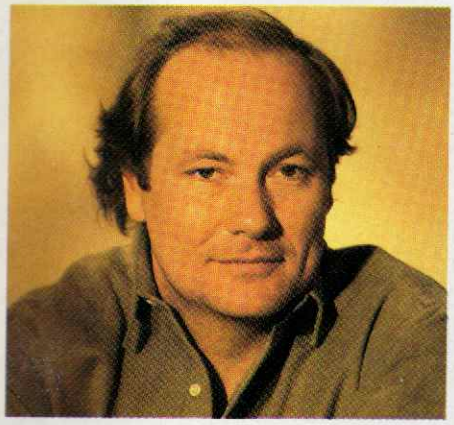
Another natural symptom of maturity is that the body may produce fewer natural hair conditioners. Hair becomes thinner in diameter, weaker and more susceptible to breakage.



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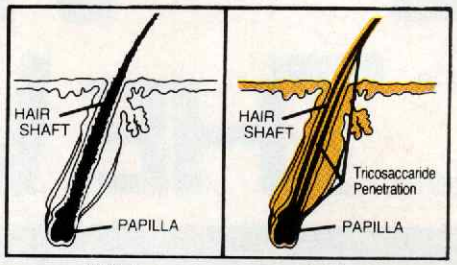

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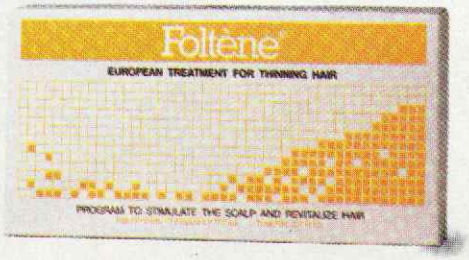

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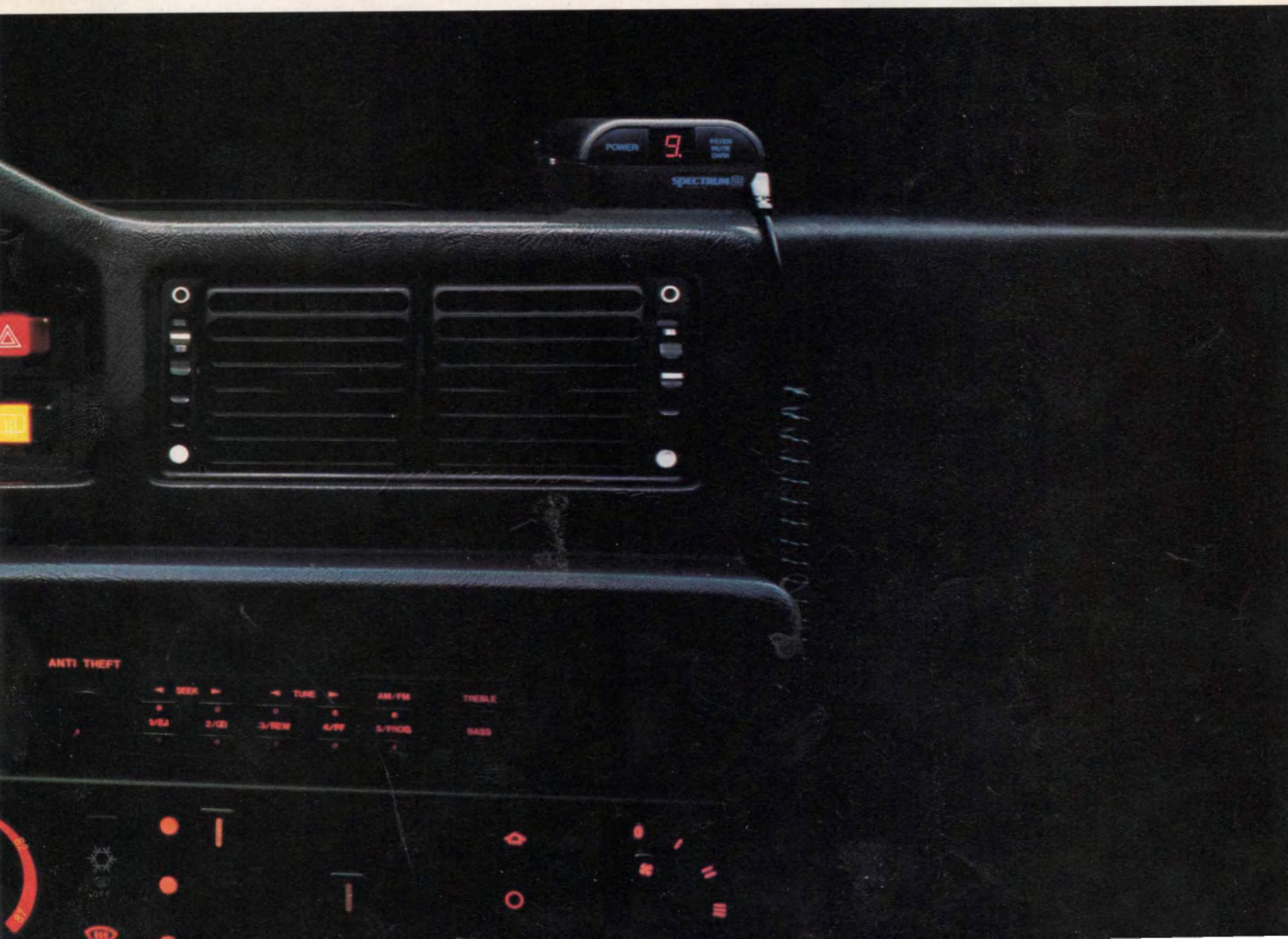

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MAY

velvet breasts pressed close to my chest. The moisture our bodies were creating ran down between us and sealed our bodies tighter together. After what seemed like hours, Margie's hand moved down to the heavy lead pencil in my pocket. After holding it for a minute she reached for the belt buckle, unzipped my pants, and out sprang my pencil, sharp for her attention.

While I proceeded to remove the rest of my clothing (I didn't want to look like an idiot with his pants around his ankles), Margie let the clasp go on her skirt and it fell off. With a swift motion I removed the rest of her clothing, noticing a dark spot on her light-blue panties. She reached down and took my rock-hard penis in her hand and slowly made her way down the contours of my body. I knew that if I allowed her to continue her act of passion it would be over too soon, and I wanted to relish this moment with her. I lifted her from the floor where she was kneeling, kissed her on the lips, and slid her silky panties off her equally silky body. I reached around behind her and firmly squeezed her rump. Margie was moving her whole body against my body, her fingers digging into my back. I could feel her mound pressing against me, so I lifted her and set her bare bottom on the cold conference-room table. I had to take a second glance because I thought I saw steam rise from the table as her bottom touched it.

I knelt in front of her legs and spread them apart. I could see the moisture from her body, as well as her cunt, run down along the hairs of her bush and form a pool on the tabletop. It was like morning dew on the grass. I put my hands on the outside of Margie's body and moved her closer to my panting mouth. She put her legs up over my shoulders as I slowly kissed the inside of her thighs. My penis, under the table, was ready to explode. As my tongue touched the soft skin inside her pencil box, she let out a yelp and fell back on the table. As I administered the best tongue-fuck I ever gave a woman, Margie's whole body shook and jumped. Her juices flowed from her like a fountain, and I pushed my face deeper into her cunt, drinking my fill. Her body continued to shake and she cried, "Stop, stop!" I probed as deep as possible, and she cried out with one last yell, her body becoming rigid and then falling back again onto the cold tabletop. By now I couldn't take it any longer, and my penis exploded furiously with a lead shot right across the floor.

I continued to kiss my way up her panting body and when I got to her breasts, tonguing each one back and forth, Margie started to come. This fully excited me and my pencil was hard again, waiting to be sharpened in her warm, pulsating pencil box. I slid up onto the table so that I lay side by side with Margie, all the while caressing her beautiful breasts. She reached up to pull me onto her, but because of our awkward position on the table I slid off the top. As I stood at the end of the table, an idea came to mind—I was at the perfect height for what I was about to do.

I slid Margie down toward the edge of the table and guided my erect pencil into her moist pencil box with my hand. I slid into her real slow, so that she could enjoy every inch of it. She moved back on her elbows to gain some leverage, and her pussy locked tight onto my penis. I was astonished to find out that she had great muscle control. It was like moving through honey and creamy peanut butter in between a vise.

Whenever I was about to come, I would stop thrusting and pull Margie up into my arms, our bodies sealed by our sweat and love juices. When it was safe to continue, I would lay her back down on the table and start to fuck her again. After a slow half hour (I only noticed because the clock was over her head), we both came like an earthquake. I thought that the table would collapse from us coming so hard. Margie's pencil box flowed and I continued to pump her like a madman.

I lost count of how many times I needed my pencil sharpened, and after a numerous amount of wonderful sensations, we finally fell asleep in each other's arms. When we awoke it was morning, and around us was a mess of files, papers, and wrinkled clothes. We finally left the office and went back to my place to have breakfast and get more sleep. If I were reading this story I would never believe that it actually happened, but it did. Just remember, accountants do more than push pencils and file papers.—*Name and address withheld*

ROYAL WEDDING

I met her in a bar the night before the royal wedding. She was a beautiful girl with fiery red hair and green eyes that sparkled with what I thought at first was amusement; but upon taking a closer look, I noticed she was crying.

The silent tears of this beautiful angel moved me so much that I approached her rather boldly, asking her why she was so distressed. With a small smile she explained that the royal wedding was being broadcast the following morning on TV. At first I was puzzled as to why such a distant occasion would affect this beautiful lady, but as she continued her story I started to understand.

I finally got her to tell me her name; Lila was distressed because her boyfriend decided to take a fishing trip instead of watching the royal wedding, a romantic and lovely event that she wanted to share with him. As I calmed her down with a drink and some soothing words about her problem, she really opened up to me and our discussion lasted well into the night. She sheepishly told me how she always fantasized about being a princess and making it in a castle with a dashing knight. A little embarrassed, she thought I might

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

THE INTRUDER 700

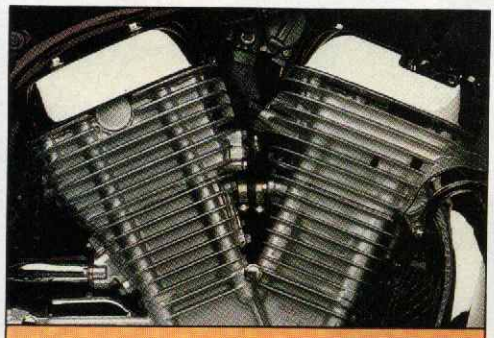
Identical twins.

Vic and Van. Brothers. Not just brothers. Twins. Not just twins. Identical twins.

When they were kids, it was a real drag. Same clothes. Same haircut. It was like spending your life with a mirror. But as they got older, they started making their own decisions.

They still shared the same interests. Riding was one of them. And when it came to picking out a new bike, they both picked the cream of the cruisers. The Suzuki Intruder 700. Low slung. Chrome on chrome. V-Twin power. Slim, teardrop tank. But when it came to customizing their new ride, they were identically opposite.

Van took the traditional pullback bars, Vic opted for the low profile drag bars.



The VS700GL

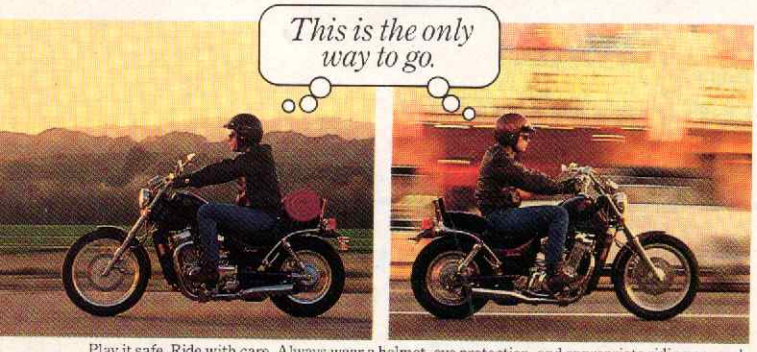
When it came down to wheels, Vic chose the eye-grabbing wire spokes and of course, Van picked the mag-type wheels.

They didn't surprise anyone in their choice of color. A deep, rich maroon finish caught Van's eye. But the midnight blue lacquer finish looked good to Vic.

They love to punch that electric start and ride side by side like human bookends. The 4-stroke, liquid-cooled, 8-valve V-Twin engines play a rich, throaty baritone duet that's music to their ears.

Needless to say, their destinations are as different as East and West. Van heads for the asphalt and neon. Vic packs a bedroll and sets out to find "who-knows-where."

And when you ask the "V" twins about their V-Twins, they say the identical thing: "somebody finally did it right."



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USA CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

A HOLY OWNED PROJECT?

Congressional investigators might have shortcut their probe into the U.S.-Iran arms debacle if they'd called on the mystical talents of a jet-setting Indian guru. Not only does His Holiness Chandra Swamiji Maharaj claim to be able to prophesy events and read people's minds, but the people he knows include a remarkable cross section of contragate players: Saudi tycoon Adnan Khashoggi, who brokered the arms deal, entertained him on his planes and yacht; British industrialist Roland "Tiny" Rowland (below), who, with his Lonrho corporation, loaned Khashoggi $7.5 million that allegedly was used in the deal without Rowland's knowledge, clashed with the seer in an earlier convoluted brouhaha; and the sultan of Brunei, who gave the United States $10 million that is suspected to have been diverted to the deal, was once the swami's most prestigious follower.

"Do you know [the sultan] has $25 billion? Yet he, a Muslim, worships me," the holy man (right) remarked in an interview with the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. The swami isn't exactly short of cash himself. By some accounts, a Canadian disciple helps him manage donations that pour in from his followers. Since the disciple and another Canadian are suspected by congressional investigators to have provided Khashoggi, knowingly or unknowingly, with moola for the arms deal, the trail might seem to lead smack to the swami. However, Khashoggi has said that the Canadians, who are on the board of his main U.S. company, work for an unidentified Saudi businessman, and it was this businessman who loaned some of the cash for arms.

Adds a Khashoggi aide, his boss values the swami simply for his "fantastic mathematical, logical mind."

It was after an abortive 1982 coup in Kenya that the swami made one of his first marks on the international scene, according to a source close to Kenyan officials: "He performed a *yagna* [spiritual ritual] and named enemies of our president."

The swami also offered to demonstrate his talents during a 1983 interview with me in New York: He predicted that Ronald Reagan would win a second term. He was especially proud of the

connections he'd been establishing on Capitol Hill, where he met then House majority leader Jim Wright. A courtesy, said a Wright spokesman, as was a message of greetings the House leader sent to a religious festival headed by the swami. "Swamiji was dying to meet the Reagans, but the closest he got was a cabinet member," recalls a friend of the guru's.

With one of the Canadians in tow, the swami subsequently went to Monaco, where he was dined by Prince Ranier, the friend says: "The prince made a rude comment about Khashoggi's yacht. He thought it was very flashy, but you could see that Swamiji was dying to meet Khashoggi."

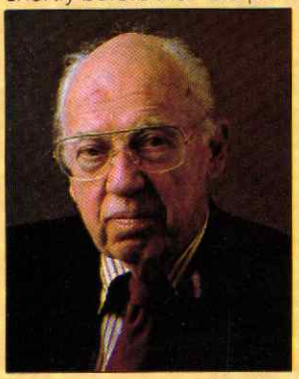
The swami's most glitzy follower in this period was the sultan of Brunei, reputedly the richest man in the world. *The Observer*, a British newspaper owned by Rowland's Lonrho, charged that the swami introduced the sultan to an Egyptian businessman, Mohamed al-Fayed, in return for $500,000 and a cut of any deals made as a result of the meeting. One such deal, the newspaper contended, was the al-Fayed family's purchase of a retailing chain whose flagship store is Harrods of London. The al-Fayeds, said the paper, were merely a front for the sultan. A rival bid for the chain by Lonrho was being held up by a government inquiry, and there was dark talk of a predeal tea at which Britain's Margaret Thatcher had hosted the sultan. The sultan, al-Fayed, and the swami denied all *The Observer*'s allegations. Countered the guru, Rowland, who has African interests, was bad-mouthing him because he'd refused "to use my tantric powers to make [a Rowland associate] the president [of Zaire]." When the swami eventually did hook up with Khashoggi, the one thing that is "incontra-vertible" is that he didn't use those powers to predict contragate's outcome: You'll recall that Khashoggi, complaining of U.S. duplicity, maintains that the saga left him in a financial hole.

USA CONFIDENTIAL

SPOOKED AT ABC

It may sound sick, but some American Broadcasting Co. staffers heaved a sigh of relief when cancer befell former C.I.A. director William Casey. Explains one of them, the fear had been that the blustery spook would serve out his time at the agency, then pop up on the board of Capital Cities Communications, which took over ABC in 1985.

Not an unlikely scenario, since Casey helped found Cap Cities and was a director until 1971, when he quit to head the Securities and Exchange Commission. He was on the board again from 1976 until he went to the C.I.A. in 1981. Even then, he refused to put his Cap Cities stock, worth as much as $7.5 million, into the customary blind trust until shortly before the ABC pur-



chase. Says a network staffer, such affection naturally made journalists feel vulnerable: "You could just see him on the board, whispering in the chairman's ear about John McWethy." McWethy is the ABC-TV national-security reporter whose scoops have included the U.S. interception of the jet carrying the hijackers of the cruise liner *Achille Lauro*.

WHITE HOUSE CLOSET SECRETS

Politicians thrive on odd alliances. Still, you have to wonder how much longer the many prominent Reaganites who are secretly gay will be able to tolerate the accelerating attempt by a handful of administration conservatives to foist their morality on the rest of the country.

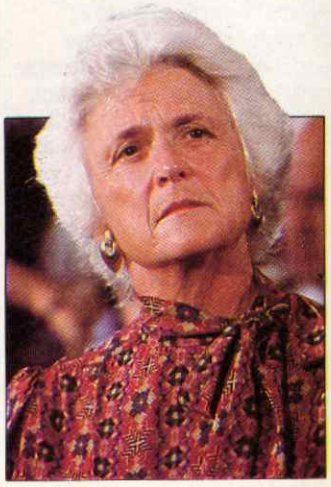
The President, asked about gay rights, has said he is "opposed to discrimination—period." Yet that's hardly the tone of *The Family*, a text on "Preserving America's Future" released by William Bennett's Education Department. While stopping short of Jerry Falwell's fund-raising bromides ("Please remember," thundered one pitch, "homosexuals do not reproduce!"), the report defines a "family" as members of a "household of persons related by blood, marriage, or adoption." Its assertion that this reflects a "new consensus" among Americans may explain why one White House staffer resigned amid rumors that he made a proposition that he shouldn't have. Still, one of the First Lady's best friends is a homosexual, as are two former top advisers to the President and a man who helped organize Reagan's accession. "At dinner parties, he makes a useful extra man. He's always willing to sit next to a lady," says a Washington hostess.

Two standard-bearers of conservatism recently died from AIDS-related complications after leading deeply closeted gay lives. Roy Cohn, the brilliant and controversial lawyer who was once Senator Joseph McCarthy's sidekick, considered coming out, says a friend, but decided it would be too "embarrassing." Adds the friend, "Roy always said a great majority of homosexuals were Republicans because so many of them are very successful business people and artists."

The other AIDS victim, National Conservative Political Action Committee founder Terry Dolan (left), was disclosed after his death to have been a cofounder with Californian Bruce Decker of Concerned Americans for Individual Rights, an organization of gay Republicans. During the 1984 Republican convention, Dolan partied with Pat Boone and Bob Hope. Privately, however, he was helping the gay G.O.P.'ers to raise money. Toward the end, the tensions of living a dual life apparently mounted: "When he was dying, his gay friends felt his family cut us off," Decker says. Dolan's brother Anthony, who directs Reagan's speech writers, didn't comment, but he has emphasized that "we're terribly proud of Terry," describing his painful death as "a deeply religious experience. . . . He was receiving the sacraments of the [Catholic] Church for several months."

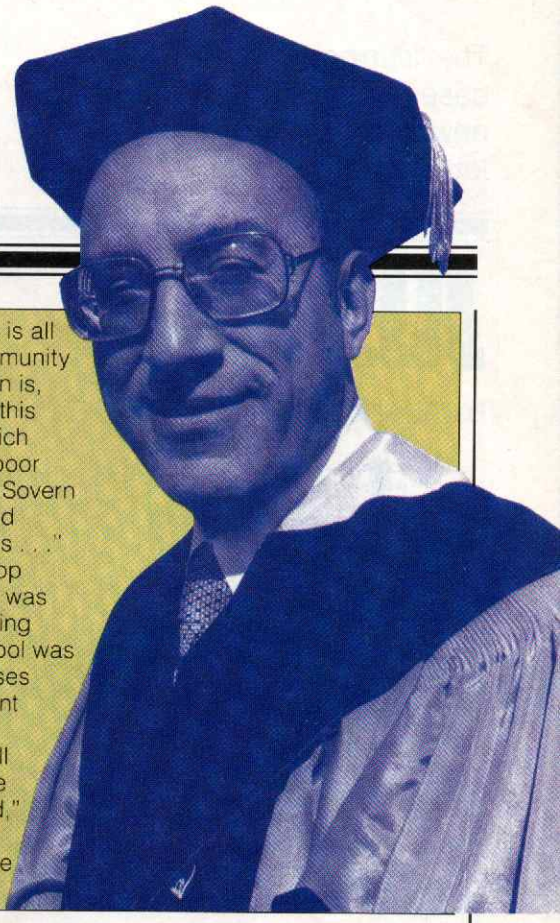
JUST SAY NO

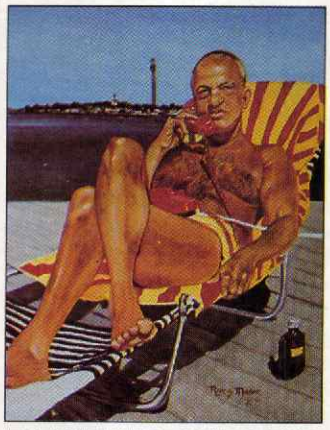
Even as President Reagan, who is committed to "voluntarism," was proposing to gut the federal drug enforcement and prevention budget by $913 million, his biggest volunteer, Nancy, was trying to take up the slack. At least so says a source, who reports that the First Lady has been in talks with Phoenix House, a nationwide rehab program, about allowing a new treatment center for teenage addicts in Southern California to be named for her after her husband leaves office. She already is memorialized by the Nancy Reagan Drug Abuse Fund, a private body that holds an annual fund-raiser at the White House. It has given out a whole $320,000 to fight drug abuse since 1985. Meantime, Second Lady Barbara Bush has been learning to say no at a fitness spa, not a beauty farm, emphasizes her chief of staff, Susan Porter Rose. "Not too much caffeine or alcohol; fish as opposed to red meat," Rose elaborates, denying that the idea is to brush up Mrs. Bush's looks (below) for Campaign '88.



SOVERN'S GLASS HOUSE

Thanks to the recommendations of a panel headed by Columbia University President Michael Sovern, Mario Cuomo, the governor who would not be president, set up a "Commission on Government Integrity" to get to the bottom of the tsunami of "corruption, dishonesty, and unethical conduct" that has overwhelmed New York City. Since Columbia has been barraged for years with allegations that it has acted unethically toward tenants of its vast property holdings, where better, it might be suggested, for the commission to start than in Sovern's backyard? The school is government-subsidized, since it's tax-exempt, so presumably it falls within the probers' scope. They could begin with the claim in a 1985 book by Lynne Sharon Schwartz, *We Are Talking About Homes: A Great University Against Its Neighbors*, that Columbia tried to use a fire that damaged one of its apartment buildings to evict the residents and renovate the place as a dorm. A school spokesman replies that the "distortions and inaccuracies" in the book are "too numerous to detail." Legal tenants, he says, are never forced out. Indeed, Columbia is all for protecting the community weal. The only question is, which community? Of this neighborhood where rich students coexist with poor black and Latin locals, Sovern once mused, "We could redesign the storefronts . . ." For that matter, why stop at poshing them up? It was reported that after polling 212 shoppers, the school was evicting small businesses to make room for a giant delicatessen offering imported goods as well as basic services. "The stores were not evicted," snaps the Columbia spokesman. "They were voluntarily relocated."





PAINTING OUT THE I.R.S.?

In a legendary tax-avoidance scheme, Roy Cohn (see page 18) liquidated his personal assets 26 years ago and owned almost nothing under his own name. Well, almost nothing. The lawyer largely lived on a massive expense account. But it can now be revealed that there is at least one possession to which he kept title: a painting of him by Norman Mailer's wife, Norris Church.

The picture, depicting Cohn on the deck of the Cape Cod cottage where he was a Mailer summer tenant, was commissioned by the lawyer. And, says Mrs. Mailer, Cohn paid her $3,000 for it. Naturally, in cash. "He really did love it. He wanted to take it home when it was still wet," she remembers. After his death, the art piece turned up in the keeping of Chris Seymour, Cohn's longtime assistant. He gave it to her before he passed away, she says. Since the government has been hounding some surviving Cohn associates for almost $7 million it says the lawyer owed, was this a final ploy by him to mock the I.R.S.? The U.S. attorney in charge of the case testily told me that "a tax lien extends to all property of the taxpayer." However, the I.R.S. doesn't seem to think it will get too far by seizing a Norris Church Mailer. Though the artist disputes Seymour's thought that the portrait may be worth under $2,000, at press time, the tax men were said to be on the verge of accepting an elegant Manhattan town house where the lawyer had his principal home and offices as a settlement.

THE VIRGIN MARY CONNECTION

Though Secretary of State George Schultz has said that the U.S. didn't cut any deal with Iran to secure the release of detained *Wall Street Journal* Mideast Correspondent Gerald Seib, the paper itself did make a pacifying gesture toward the ayatollahs.

In a profile of Seib that ran as official Iranian news reports were tagging him an Israeli spy, the paper stressed that he was not Jewish. As a Catholic, he owned a Virgin Mary medal. His wife's Catholic credentials were also related, as were Seib's "many articles documenting American anger over the Israeli invasion of Lebanon." James Bill, a University of Texas professor of Middle Eastern studies, was cited asserting that Seib had been "one of the few journalists who has accurately reported and explained the Iranian position in the Iran-Iraq conflict."

Bill, who argues that Iran has been blamed unfairly for terrorism, told me that, contacted for advice by *Journal* representatives, he urged them to deal with the captors independently of the State Department. Bill didn't specifically suggest publication of an appeasing article, nor the emphasis on the reporter's Christianity. But he did counsel that the paper make Iran aware of Seib's stance by forwarding suitable columns to Iranian embassies in Switzerland and Germany. "My quote [to the *Journal*] was very carefully framed," he added.

As it turns out, the *Journal* had already decided to send Iran all the reporter's work from 1986 and 1987. It did occur to me that should the Iranians ever grab a *Journal* reporter who is Jewish and has written critically of Iran, his editors have set a difficult precedent. "I think [the Iranians] are impressed with religion, Christianity and Judaism," replied Bill. Indeed, he believes that the Iranians are such reasonable men that they wouldn't hold even an atheist if they were convinced of his bona fides.

The "surrogate mother" case makes it obvious that new and careful legislation is needed.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

If only wise King Solomon were alive today. Perhaps he could resolve the dispute over "Baby M" (and her likely future counterparts) that is now troubling the courts. Should the "surrogate mother"—the woman who actually gave birth to the child pursuant to a $10,000 contract—be awarded custody? Or should the genetic father—who paid the contract price and provided the sperm—be given the child?

Obviously, neither party to this modern-day version of Solomon's conundrum will fall for the old king's testing ploy of offering to cut the baby in half. But both sides—like the losing claimant in the case of Solomon's disputing prostitutes—appear to be placing their own interests over those of the baby.

The biological father, William Stern, and his wife desperately wanted natural offspring. But Mrs. Stern, a pediatrician, was afflicted with a mild form of multiple sclerosis and had been warned that pregnancy could cause paralysis. Rather than risk exacerbating her condition, the couple sought guidance from a fertility clinic, which put them in contact with Mary Beth Whitehead, a 29-year-old mother of two who had enrolled with the clinic as a potential surrogate mother.

The two couples agreed that Mrs. Whitehead would be artificially inseminated with Mr. Stern's sperm and would relinquish the baby for adoption by the Sterns immediately after birth. The Sterns agreed to pay her $10,000 and to keep her advised, on a yearly basis, about the life of the child.

It was a "perfect" arrangement, according to all concerned, until nature interfered. While she was in the delivery room, Mrs. Whitehead changed her mind.

Despite her strong feelings, Mrs. Whitehead did surrender the baby to the Sterns three days after its birth. The Sterns named her Melissa Elizabeth. The Whiteheads call her Sara Elizabeth. The courts call her Baby M.

But Mrs. Whitehead could not bear to be without her new baby. She and her husband pleaded to take the baby for a week. The Sterns acceded. But the week turned into more than a month and the Whiteheads finally notified the Sterns that they would not be getting the baby back.

Enter our modern-day King Solomons—the American legal system. The Sterns got a court order, and proceeded to the Whitehead home accompanied by five of New Jersey's finest and attempted to retrieve the baby. While the Keystone Kops played the role of wise king, Mr. Whitehead climbed out the bedroom window with the object of the dispute and ran off to Florida, where his wife joined them. Eventually, the baby was brought back to New Jersey and temporary custody was awarded to the Sterns.

Whichever way this poignant case eventually turns out—and it is still in litigation at this writing—it will have a profound impact on surrogate parenting. The claims on both sides are compelling.

There are, however, guidelines from other analogous situations that might prove somewhat helpful. Disputes between parents over the custody of a newborn infant are not, after all, unusual. Whenever a married couple seeks divorce either during or immediately following a pregnancy, a custody dispute arises. The natural claims there—putting any contract aside—are similar to the surrogacy situation. Both claimants were part of the process of procreation.

Most courts give preference to the mother, but generally the criterion is "the best interest of the child."

In the surrogate situation as well, the courts should focus on the needs of the child. Baby M is helpless and must rely on the courts to represent her interests. But the Sterns and the Whiteheads would both make good parents, and the courts may well look to the competing claims of equity, justice, and contract.

At bottom, of course, is the issue of whether surrogate-mother contracts should be deemed binding in courts of law. The possible variations on the Stern-Whitehead theme are legion. The technology already exists for both the sperm and the egg to come from the adoptive parents. The surrogate mother in this case would carry the fetus to term, but would not be genetically related to it. In other situations, the surrogate mother might be well suited for giving birth but not for raising the child. Or what if the surrogate mother breaks the contract by taking dangerous drugs during the pregnancy: Should the adoptive parents be allowed to compel her to change her habits during "their" pregnancy?

What is obviously needed now is some carefully thought-through legislation that takes into account all likely variables. This is an area where it is essential to achieve as much specificity as possible in advance so that all parties can gear their emotional expectations to the realities of the law. (In January 1986, *Penthouse* asked its readers to complete a three-page questionnaire by Judianne Densen-Gerber, J.D., M.D., on the issue of surrogacy and other ethical issues posed by recent advances in fertility research.)

Even King Solomon left much to be desired in the manner by which he resolved the dispute between the two mothers. He gave little guidance for future cases. So long as justice is administered by ordinary mortals without divine guidance, specificity in the law is one of its most important qualities, especially in emotion-laden cases such as those involving surrogate parenting.

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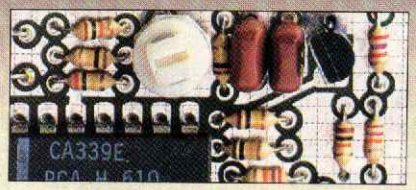

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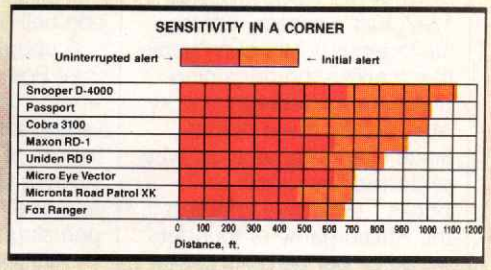

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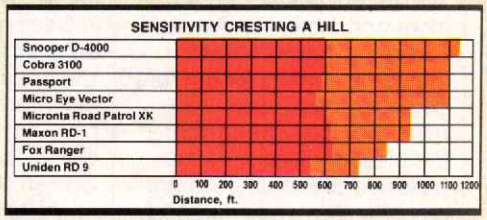

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Although baseball is traditionally a male-dominated sport, women are now beginning to call the shots.

WOMEN

BY NICK TOSCHES

It was a woman—none other than that fair-skinned spinster Jane Austen—who made the first known mention of the term "baseball." In her novel *Northanger Abbey*, written in 1797, half a century before the legendary Hoboken game that marked the beginning of American baseball history, Austen described her fictional Catherine as a girl who preferred "base ball to books." (She was referring to the British game of rounders, on which our game is based.)

In recent years, women more and more, like Austen's Catherine, have taken to the game. Except for the rare dowager team-owner, however, they have been kept in the bleachers, far from the hallowed artificial turf where men are men and one good caress of the buttocks deserves another. But someday soon this may change. There are a handful of ballsy women set on establishing themselves in that tradition-bound summertime dominion of ass-patting manliness. They would do so by becoming major-league umpires. So far, none have made it. But the breeze through the outfield may be turning.

It began nearly two decades ago, in 1968. That was the year a Long Island housewife named Bernice Gera took baseball to court in her attempt to be allowed to umpire local games. She won her case, but after her first day behind the plate, she left the field crying and she never showed up again. It was not until seven years later that Christine Wren stepped onto the field. She stuck it out for two seasons as an umpire in Class-A ball. Upon quitting, she forewarned women with similar goals, "If they only knew what I've been through. Someday, some poor girl is going to try to follow me, and she's going to have one hell of a task."

A couple of years later, Pam Postema understood what Christine Wren was talking about. It was the summer of 1976, Postema was living in Gainesville, Florida, and one afternoon while perusing the local newspaper she saw an article about the Al Somers Umpire School in Daytona Beach. Something tickled her brain, and she applied for admission. At first, Somers refused to have her, telling her outright that it was because she was a woman. Postema would not relent, and in the end, perhaps fearing a suit, Somers let her in. In the spring of 1977 (the year chief instructor Harry Wendelstedt took over the school from founder Somers), Pam graduated 17th in a class of 130. That June, when the 17th slot for a rookie-ball umpire opened up, she was assigned to the lowly Gulf Coast League. After two long years, she was promoted to the Florida State League; then, after two years more, she advanced to Double-A ball and the Texas League. Finally, in 1983, she made it to the Triple-A Pacific Coast League, becoming the first—and so far only—woman to work as an umpire in professional baseball.

While male umpires have come to accept her, she has probably been subjected to far more abuse than they. "That was a ball, ump. It was boob-high," one Vancouver batter howled. There were days when she ejected managers and players for jeering "Stick to doing the dishes!" and "Go back to your needle and thread!" At times the abuse got violent. Three seasons ago, Portland pitcher Mike Diaz ended a vile tirade by spitting a load of tobacco juice in her face. He had to be forcibly hauled from the field.

This spring marks Postema's 11th season as an umpire. (Off season, she works as a driver for the United Parcel Service.) In her happy-go-lucky way, she denies that she is on any sort of feminist quest. All she really wants to do, she stresses, is to umpire.

"I've spent four years now at Triple-A," she told *Penthouse*. "You can't spend your whole life there. You have to expect some movement. So, obviously, what I have to do is the best job I can and hope that the majors pick me up someday."

Will Pam Postema, or any of the women following her, be able to go all the way to the major leagues? Harry Wendelstedt, the venerable National League umpire and the president of Pam's alma mater, doubts that day will come.

"Pam," he says, "worked real hard. It seemed tough for her at first, but after she got her feet wet, I'd say she was one of the hardest workers in her class." As for her shot at the big time, however, Wendelstedt says, "I don't know. After all, only a few umpiring students ever even get a look at the majors." (And, according to Wendelstedt, there have been only six women graduates in his school's 50-year history. One of them, Penny Lee Barber, who finished dead last in her 1980 class of 200 but returned to work herself up to 40th, is now active as a local ball umpire.)

"On the other hand, anything's possible," Wendelstedt reflects, going on to call himself "probably one of women's greatest supporters." But in the end, he concludes that "women were meant to do certain things, just like men were. And I guess umpiring is just not one of those things."

Time, as they say, will tell. Pam Postema and the other women umpires coming up today are still quite young by umpiring standards. One of these balmy dusks, standing in blue, right where Harry Wendelstedt stood during last season's World Series, there might be somebody a whole lot better looking than him.

"I like my work, and I would like to reach my goal. I think I can do it," Pam grins. "I just hope the powers that be think I can, too."

Love often comes with strings attached.
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Caution: Being told how to live your life may be harmful to your health.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

I guess I shouldn't really be surprised that the surgeon general has proposed legislation to prevent people from smoking in public places. Big Brother is not only watching us—but telling us what to do!

Mind you, I'm a nonsmoker, or to be more exact, an ex-smoker. There's a difference. Nonsmokers are people who don't smoke and aren't tempted to; ex-smokers are people who *used* to smoke and spend every minute of every day longing for a cigarette. Personally, I've conquered the urge to smoke a cigarette so successfully that I only miss them after, during, and before meals; while I'm working; at meetings; and after making love.

It's not that I'm unaware of the fact that cigarettes may be harmful; but even so, I'm of two minds about the increasing tendency of government, at every level, to play nanny to consenting-adult voters. The conservatives, ostensible libertarians, are no better in this respect than the left—given the smallest vestige of authority, *everybody* wants to reform the other fellow.

Grundyism—the active disapproval of other people's habits—has always been a fact of life in America, a bastardized version of the puritan ethic in which repression is substituted for active faith and good works. In its latest form, it promotes health and fitness as substitutes for virtue and religious belief, but the effect is the same: Do as I say.

Not smoking might very well be a sensible personal decision, even a lifesaving one, but insisting that nobody *else* smoke is a whole different matter. The other day, a European book publisher visiting my office glanced around furtively, with the expression of a man about to be arrested by the K.G.B. He seemed more exhausted than most foreigners are after a week of fighting New York traffic and learning how to cope with gypsy cabs. "*Eine problem?*" I asked. "You're not feeling well?"

"No, no!" he said vehemently. He stared at my desk. "Is that an hashtray?"

I nodded, after a pause in which I mentally translated. "*Ash*tray, yes," I said.

"For *zigarette*?"

"Exactly."

"You don't mind so if I smoke?"

"Not at all."

"Thank you," he said, coming to life again. "Everywhere I go, people say, 'Please don't smoke.' If you light *eine zigarette* people look at you with . . ."

"Disapproval. It's the new fashion," I said.

And so it is. These days it's not enough to give up smoking; it's necessary to shame other people into giving it up. Restaurants are becoming a battlefield in which cigar and pipe smokers have long since surrendered and cigarette smokers are fighting a rearguard action. Nonsmoker though I am, I have no patience with this. Personally, I hate the smell of garlic, but I would never dream of telling a stranger at the next table to send back an order of snails.

Since a flood tide of legislation is building up to enforce nonsmoking edicts, I am offering a code of behavior for restaurants, based on tolerance, common sense, and reason.

1. Those who wish to smoke should say so on making a reservation, so the management can make a reasonable effort not to seat them next to a table of nonsmokers.

2. Ditto for nonsmokers. They should *say* they're nonsmokers, rather than complaining when the fellow at the next table is halfway through his dinner and lights up a cigarette.

3. If the management can't separate smokers from nonsmokers, the smokers should not (a) blow smoke in the direction of nonsmokers, (b) smoke foul-smelling cigarettes, or (c) ostentatiously chain-smoke while the people at the nonsmoking table are tasting a delicious wine.

4. Most people can live with a cigarette after a good meal. Smokers should recognize that the better the food, the more offense they are likely to give to fellow diners, nonsmokers, and the chef if they smoke *during* the meal.

If, nevertheless, all this fails, I offer the following comments to make when the lady with the angry expression at the table next to yours asks the maître d' to tell you not to smoke.

1. "Please tell her that I can't stand *her* perfume, but I have to put up with it, so she can just put up with my cigarette." (This won't work, of course, if the man accompanying her is over six feet tall, with eyebrows that meet in the middle like a couple of bath mats.)

2. "I am smoking on doctor's orders. It relaxes me."

3. "I am going to finish this cigarette. I am going to have another one while I drink my coffee and pay the check. I will limit it to that in deference to the lady's wishes." (A compromise is *always* the reasonable thing to do and puts you in charge of the situation.)

4. "I am an inspector for a gourmet guide, and if you make me stop smoking I'll give your restaurant an F rating."

5. "I am a detective, and the lady who is complaining is dining out with a man who isn't her husband."

6. "Smoking is part of my dining pleasure. I'll put my cigarette out if you insist, but if I do I will expect you to tear up my bill."

The latter, I feel, is probably the approach most likely to work, since it puts the responsibility on the management as opposed to the federal government, local authorities, or a personal confrontation with the lady who wants you to put out your cigarette and who, the way things are going, is now on the winning side. . . .

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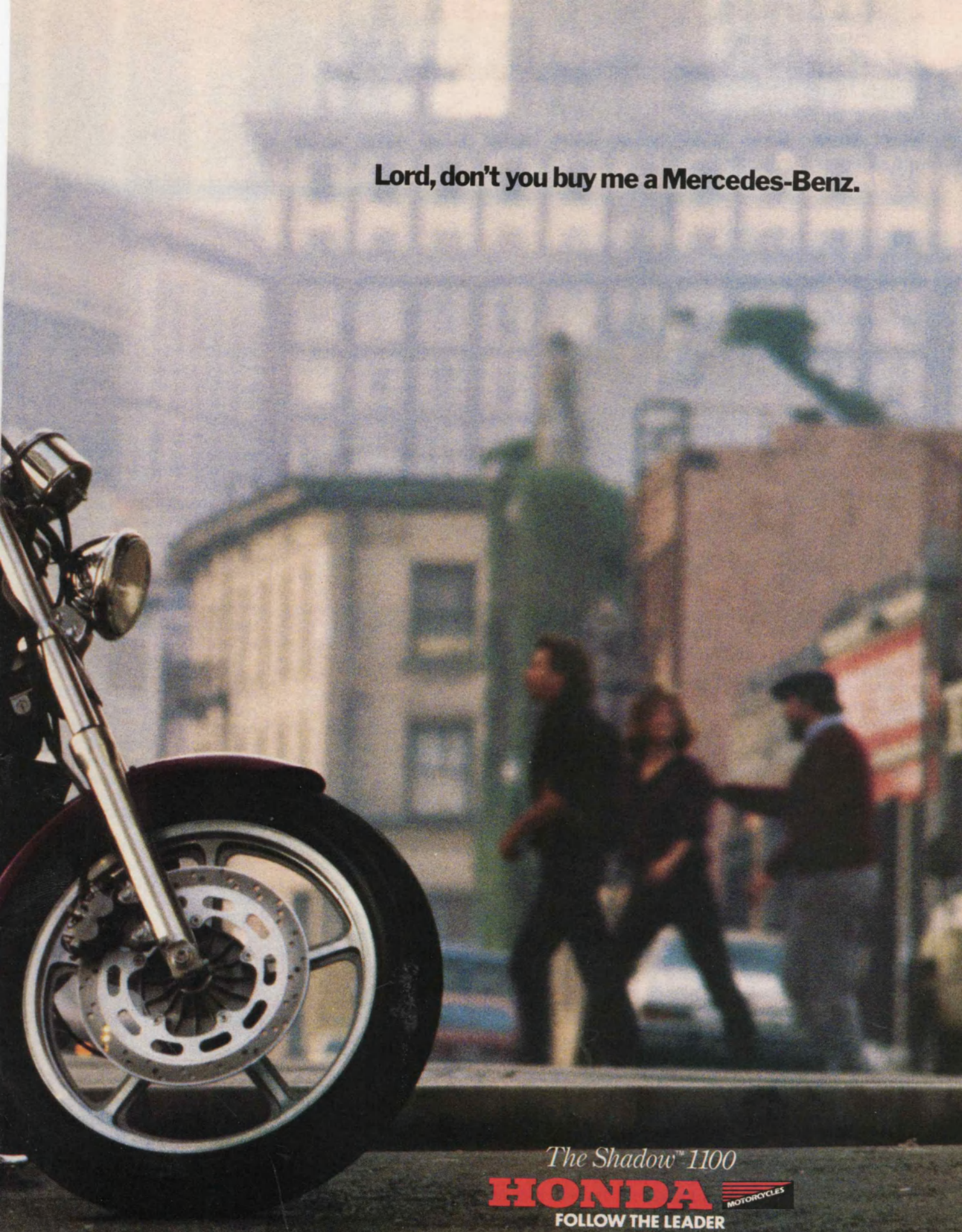

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One study found that of 150 "healthy" male college students, 35 were functionally impotent.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

My husband and I want to start a family, and even though my gynecologist says we're both in good "reproductive health," it's taking an awful long time to "sow the seed." Does nutrition play any role in stepping up fertilization?—Tanya Kern, Woodstock, N.Y.

Your husband's nutrition may indeed play a role. Numerous studies show a continuing decline in American sperm counts. One such study found that of 150 "healthy" male college students, 35 were functionally impotent. This may be due to a zinc deficiency, since zinc is essential to maintain levels of male sex hormones and sperm production.

Then there is vitamin C. Recently, Dr. Earl Dawson and colleagues at the University of Texas Medical School examined 35 men with fertility problems, especially the problem of sperm clumping. While sperm count might be normal, a low vitamin C intake causes the sperm to stick together. This condition makes it impossible for sperm to swim to the female's egg and impregnate it. Your husband can ensure that his vitamin and mineral status is adequate to overcome these problems by taking a daily multivitamin-mineral supplement containing 30 milligrams of zinc, plus a one-gram tablet of vitamin C.

One last point. Many creams and oils commonly used as lubricants during lovemaking kill sperm, even though they are not pharmaceutical spermicides. One lubricant you can use to help the sperm along is egg white. Happy loving.

I love running along the beach and don't mind that the slope of the sand causes a slight tug in my calves. Other runners have told me that I could really hurt myself, though. I do about 16 miles a week on the beach during the summer, and the same amount on pavement the rest of the year.—Roger Sorkin, Houston, Tex.

If you have had no problems up till now from running on sand, you can ignore other runners' criticisms. There are, however, two precautions you should keep in mind.

First, don't run on sand barefoot, despite the temptation. Without cushioned shoes, the foot receives a little-understood compression shock at every footfall that is murder to serious training.

The second caution about beach running concerns the slope of the sand. In order to keep the body upright while running along a slope, you have to stretch one leg down, shortening its stride, while the other leg is bent excessively. This can cause all sorts of mayhem with the hips and back. A partial solution is to run equal distances in both directions. The best solution is to confine beach running to low tide when the shoreline is flat. That's also when you get the full glory of sea-scented air.

Is it true that your eyesight succumbs to the aging process around age 21? I'm 27 and am getting more and more nearsighted. Also, is eyesight affected by diet?—Scott Lee, Nutley, N.J.

Alas, like every other body part, eyes degenerate with age, probably beginning as early as the teen years. The good news is that this is probably preventable. The progress of nearsightedness (myopia) can be slowed by the use of contact lenses instead of glasses. Even soft lenses slow the progression of this problem.

Regarding diet, despite flimflam claims, there is no known connection between nutrition and myopia. There are, however, very good dietary measures you can take as preventive maintenance for your vision.

It used to be thought that this "fading of the light" was an inevitable part of aging. Now studies indicate that much of it may be preventable. There are two diet-related causes, ultraviolet light and oxidation.

The ultraviolet light of sunlight and of many artificial lights, including fluorescent lighting, causes formation of free radicals within the eye. These in turn form toxic oxidation products, including hydrogen peroxide, which cause widespread damage. Fat molecules also become oxidized and, over the years, the eye gradually accumulates deposits of lipofuscin (the brown fatty pigment in aging spots). To oversimplify, the waste-disposal system of the eye (the retinal pigment epithelium) becomes clogged. As a result, the remaining healthy cells are forced to look through a dirty window, where the incoming light is scattered and diffused by the debris of oxidation.

Oxidation in the eye can also be a result of the food that we eat, air pollution, and radiation. Though we are oxygen-supported creatures, it is oxygen radicals that eventually age us. Some researchers now suggest that the first sign of this aging is macular degeneration of the human eye.

The solution: Minimize oxidation. Main defenses are the antioxidants glutathione, vitamin C, vitamin E, and their synergists selenium and zinc.

While there are no studies at the present time that show increased intake of these nutrients will arrest degeneration of vision, it's still a good bet because numerous studies now show reduced oxidation in other parts of the body following antioxidant supplementation. The daily amounts that studies suggest would be effective are: glutathione, 300 mg; vitamin C, 1,000 mg; vitamin E, 500 IU; zinc, 30 mg; and selenium, 200 mcg. (Don't take more selenium than this. Although essential to human health, selenium is toxic at over 400 micrograms a day.)

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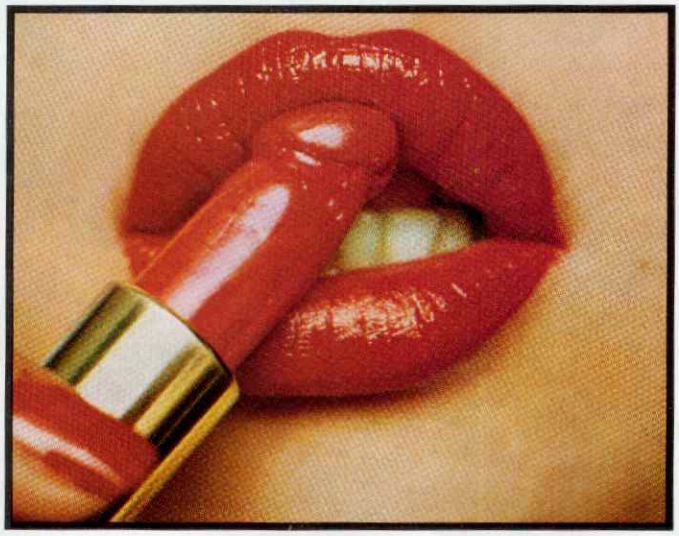
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I married when I was 21 and had ho-hum sex during the duration of that relationship, which lasted about three years. After the divorce I remained single for seven years, not wishing to repeat the most unhappy experience of my life. Immersed in a career and taking care of my two small children left me little time to think about sex, and even less time for dating or establishing real relationships. Then a very dynamic man entered my life, fell in love with me, and pursued me night and day until I agreed to marry him. If two people were ever made for each other sexually, I believe they would be Frank and me. The years of celibacy had obviously not damaged my ability to express or respond to sensuality. Then after a few months, as our lovemaking seemed to grow in intensity, a strange phenomenon occurred.

During a very beautiful and passionate lovemaking session, a gush of warm liquid poured from my vagina. It was much more than the usual vaginal juices that normally flow. I was surprised and embarrassed, thinking that in the excitement of the moment I had urinated, although it certainly didn't feel like that at all. My husband was delighted and tried to assure me that he had heard of this happening and told me I should be pleased rather than embarrassed. There was no color or unpleasant odor to the fluid. That was the beginning of what has since proven to be a mysterious element in our love life.



I was certain for years that something was wrong with me physically. I read everything I could find on the female body to see if there was any reference to this happening to anyone else. As time went by, Frank found out exactly where to touch me in foreplay to bring this magic fountain to life, and more and more liquid was produced each time. My husband was ecstatic, though it was still a source of embarrassment to me. At first we used a hand towel to keep from soaking the bed, then we went to a bath towel or two, but even that was sometimes not enough. Once while on vacation, Frank had to buy a new mattress after calming a hysterical maid who came in to change the linens. While I swore I would never return to that particular hotel, Frank declared it was the best money he ever spent for one of the most memorable days of his life. He says there is no way to put into words the pleasure he receives when he is inside me and this fountain envelops him and overflows. He said it is beyond sensual imagination. He also finds the taste of the juices delicious, and although I am afraid I might drown him, he is ecstatic when I sit on his face and he gets soaked with my warm, strange liquid.

Xaviera, you can never imagine what it meant to me when the "G spot" book was published. It was one of the most wonderful releases you can imagine to know that I was not alone, not a freak, and not abnormally made. My husband had tried to assure me of this for years, but seeing it in black and white brought me tremendous peace of mind. Even though my flow is much heavier than was discussed in the book, I know it can and does happen. I now know that we are very lucky, and I have been blessed to have orgasms that are so intense and bring Frank so much pleasure. After 19 years of marriage, his favorite saying is still, "Oh God, how I love to make love to you."

I am probably the only person who has ever written to you that has not said that I am very attractive, sexy, beautiful, etc. I am just a woman who would never make the centerfold of your magazine, but who is beautiful beyond belief to the man who loves me. I am so thankful that we are so wonderfully made to show pleasure to each other.

Due to the nature of my husband's work, we live in Europe, South America, and the Orient. Try as I might, I have never found any mention of the G spot in any of these cultures, except as a sexual fantasy. Maybe somewhere down the road this letter will help one of your readers who has discovered "the fountain within." Tell her not to question why—just enjoy!—T. F.

In a society where sexual education and knowledge is still restricted by antiquated social customs and frowned upon or prohibited by archaic

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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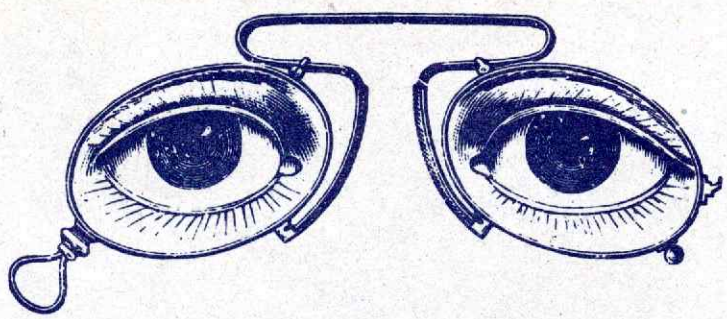


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE MAGICAL MUNDANE

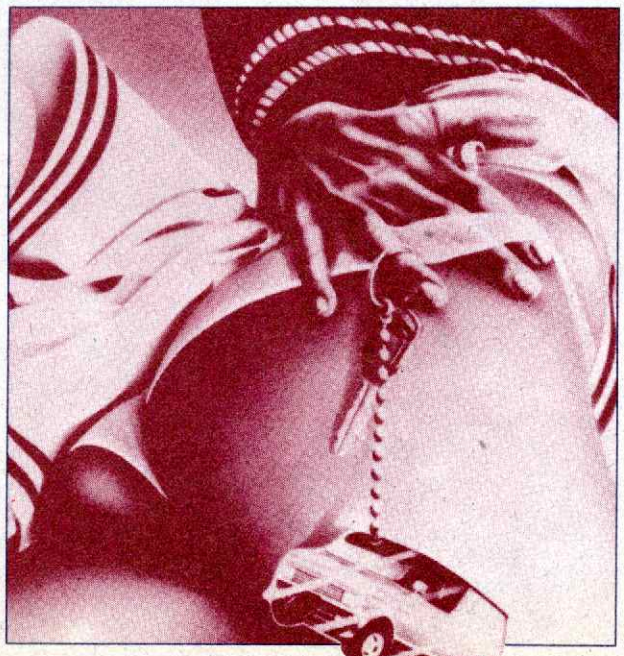
BY EMILY PRAGER

What do you do in a consumer society when you've sold everything you can sell? You create new selling points for the same old merchandise. You make the mundane into the magical and resell it as futuristic, the must-haves of the ultramodern hipster. Recently, a whole new crop of annoying gadgets has popped onto the market—ostensibly to streamline our tawdry lives and make them the stuff of science fiction. We should have known there was trouble when our cars were talking more than the members of our N.S.C.

The Magic Key Ring. "It finds itself," an illustrator friend of mine told me. "You lose your keys in the apartment, and all you do is whistle and it beeps and tells you where the keys are. It's incredible." He then placed his keys under a chair seat and stood in the center of the room and began to whistle. Ten minutes later, he stopped whistling and said, "You have to get the tone right." I nodded. He continued whistling. Finally, just as I was about to tell him that if you put your keys in the same place every time you come in, you might not even need the magic key ring, he pursed his lips, blew hard, and a faint beeping sounded from beneath the chair seat. "See!" he shouted, beaming. "It's amazing. It's changed my life. What will they think of next?" He expected an answer, but like a modern Marine, I took the Fifth.

The Servile Lamp. "Wait till you see this," my bachelor friend said as he dragged me into the darkened dining room. "You won't believe it!" He stood by the table and clapped his hands twice in the manner of a colonial Englishman summoning a servant. A lamp on the sideboard came on. "Isn't that amazing?" he exclaimed, bowled over. "I've got the TV hooked up to the same sensor. No more touching knobs. Come! Look!" He rushed into the living room where some other friends were gathered, waiting to watch the Oscars. "Okay, kids," my host screamed out, "watch this!" He clapped his hands twice and the TV came on, but the picture was twisted, in need of adjustment. "Believe me," my host muttered as he fiddled with the horizontal, "this never happens when I'm alone. It's fantastic, this thing. It's the wave of the future." We settled down and enjoyed ourselves until the award for best actor. The tension was building. There was a close-up of the envelope, then a hand tearing it open, and suddenly, the host's girlfriend let out a whoop. She clapped her hands together in excitement and cried, "Newman! Let it be Newman!" and the TV snapped off. There was panic, but the host would not allow us to touch the ON-OFF knob. He sat stoically on the couch, teeth gritted in determination, clapping his hands together like a seal.

The Perfect Jeans. First there were regular jeans. You had to shower with them on to get them to fit, and it took years to wear them in—or, more accurately, out. By the time they were perfect, soft from years of washing, bleached of all color, they fell apart. Like an American presidency, they only had a short period of pure glory. Then there were *prewashed jeans.* Designed to shortcut the aging process, they were for pretenders only. Europeans loved them. Then there were *stone-washed jeans,* an even more rugged treatment, as if they'd been scrubbed in rivers by squaws. Now you can buy *your own stones* for the washing machine, and do the stone-washing all by yourself! Wow.



The Outraged Auto. The other night I heard a siren in the street, which I thought was a car burglar alarm. I looked out and saw a Cadillac backing into a parking space behind a Toyota that was flashing its lights and squealing in outrage. What was its problem? The Toyota had been bumped. After listening to it scream for an interminable time, the Cadillac drove away in shame. The Toyota went on whining piteously until I felt like smashing its windshield and really giving it something to whine about.

Given the choice between a world dominated by Soviets or by inanimate objects expressing their feelings, I'd have breast implants.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

LOONY BIN

BY KAREN SCHWARZ

• In what's sure to be the media event of all time, Rev. Pat Robertson says the Lord granted his Christian Broadcasting Network exclusive rights to televise the Second Coming. " 'I have chosen you to usher in the coming of My Son,' " Robertson says he was told by God back in 1968. CBN will provide worldwide television coverage from the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. Of course, no date has been set, but Robertson, 56, fully expects it to be during his lifetime.

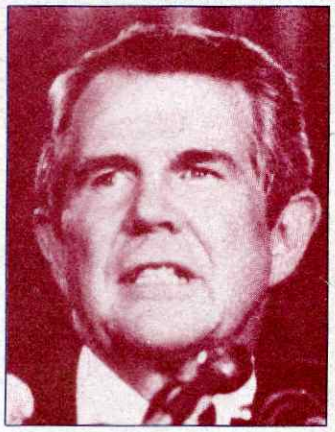
• According to the Reverend Tim LaHaye, "Modern public education is the most dangerous single force in a child's life: religiously, sexually, economically, patriotically, and physically." A group of seven families in Tennessee felt the same way and recently won a suit to remove their kids from their English class, which subjects students to the subversive influences of *The Wizard of Oz* (parents claim there's no such thing as a good witch) and *The Diary of Anne Frank*, which promulgates the outrageous idea that all religions might be equal. In addition, a federal district judge awarded $50,521.29 to the parents as reimbursement for their legal expenses, lost wages due to court appearances, and tuition expenses for schools they deem acceptable.

• On the other hand, the Jacksonville, Florida, school board was sued by four parents when it banned a textbook containing modern adaptions of the Greek comedy *Lysistrata* and the Old English story "The Miller's Tale." The parents contended that the removal of *Lysistrata*, Aristophanes's play about a group of women who refuse to make love until their husbands agree not to make war, and "The Miller's Tale," Chaucer's ribald story of fourteenth-century country folk, constitutes an attempt at establishing religious doctrine. The A.C.L.U., which threatened to sue, accepted a compromise with the school superintendant that the book would be available in the school library but that it would not appear on any required-reading lists.

• Separation of church and state may sound like a great idea, but it certainly has no business in the White House. Carolyn Sundseth, former White House public liaison to fundamentalist groups, told a gathering, "If you want to know how to pray for the President, pray that anyone directly around him gets saved or gets out." Sundseth recently quit to go to work for Pat Robertson's presidential campaign.

• It's unlikely that the Boy Scouts of America will have much success recruiting children of evangelist Christians. An editorial in *The Biblical Evangelist* mourns the "death" of the Boy Scout movement because its national executive board voted to drop the requirement that scouts be "reverent." Apparently, the folks at *B.E.* feel that a scout without Jesus is no scout at all.

• The drama club at Palmyra High School in Palmyra, New Jersey, had no idea they were stepping out of line by choosing *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* for the spring production. Halfway through the rehearsal period, school officials told the kids to scrap the show because it was morally unacceptable and degrading to women. "It's the eighties—there are vehicles that present women in a much more positive light," said a school-district spokesperson. The Stephen Sondheim musical comedy about senators, slaves, courtesans, and gladiators in ancient Rome is a perennial in the canon of American theater. "The entire play is a farce," said cast member Suzanne Burns. "If it were degrading to women, I wouldn't have tried out for it." The students are appealing the decision before the school board.



SCENES

BY PETER BLOCH

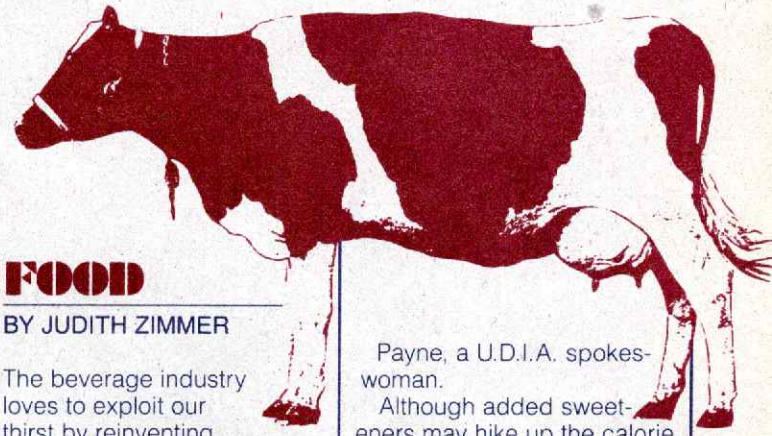
As *Penthouse* readers know well, the renowned Israeli artist Ori Hofmekler is unequaled when it comes to skewering the rich, famous, and pompous of this world. In his monthly "Hofmekler's People" caricatures, he pokes fun at international targets ranging from Princess Di and Idi Amin to Lee Iacocca and Jerry Falwell. Sometimes they enjoy it. New York Mayor Ed Koch, for instance, was delighted when Ori pictured him as "King Koch." "It makes me into the No. 1 hunk in the United States. I'm thinking of turning it into one of my campaign posters," he said.

But other times, Ori's victims are not so thrilled. Petra Kelly, the outspoken and controversial leader of West Germany's Green party, felt that Ori took her party's "Back to Nature" slogan a bit too literally when he made her Miss March in the German *Penthouse* calendar. Claiming a "particularly strong detraction from her personality," she sued for approximately $44,000.

The case created a great controversy in Germany. Prestigious playwright Rolf Hochhut came to court to show sympathy with Hofmekler. "It's distressing," he commented, "that a renowned German politician goes and sues the most prominent caricaturist of Israel."

In the end, however, the judge dismissed the case. "A free society," he ruled, "has to put up with a lot." And he further ordered Ms. Kelly to pay the court expenses.

Earlier this year, Ms. Kelly and her Green party did very well for themselves in the German election. Perhaps she, like Ed Koch, may wish to use Ori's art for her future campaigns.



FOOD

BY JUDITH ZIMMER

The beverage industry loves to exploit our thirst by reinventing what we swallow. In the past, the trend was to take things out of soft drinks—less sugar, less caffeine, less calories.

Now the drink business is swinging the other way, enhancing beverages to make them "healthy." There's Tab with calcium, Minute Maid sodas with vitamins, vitamin-enhanced Squirt, Pepsi-Cola's Slice (with ten percent fruit juice), RC's Froot (with 25 percent juice). But the most original entry is milk, with bubbles.

The United Dairy Industry Association, a nonprofit organization that develops product prototypes on behalf of U.S. dairy farmers, is counting on milk with fizz and flavors to lap up some of the popular soft-drink market and eliminate the annual milk surplus (which in 1985 was 13 billion pounds).

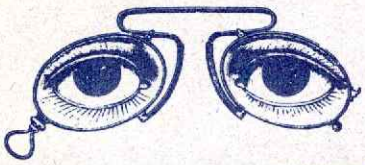
They're not just fiddling with chocolate or vanilla, either. The U.D.I.A. is experimenting with exotic flavors of the eighties: cola, coconut, orange cream, peach, banana, and piña colada. "It doesn't taste like milk. You just taste the flavors. My favorite is chocolate and coconut mixed together. It tastes like an ice-cream soda without the ice cream," says Mary Payne, a U.D.I.A. spokeswoman.

Although added sweeteners may hike up the calorie content, the drink will have all the nutritional value of skim milk (including 302 milligrams of calcium in an eight-ounce glass).

"Because of the calcium factor, it's going to be better for you than diet soda," says New York nutritionist Randi Aaron. "But how much sweetener they put in will determine just how healthy a drink it will be."

The U.D.I.A. is patenting the spritzer formula and reengineering the carbonation process to accommodate the perishable liquid. Even though it isn't expected to be on the grocery shelf for two years, the idea has already drawn the attention of dairy manufacturers such as Kraft and Land O' Lakes, as well as liquor companies interested in it for their cream liqueurs. The U.D.I.A. also hasn't eliminated the idea of working with a soft-drink company.

With so many blends brewing, who knows what'll slake America's thirst next? ("Tab with valium," suggests one irreverent soft-drink spokesman.) Or the trend could turn again. Think of it: The more they add now, the more they'll be able to take out later.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

SEX NEWS

BY LAUREN BANK

• The Lovsexx revolution is here. King Lovsexx, a.k.a. Robert Blackman, is ready to take over the airwaves with his signature sound. The songs have a driving dance beat, and the lyrics on *Mr. T.V. Evangelist* slam greedy preachers who "tune in to the channel of the lord of banality." The track "Sexxercise" mocks the exercise craze but at the same time offers a real dance workout. The album, available through Macola Records in Los Angeles, is being played heavily in the South. King Lovsexx has also created an actual Sexxerciser that "just lying on gives you that beautiful feeling, so you can really feel the full potential of your life and sexual energy." For more information on the Sexxerciser, call Riverwinds at (415) 673-3462.

• There is now added protection behind bars in New York State. Prison officials are offering condoms for conjugal visits as well as other, more "normal" activities among inmates. According to the state Corrections Department spokesman, Corrections Commissioner Thomas Coughlin "is not naive. . . . He knows there is a certain amount

of consensual homosexual activity in the prisons." The spokesman added, "We're making condoms available. We're not ordering their use."

• A new "abortion pill" can safely terminate pregnancies and "offers a reasonable alternate" to riskier surgical procedures, according to doctors from a hospital in Bicetre, France. The drug works by blocking the body's use of the hormone progesterone, which is essential for maintaining the lining of the uterus. Deprived of the hormone, the uterus sheds its lining and any fertilized egg attached to it. The pregnancy is ended without serious side effects. The abortion pill is expected to be approved for use in France and Sweden by next spring, although George Gaines of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, said, "It will probably not be released in the U.S. for several years"—possibly because of almost certain controversy with the Catholic Church, Right to Lifers, etc.

• Smart women often don't realize that they have above-average intelligence. A recent study of over 1,000 women with IQs higher than 130 reveals that a majority of them do not consider themselves gifted. Researchers blamed "vague" parental expectations.

• Being a good salesman may be like being good in bed. Jim Schneider's new book *The Feel of Success in Selling* maintains that "like loving, selling is largely a transfer of good feelings." Schneider's research has shown that like good lovers, the best sellers invest time up front, develop trust, and gather the information necessary to satisfy the other's needs. As Schneider sees it, "Whether it's in selling or in loving, we all have the feel of success within us. The trick is to forget our fears and focus on the needs of others. That attitude makes for good selling—and good sex."

• You always knew that secretary you had your eye on was hiding something. A survey conducted for the Woolite company found that 60 percent of the women responding said they routinely wear sexy lingerie even under their business clothes, saying it makes them feel feminine.

• What she doesn't know may hurt *you*! A New York appeals court has ruled that a spouse may sue for damages if their partner has herpes and fails to give a warning before engaging in sex. It seems a marital relationship produces a "legal duty to speak" about herpes, and failure to do so constitutes fraud. This ruling will also apply to other sexually transmitted diseases such as AIDS.

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LAST OF THE RED HOT COVERS

THE MEXICAN TIME BOMB

BY JACK ANDERSON AND DALE VAN ATTA

Despite Reagan's rhetoric about Communist subversion from Cuba and Nicaragua, the greatest threat to U.S. security is the instability of our closest southern neighbor.

A fitting allegory for the fate of Mexico today, and the consequences to the United States, can be found in the daring dives of the famed *clavidistas* of Acapulco. Night after night, these high-divers climb the steep cliffs of La Quebrada (The Gorge) and ready themselves for a 150-foot dive into a shallow pool of water. Spectators wait, sipping piña coladas at a bar, or lining the opposite cliff, cameras poised. It is a potentially fatal question of split-second timing: Will the young athlete be able to hit the water at just the precise moment when a new wave fills it—and thereby prevent the dive from breaking his neck?

To the dismay of her own people, Mexico has been engaged in a similar feat. With increasing regularity, following one fiscal disaster after another, her leaders reattempt to scale the walls to the summit. They are never able to stay on top for long. Inevitably, they will be propelled into the abyss again. And the hope of these political clavidistas is always the same: that America will promise a wave of new money to keep the country afloat.

But the United States does not have an endless supply of gringo greenbacks to save Mexico. And when we come up dry, Mexico will be crippled, perhaps irretrievably, for years. In a hundred ways, America would be made to pay.

The situation couldn't be more serious: A time bomb is ticking south of the border whose explosion could catch the United States totally unprepared. The warning signals have generally been ignored by the Reagan administration, the U.S. media, and the academic community. Instead, for too long, the administration's policymakers and followers have focused on Nicaragua and El Salvador.

There is less justification for U.S. complacency now than there has been at any time since 1929, when the Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.) took power. Mexico today is saddled with nearly $100 billion in foreign debts, along with the growing demands of a booming population, a shocking maldistribution of wealth, and, perhaps worst of all, historically endemic corruption.

In addition to the huge debt and a government deficit that reached nine percent of the gross national product in 1985, plus a contraction in the Mexican GNP itself, there are these negative indicators:

• Inflation, estimated at 64 percent in 1985, was expected to hit 100 percent by December 1986.

• Living standards: Real per capita income has declined 40 percent since 1982, and now stands about where it was 25 years ago. Real wages are likely to

PAINTING BY MILOS SOBAIC

continue declining for the fourth year in a row. This is the most serious deterioration of any major nation.

• Oil exports have suffered not only from the drastic drop in price, but from a decrease in production as well. The sudden 50 percent drop in oil prices in January 1985 cost Mexico at least $6 billion in foreign exchange last year.

• The upper half of the population hogs 90 percent of the income, leaving the lower half with less and less. One-third of all Mexicans today are undernourished. They not only live in poverty, but their living conditions are getting worse.

Add to all this the fact that more Mexicans today have firearms than at any time in the country's turbulent history, and there is a situation that could blow sky-high in a minute. The biggest uncertainty is whether a new revolution would come from the left, the right, the military, or an unforeseeable combination.

We've consulted experts in and out of government—in Washington and during several recent trips throughout Mexico. We've discussed the situation with the presidents of both countries, Ronald Reagan and Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid. We've also had access to the most sensitive intelligence documents the Central Intelligence Agency and sister agencies produce. The result of our research has not been encouraging. In fact, the C.I.A. has told President Reagan there's at least a one-in-five chance that the Mexican government will collapse within the next five years.

While this alarming judgment was delivered to the White House more than two years ago, our C.I.A. sources tell us that, if anything, it was an optimistic appraisal. In the last two years, they point out, Mexico's economic and political problems have grown by quantum leaps as the price of oil, the country's primary export, has fallen and charges of election fraud continue to plague the P.R.I., Mexico's ruling party.

The prediction of possible disaster was contained in a highly classified National Intelligence Estimate (N.I.E.)—the most important appraisal of a country that the intelligence community provides to a president. It represents the best intelligence analysis the President and his top advisers receive before policy decisions are made.

The "secret" 35-page intelligence estimate began mildly enough: "The Mexican political system is under greater stress today than at any time under the last 30 years. Ultimately, of course, the preservation of Mexico's stability will rest on the skill and competence of its leaders and on the strength of its political fabric." The estimate continued hopefully: "We judge that in the end the Mexican political system is likely to remain intact."

Then came the kick in the pants.

"But the majority of the intelligence-community principals also judge there is roughly a one-in-five chance that during the period of this estimate—through the remainder of President de la Madrid's term, which ends in 1988, and the first few years after his successor is scheduled to take office—centrifugal forces now at work within the system, combined with internal political opposition and perhaps external pressure, will result in the political destabilization of Mexico."

Disagreeing with this dismal view were the heads of the Defense Intelligence Agency, the State Department's intelligence and research bureau, as well as the intelligence chiefs of the Army, Air Force, and Marines. But "despite these differences of opinion," the estimate continued, "we judge unanimously that in the coming years Mexico will suffer a series of incidents and crises stemming from the forces now at work within the country's society."

North America is the only place in the world where a developing nation is next door to a highly industrialized one. Already, Mexico's incredible leap in population—and the stagnation of its economy—has sent millions of Mexicans streaming across our southern border.

> We don't have an endless supply of greenbacks to save Mexico. When we come up dry, Mexico will be crippled for years . . . and we would be made to pay in a hundred ways.

This simple fact is the central reason that each time Mexico has been on the brink of economic collapse (as it was last summer), a multibillion-dollar bailout has been arranged by the country's U.S. creditors with the fervent encouragement of the Reagan administration.

The throwing of good money after bad loans has been no starry-eyed "hands across the border" exercise in idealism. The motives of both the big bankers and the administration in saving Mexico is solid, calculated self-interest. The bankers are hoping to keep Mexico from defaulting on its foreign debts, which could sink several of the biggest U.S. banks, especially since a Mexican default would undoubtedly trigger similar action by other Latin American debtor nations.

The C.I.A. told President Reagan that the "tempo of illegal migration to the United States will probably reflect incremental changes in employment patterns and economic conditions as well as levels of stability in Mexico. Bottom-line rates will undoubtedly be high for decades. . . . Significant recovery of the Mexican economy might slow migratory flows." In other words, the situation is bleak at best, and could be a disaster at worst. A "top secret" report from the State Department eruditely observes, "One does not have to subscribe to a Goths-and-Vandals theory on the downfall of civilizations to accept that the wave of Mexican immigrants is damaging." And when hard times and unemployment hit U.S. workers, it further warned, the growing sentiment against illegal aliens could become "overwhelming."

The brown tide lapping against our southern border has led to an eye-opening proposition: By the turn of the century, the babies of Mexico could be a greater threat to the United States than the (presumably unused) nuclear missiles of the Soviet Union.

Why are Mexico's babies so threatening? Because Mexico is groaning under a population explosion that has already stretched its resources to the limit. The baby boom threatens its basic stability.

President de la Madrid recognized in an interview with us that illegal immigration is "a permanent issue. But I emphasize [Mexican] migration is a result of the structural circumstances in the United States and Mexico." What he didn't "recognize" was the key reason why Mexico fights efforts by America to curb the illegal immigration: because it gives the president and his fellow P.R.I. party members room to maneuver if the discontented are steamed off across the border instead of causing trouble at home.

"Our problems with Mexico differ in nature and scale from those with any other country," the top-secret State Department report continued. "Other nations' problems affect us. Mexican problems involve us. [The country] is large, poor, very close, and separated by a permeable border, [and] its population already exceeds its resources and is growing too fast . . ."

The C.I.A. is in agreement. In a recent "secret" report on the most serious problems facing Mexico, the C.I.A. warned, "Even if Mexico manages to get through [its current austerity programs], it will face a series of persistent long-run difficulties that will impose still greater strains on the system." Second only to economic stagnation, the report listed the "population, which has doubled in one generation from 35 to [80-plus] million [and] will double again in the next generation."

In yet another classified C.I.A. report, "Population, Resources & Politics in the Third World: The Long View," the agency's analysts predicted that United States–Mexican relations could well be the most prickly of all by the year 2000, primarily because of the population and migrant problems.

"Mexico has a very important population growth," President de la Madrid

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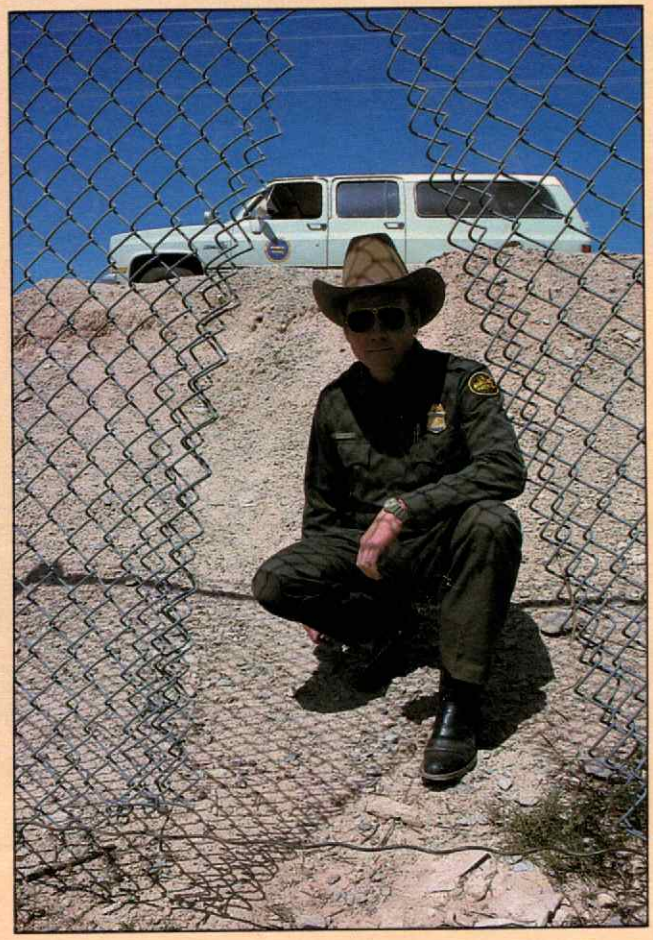
CRACKING THE TORTILLA CURTAIN



Night descends mercifully on the desert in southwestern Arizona. A United States Border Patrol agent climbs out of his air-conditioned Dodge Ramcharger to follow footprints into a thick grove of citrus trees. Silently walking through row upon row of grapefruit-laden trees, the agent hears snoring. He stops beside three prone bodies.

"Buenos dias!" he calls in mock cheerfulness.

Eight sleeping Mexicans, all young men who had entered the country only hours before, hoping to find work picking fruit, moan as they realize what is going on. *"Mala suerte,"* says one, which means "bad luck."

"Hay siempre mañana," says the agent as he walks the men to his truck—"There's always tomorrow." The Mexicans are taken to a detention center, processed, and bused back to Mexico—the standard procedure for all those who try to enter the United States. In all likelihood they will soon try again, and in all likelihood they will eventually succeed.

The situation on the border between the United States and Mexico defies coherent description. On one side is heartbreaking poverty and hopelessness; on the other, one of the world's richest nations. Between them is a line, invisible for the most part but which, if crossed, can spell the difference between a nightmare and a dream for many Mexicans. Standing on a hill just south of the border, amid shantytowns and rutted dirt streets, the gleaming towers and bustling traffic of San Diego and El Paso shimmer in the heat like the Emerald City.

While desperation characterizes the "have-nots" who wish to enter this country, frustration describes those who must try to keep them out. There are some 3,400 Border Patrol agents—approximately the size of the Baltimore police department—to man the 1,960-mile border, much of it in remote and hostile desert country. In 1985, 1.3 million people were apprehended trying to enter the United States illegally through Mexico. Last year, the Border Patrol apprehended 1.6 million illegal aliens, 95 percent of them Mexican. Ten years ago only 875,000 illegal aliens made their way into the U.S. For every illegal alien who gets caught, the Border Patrol estimates, as many as two or more elude capture. Some people believe as many as ten get through for every one caught.

Officials say the situation on the border is at its worst ever, and have asked for a crisis declaration. "People say we've lost control over our southern border," says Duke Austin, a press officer of the Immigration and Naturalization Service in Washington, D.C. Says former Border Patrol chief Roger P. Brandemeuhl, who retired last August, "The border is a monster, growing, feeding on itself."

One of the busiest areas on the border is a 66-mile stretch of desert near San Ysidro in western California. Officials there say they've had a 54 percent increase in illegal-alien traffic over last year. In 1985 they were catching 1,171 per day; in 1986 it was upward of 1,700 per day. For the first five months of 1986, reported crimes were up 28 percent in the San Ysidro area. Rape there had increased a remarkable 900 percent—mostly by and against illegal aliens.

According to a report in *The New York Times*, the United States may be planning to use the military to stem the chaos. Meanwhile, the situation has prompted at least one self-styled mili-

tary group called the Civilian Materiel Assistance to patrol the region, looking for cocaine smugglers. Last summer 20 members of the right-wing group stopped two carloads of illegal aliens on a remote stretch of Arizona highway by puncturing their tires. The aliens were turned over to the Border Patrol and bused back to Mexico.

Meanwhile, understaffed and underfunded, the Border Patrol carries on. "I tell the new patrolmen to treat this job like a game," says one Border Patrol veteran. "I tell them to forget about the Border Patrol. Because if you start thinking about it, you're going to get ulcers and get depressed. You'll start thinking that no one gives a damn."

The overwhelming nature of the job and frustration becomes apparent in shoptalk among agents. The inside nickname for illegal aliens, for example, is "tonk." "That's the sound it makes when you hit them on the head with a flashlight," jokes one. Another common term for those who enter the U.S. illegally is *pollo,* which means "chicken."

Brutality among the Border Patrol agents, however, is rare. Instead, most of the would-be Americans are victimized by their own countrymen, who have descended like birds of prey to take advantage of the border situation.

According to Public Information Officer Ed Pyeatt, the biggest problem is Mexican *bandidos* who prey on illegal aliens along the border. "It's rampant," he says. "And it's a setup. A lot of these people are here with their life savings trying to cross the border."

The record waves of immigrants provide an invitation for far more nefarious activities. Drug smuggling is at an all-time high in the Southwest. In 1982 the Border Patrol intercepted $5 million in illicit drugs; in 1985 they snagged $150 million worth. In the first six months of 1986 there were 870 drug arrests; in all of 1985 there were 750. Robbery was up 32 percent, armed robbery 61 percent. Assaults were up 100 percent.

Why shouldn't Mexicans and others come to the United States? There is little to gamble and the payoff is *muy grande.* The daily wage in Mexico, according to Austin, is three dollars. "You can easily make that much in one hour here," he says. "The economic situation in Mexico is a tremendous push factor." Declining oil revenues and a free-falling Mexican peso are among the chief causes of the economic chaos. There are also medicaid, welfare, federal housing assistance, and food-stamp programs to sweeten the pot on the American side.

The profile of the illegal alien has changed in recent years, according to Austin. "In the past the alien was a young to middle-aged male who would work and return," he says. "Now we're seeing more family units coming. Because they're coming as families, we figure they're coming to stay."

Sneaking into the United States is not that difficult. In many places along the border there is no physical barrier. Where there is a fence, there are holes cut. Even the vaunted "Tortilla Curtain," an experimental section of fence in the Arizona desert described as unclimbable, has been ineffectual. "I've seen people go over that fence in seconds," says Rudy Rodriguez, a Border Patrol agent stationed near Yuma, Arizona.

Other aliens simply make a run for it. In Calexico, California, a dozen aliens adroitly scale a high chain-link fence and drop onto U.S. soil as a Border Patrol man arrives. Someone cries *"la migra"* and some are chased back over the fence. They disappear into the Arizona desert, free (for the time being) in America.

An important player in the cat-and-mouse game on the border is the smuggler. He'll wait for his clients to cross the border on foot, and then pick them up in a car at a prearranged rendezvous. Mexicans are charged about $300 for the ride to L.A., while O.T.M.'s (Other Than Mexicans) such as Guatemalans and El Salvadorans can be charged up to $2,000. These smugglers can squeeze 15 people into a family sedan. Unlike illegal aliens, smugglers who are caught face arrest and prosecution.

Even if an illegal alien is caught and deported from the United States, the chances are better than good that he will attempt to cross the border again. "That's the problem," says Ed Pyeatt. "They just try and try again until they make it."

The Border Patrol has adopted sophisticated techniques in an attempt to deal with the human waves. In remote areas electronic sensors pick up footfalls and transmit the information back to headquarters. Infrared detectors pick up body heat. Near Yuma, agents smooth the sand along the border to get footprints. Three miles into the United States, the sand is smoothed again so agents can tell how many aliens have come over and which way they are traveling.

But the Mexicans have learned to evade their hunters. They'll cross the border backward to make it appear as if they had actually returned. Or they smooth their footprints with a branch, or blow the sand back into the impression by fanning it with a hat. One enterprising border-crosser wore cow hooves on his feet.

However, in many places the volume of illegal immigrants is much too great

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

wearily acknowledged. "[But] we are acting very firmly in population control, in family planning." (Later, before the National Press Club, he joked, "As a friend said to me, it is not that we like the children so much, but we do like our women.")

In the rural areas, a slowdown in the birthrate was begun through the training of at least one nurse in each of 13,700 selected communities. A key part of their job: dispensing birth-control pills and family-planning advice. (Abortions have been illegal in Mexico since 1931.)

What was modestly successful in the rural areas was a greater success in urban areas, where birth control is needed the most in Mexico. "In the 1960s, we had the highest birthrate in the world," Mexico's budget boss, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, told us. "Today, we have a reasonable rate, which this administration has lowered from 2.5 to two percent a year." A decade ago, the birthrate was 3.5 percent; the government's goal is one percent by the year 2000.

Besides illegal migrants, Mexico is sending another unwanted export our way: drugs.

"I firmly believe that there is now, more than ever, the need for a national commitment to a visible, strong, and effective border enforcement to stem the tide of humanity lapping at our borders and the attendant problems that this brings, such as the blight of drug trafficking and other criminal elements," then Border Patrol chief Roger P. Brandemeuhl testified before Congress.

He had good reason to add drugs to his list of problems: The Border Patrol, which doesn't concentrate on drug smuggling, could not help making 885 seizures in 1985, or about two seizures a day. But in the first six months alone of the next fiscal year, 1986, that number had jumped to 754, or an average of almost four a day.

In the 1970s and early 1980s, Mexico's drug-eradication program, partially funded by the United States, was considered a world-class model of effectiveness. The flow of marijuana and heroin across the border was considerably reduced. But all that has changed now.

David L. Westrate, a top Drug Enforcement Administration (D.E.A.) official, says, "This can be attributed to several factors, such as improved drug-cultivation techniques, recent favorable weather conditions for poppy [and marijuana] cultivation, and the attraction to wages by campesinos who cannot find work in Mexico's failing economy."

There is one more important factor: the increasing need for poppy dollars to replace decreasing petrodollars for Mexican officials who have grown accustomed to the graft.

D.E.A. statistics show that Mexico provided 32 percent of the heroin available

in the United States in 1984, which jumped to 38 percent for the first nine months in 1985 and is still going up. A special Mexican variety, called "black tar" heroin, which has purity levels as high as 93 percent, is generally smuggled into the United States by illegal aliens and migrant workers. Mexico now accounts for 32 percent—one-third—of all marijuana imported into the United States, providing an estimated 3,000 to 3,500 metric tons during 1985.

What is also alarming to the D.E.A. is the growing use of Mexico as a transit country for Colombian cocaine. They believe that effective antidrug police efforts in the Caribbean and Florida have forced Colombians to turn to the longer land route. It's this new trend that finally has Mexican officials concerned. As one U.S. diplomat in Mexico City put it, "You can't be a 'trampoline' country for drug transit without having increasing numbers of the populace—particularly the youth—becoming users and addicts."

During De la Madrid's August visit to Washington, officials of the two countries announced a spanking-new antidrug program that would involve an additional $266 million in appropriations to improve surveillance along the border. But U.S. officials were disappointed that the Mexicans would not agree to allow police planes, with Mexican officials aboard, to cross the border for up to 100 miles if they were in "hot pursuit" of suspects.

It appears that a number of Mexican authorities are making a diligent effort to curtail the drug traffic at considerable personal risk. As Mexican and U.S. sources point out, more than 150 Mexican drug-enforcement officials have been killed since 1976. Thirty-four were killed in 1984 and 54 in 1985 trying to keep drugs from entering the United States.

Senior Mexican officials repeatedly point out that if there were no lucrative U.S. markets for illegal drugs, and no corrupt officials on this side of the border, there would be few drug problems in Mexico. They note that as a percentage of the national budget, the Mexican justice department alone spends three times more on drug enforcement each year than the entire budget of the D.E.A.

But what undercuts all these demonstrations of antidrug sincerity is the pervasive corruption of Mexican law-enforcement officials from the bottom to the top. No one has been more forceful on this subject, particularly in private, than U.S. Customs Service Commissioner William von Raab. A confidential letter he wrote to the Mexican attorney general seemed to crystallize his frustration.

Von Raab wrote that he was most disturbed of late by the "increased incidence of violence" against private citizens and police by Mexican officials along the border. He cited examples:

• "In mid-October [1985], U.S. Customs in San Ysidro, California, reported that several Mexican officials successfully smuggled weapons purchased in the United States into Mexico, then threatened the U.S. Customs special agent investigating the case with arrest if he were ever found in Mexico."

• "A report from Yuma, Arizona, indicated that Mexican Federal Judicial Police attempted to arrest an ex-municipal policeman at the San Luis Río Colorado police headquarters and became involved in a shoot-out with the municipal police. The suspect was being arrested for narcotics trafficking."

Von Raab's conclusion was politically explosive: "Because corruption is so pervasive, I could not provide sensitive confidential information that might find its way into the hands of corrupt officials. The only way I would consider doing so would be if you could provide me with a list of noncorrupt officials among whom this information would be closely held."

Nothing has strained law-enforcement relations between Mexico and the United States more than the torture-murder of D.E.A. agent Enrique Camarena in February 1985, and the torture of another D.E.A. agent, Victor Cortez, Jr., last August—even as President de la Madrid and top aides were boasting about the new antidrug efforts Mexico and the United States would undertake.

> More Mexicans today have firearms than at any time in the country's turbulent history, and there is a situation that could blow sky-high in a minute.

The two cases had things in common: Both kidnappings occurred after the agents had become so effective they were significantly cutting into the business of the *narcotraficantes*. Both were nabbed in Guadalajara, and by the same "theft unit" of the Jalisco state police. But the fact that the second incident occurred after so many arrests in the Camarena killing proved the helplessness of the officials to police their own country.

Camarena and a Mexican pilot-informer were kidnapped in front of the U.S. consulate in Guadalajara on February 7, 1985. Their bodies were found buried at a ranch in plastic bags on March 5, some 60 miles from Guadalajara. Camarena had been badly beaten for several hours before he died of blows from a metal rod, possibly a tire iron. Mexican authorities moved slowly on the case.

Finally, then U.S. ambassador to Mexico John Gavin became so furious he criticized the Mexicans openly on their sluggish efforts. Though they have arrested dozens of Mexicans, including police and drug dealers, only one has been sentenced. The reputed drug kingpin and man allegedly responsible for the Camarena killing, Rafael Caro Quintero, has not even come to trial. Instead, D.E.A. officials believe he continues to direct his narcotics-smuggling organization from a luxurious jail cell.

Americans in Mexico have little hope there will be forceful prosecution of those responsible in both incidents. Explained a top U.S. official in Mexico, "Mexican law, in fact, is adequate for prosecuting these people. But Mexicans like to catch you with a hand in the cookie jar. Even then, they tend to destroy the physical evidence. Theirs is a system of justice in which confession is everything. So the 'trial' is a lot of finger-pointing in which physical evidence is useless." He predicted most of them will eventually be let off, many without ever coming to trial.

It is not surprising that the chief of the Federal Judicial Police, Florentino Ventura Gutierroz, has appeared as a suspect in drug smuggling and corruption in several confidential U.S. and Mexican intelligence reports—and U.S. congressional testimony. One of his top men, Armando Pavon Reyes, was jailed last summer after he was charged with having taken a $275,000 bribe to allow Caro Quintero to escape in a plane from the Guadalajara airport when he was about to be arrested. Incredibly, Reyes was in charge of the Camarena murder investigation. Caro Quintero, the top suspect, was finally captured in Costa Rica and turned over to Mexican authorities.

Corruption is nothing new in Mexico. It is at the heart of the Mexican crisis.

The C.I.A., concerned that corruption in Mexico could lead to a revolution on our southern doorstep, has tried keeping track of the "take." They know that for decades it has become almost a tradition in Mexico for even presidents to become wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. C.I.A. wags have termed this Mexico's "golden parachute" that safely carries every president, who is restricted to a single six-year term, to a sizable retirement fortune.

If there is a single man who deserves the lion's share of blame for his country's present misfortune, it's José López Portillo, president from 1976 to 1982. He came to office just as the discovery of new oil reserves promised to make Mexico a "have" instead of a "have-not" nation.

Given López Portillo's background as a loyal apparatchik of the ruling party, it was probably unrealistic to expect him to clean up the institutionalized greed and corruption that had become the hallmark of the P.R.I. As it turned out, López Portillo couldn't even curb his own acquisitive

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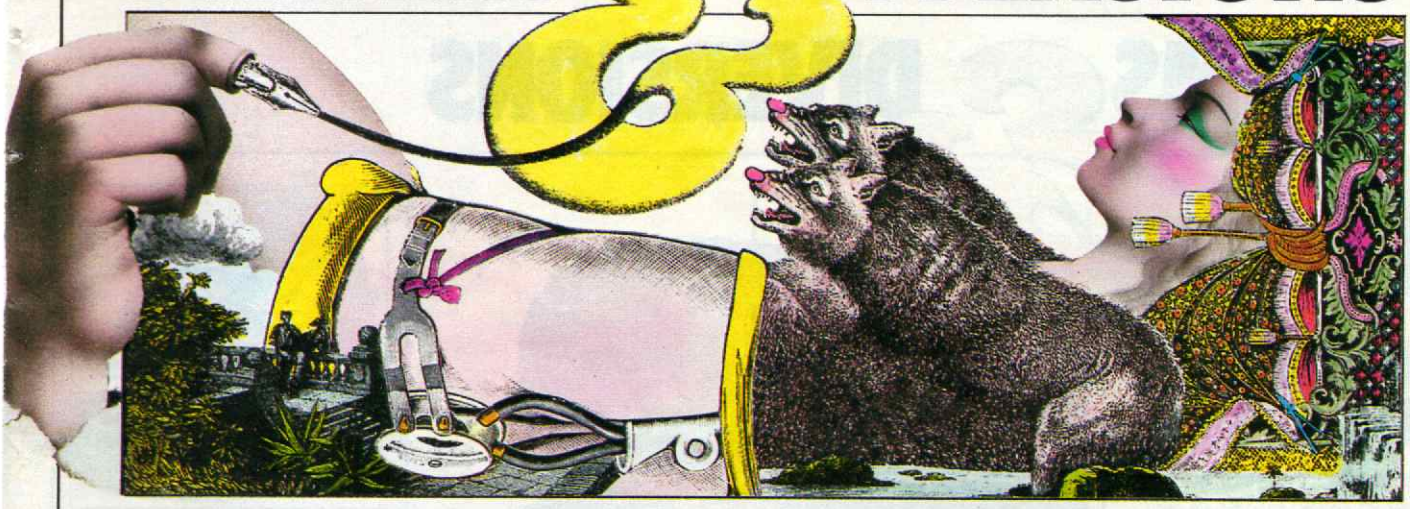
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR NATION'S JUDICIARY AT WORK

An Oregon food-store cashier filed a $100,000 suit against a fellow cashier, charging that he caused "severe mental stress" by constantly farting in his direction.

STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!

TV reporter Geraldo Rivera, who presided over the opening of what was described as "Al Capone's secret vault" (which contained only a 50-year-old beer bottle), showed a narcotics raid on live television. He described the woman arrested in the raid as a "prostitute." She turned out to be a woman who had been hired to paint the house where the raid took place.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . .

Authorities at New York's Rikers Island prison discovered that male and female inmates were meeting inside the prison kitchen's walk-in refrigerators for sexual trysts.

BAD KARMA

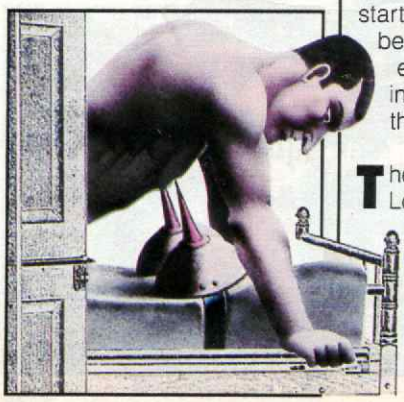
The first "All-Union Break-Dance Festival" has already been held in the Soviet Union.

Werner Erhard of the controversial "est" seminars was hired by the Soviet Union to give lectures on his system to government bureaucrats.

REGRETTABLE OVERSIGHTS

A security guard in Zimbabwe was wounded by gunshots fired by other security guards, who thought his snores were the grunts of a wild pig.

IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO



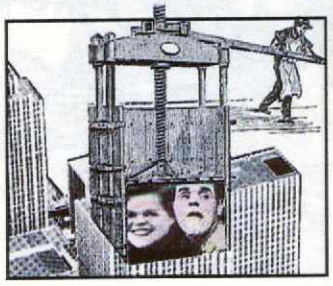
A tour group in the NBC studios in New York was startled to see that the members of a women's comedy group were conducting a radio interview in their brassieres.

The manager of a prominent London ballet organization charged with "indecently assaulting" one of the group's dancers, who claimed that she was invited to the man's home and forced to watch "Dynasty."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

MODERN LIFE

A Beverly Hills bar offers only water to drink: For $1 or $2 a shot, customers can sample and compare no less than 51 different kinds of bottled water from 18 countries, including the Soviet Union.



NEW WORLD RECORDS

A California man spent 90 days living in a glass enclosure packed with varieties of poisonous snakes.

SINCE MY BABY LEFT ME . . .

Newly declassified papers of former president Nixon reveal that Elvis Presley complained to him that the Beatles were "a real force for anti-American spirit." Presley also asked Nixon to name him a "federal agent-at-large" to combat drug abuse—while at the time the singer himself had a serious drug problem.

BORN AGAIN

Three American tennis professionals were ordered home during an African tour after they claimed to have seen God during intense Bible reading. One of the born-again players jumped through a hotel window, and another player claimed that other Christian fundamentalist players burst into his room, demanding that he give up tennis and "find the Lord." The three fundamentalist players were advised to seek psychiatric help.

WRETCHED EXCESSES

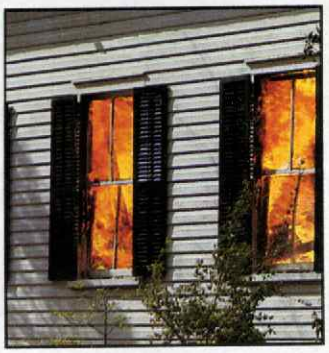
Four persons were killed and 50 seriously injured during a riot in India by Muslims infuriated over a newspaper article headlined "Mohammed the Idiot."

A Santa Monica, California, man, angered over parking tickets, smashed the windshields of four police patrol scooters. "I have no other way to communicate with these people," the man said.

A couple rented Giants Stadium for their son's bar mitzvah reception, including a marching band that spelled out the boy's name in formation. The affair cost $35,000.

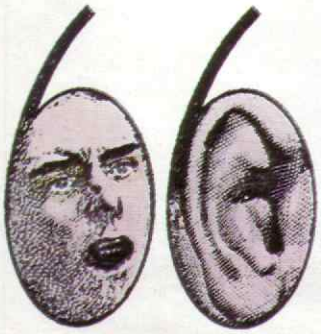
REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

Angered over a mother-in-law's meddling in his marriage, a Florissant, Missouri, man set her house on fire. "I set the fire to send a message," the man said.



OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

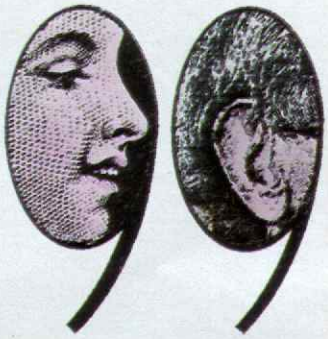
A prostitute in Dixmoor, Illinois, was crushed to death when a 374-pound customer sat on top of her.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Why, with her white skin, she looks like a witch."

—Rosalynn Carter, on daughter Amy's decision to dye her hair and eyebrows black



THE FRIENDLY SKIES

A chartered airline flying to Crete suddenly turned around and headed back toward London after the plane's captain announced that the crew had forgotten to put the passengers' luggage aboard.

A jetliner made an emergency landing in Wichita, Kansas, after a flight attendant spotted what she described as a possible bomb inside a package made of several airsickness bags. Experts blew the package apart on the ground—and discovered a soiled baby diaper.

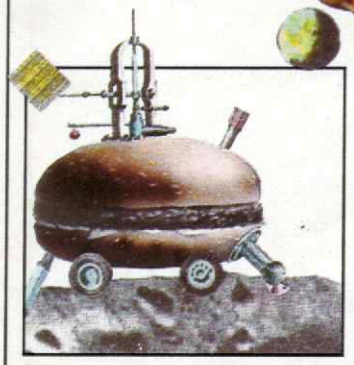
EDWIN MEESE MEMORIAL AWARD

Colorado officials ordered a driver to turn in his personalized license plates that read OUIOUI, after a motorist complained that the plates could be interpreted to mean "wee-wee," a common infantile reference to urination.

SIC TRANSIT

Toronto Blue Jays star pitcher Dave Stieb this past season had a record of 7–11 and a 4.77 ERA, one of the worst in baseball. The dismal season followed publication of his book, *Tomorrow I'll Be Perfect.*

MOVABLE FEASTS



A court in Northern Ireland found a man innocent of assault charges on the grounds that eating two bags of potato chips turned him into a wild man and caused him to attempt to strangle his father with a tie.

WORST NEW PRODUCTS

An Austin, Texas, firm now offers plastic bags of guaranteed drug-free urine at $49.95 a bag to customers who are facing drug tests.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

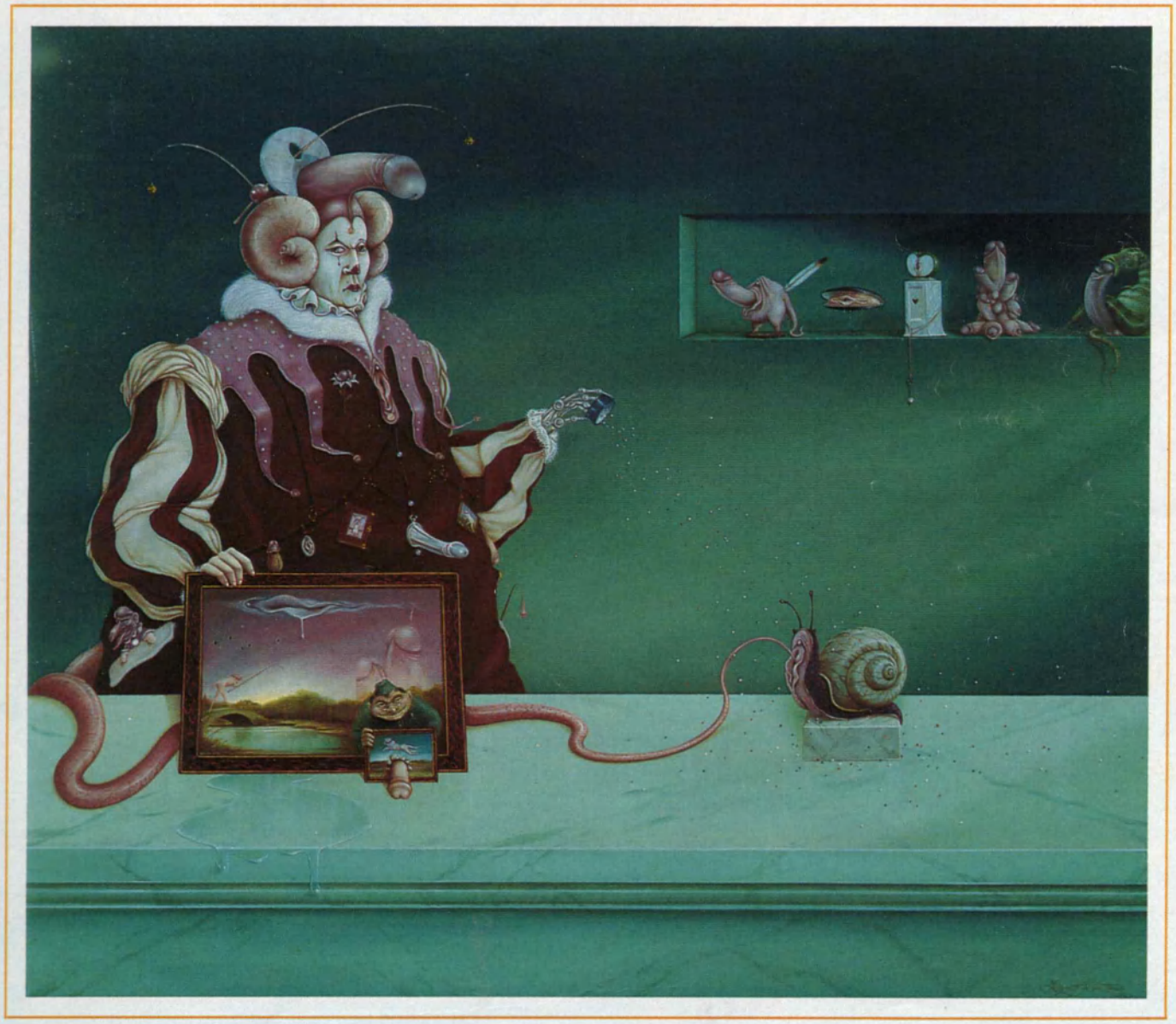
HANS KANTERS

Hans Kanters is the self-taught product of a noble tradition in the history of art. Born in Amsterdam 40 years ago, he is a surrealist whose antecedents evoke the dark and Herculean fantasies of Hieronymus Bosch. "I want to show in a modern way, but through the use of classical techniques, the innate humor of sexuality." Kanters's images create the illusion of a complex sexuality in which the specter of sex itself becomes as preposterous as it is pompous. "I found a way to paint the cock and make it friendly," he says. "Just like a portrait painter, I paint heads!" Above, "De Vriend van de Joker" ("The Joker's Friend"), and right, "De Verleider" ("The Seducer").

Kanters's paintings have been shown worldwide, most recently at the Erotics Gallery in New York City. Above, "De Speelkamer" ("The Playroom"), and right, "Easy Rider."

Kanters's humor is not entirely without pessimism. "Who knows," he says, "maybe in ten years we'll have a new religion and we won't be able to express ourselves so freely." Above, "Een Drukke Dag" ("A Busy Day"), and left, "Koninklijke Jacht" ("Royal Yacht").

"I can paint seven days a week, 13 hours a day," says the prolific artist. Above, "Mise en Scène," an example of a large canvas that can take up to two months for Kanters to complete.



"I consider myself to be a very normal person," says Kanters. "My imagination is just more developed than most people's." Above, "De Kunsthandelaar" ("The Art Dealer").

Joep Monnikendam, a Dutch art critic, says that the presence of the phallus in Kanters's work functions "as an ideal of intuitive meditation and for an erotic retail trade based on humor." Above, "Thuishaven" ("Safe Haven"), and left, "De Reddende Engel" ("The Joyless Angel").

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 1985.

The experience you seek

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TIME BOMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

instincts, siphoning off a conquistador's fortune in the six years he controlled Mexico. Top-secret C.I.A. estimates put it in the neighborhood of $1 to $5 billion. (López Portillo continues to deny that he grew rich while in office.)

Lured by the prospect of fat profits on multibillion-dollar development loans, international bankers rushed to extend blank-check credit to the newly rich country. Like a lottery winner who hasn't the foggiest idea how to handle his unexpected wealth, Mexico embarked on an ambitious program of public works and other projects—each with a built-in "skim" of payoffs to corrupt political cronies at all levels. But while the favored few were raking in the petrodollars and spin-off money, most of the Mexican people continued to live in wretched poverty.

The chief beneficiaries were the Mexicans who served under López Portillo, or who had the good fortune to be a friend to the corrupt Croesus. According to one leading banker, more than 200 Mexicans in Mexico City alone are worth at least $100 million.

Figures uncovered in a secret investigation conducted by López Portillo and his buddies before he left office concluded that at least $14 billion had been deposited in foreign banks during his term as president, while another $30 billion had been invested in U.S. real estate.

President Miguel de la Madrid, inaugurated in late 1982, was supposed to change all this. He ran on a campaign of "moral renovation," pledging to eradicate "the profound cultural problem" of corruption. The people took him at his word—and have been disappointed.

Because President de la Madrid could not ignore the extravagance of López Portillo, who was not only De la Madrid's onetime boss but also the man who picked him to become president, he searched for sacrificial lambs other than López Portillo to prove that his anticorruption rhetoric was sincere.

The finest he found was Jorge Diaz Serrano, director general of Petroleos Mexicanos (Pemex) until 1981. This lifelong friend of López Portillo, and, reportedly, a onetime business partner of Vice President George Bush, was charged in July 1983 with the fraud of $34 million involving the purchase of two tankers. He has also been accused of diverting at least $4 billion from the national oil monopoly's treasury.

Diaz Serrano has been patiently cooling his heels in a Mexican prison, proving his party loyalty and knowing he will eventually be freed. After all, what he was doing was normal for the company that J. Paul Getty once called the "only oil company I have known that lost money."

Widespread corruption has also closed off a traditional safety valve for letting off steam about national injustices: the press.

The relationship between the Mexican media and the ruling P.R.I. party is most often described as "cozy." The P.R.I. has always regarded stability as its primary objective and has discouraged the kind of irreverent, inquisitive press that we're accustomed to north of the border.

The party has some unsubtle but effective methods of controlling the press. The government has a monopoly on newsprint; it can and does deny paper to publications that get too critical of the regime. In addition, advertising by government agencies provides 60 percent to 80 percent of all ad revenue for newspapers and magazines; the advertisements are simply withheld from troublesome publications.

On top of these persuasive mechanisms, the government also pays to have favorable articles printed, and gives monthly payoffs, or *embute*, to compliant editors and reporters. (De la Madrid gave orders to stop the practice after he took office in late 1982, but the payments were quietly resumed a short time later.)

> In the past, erring journalists have been beaten up for writing stories critical of the government. Some have even been murdered.

If threats and bribes don't do the trick, the government has the full force of the police and army to enforce its wishes—and journalists know it. In the past, erring journalists have been beaten up for writing stories critical of the government. Some have even been murdered.

One courageous American reporter learned firsthand how dangerous it can be to criticize the Mexican authorities. Scott Lind, of the *McAllen Monitor*, had been detailing workers' protests at a Zenith plant across the border in Reynosa and returned to take pictures. Police escorted him back across the Rio Grande.

When Lind returned for his car, he was handcuffed, taken to the city jail, and later transferred to a federal facility, where he was blindfolded and tortured for four hours. He was beaten with fists and shocked with an electric cattle prod. Finally he was forced to dictate a preposterous "confession" that he had kidnapped and raped one of the Zenith workers. The intervention of his editor, Jack King, and others finally won Lind's release the next morning. But while several Mexican officials have expressed regret at Lind's treatment, the two local Mexican newspapers both attacked him.

Economically powerless and with no media to stand up for them, the only place Mexicans can register their disenchantment—short of violence—is at the ballot box. But even the satisfaction of electing their own candidates has been denied these citizens of what is supposed to be a democratic country.

This became most obvious during the municipal elections of July 1983. The P.R.I., which had ruled Mexico unopposed for 54 years, was jolted by the astonishing success of the opposition National Action Party (PAN).

In the two northern states where PAN is strongest, it was able to ensure relatively clean elections by monitoring every polling place. Whenever obvious manipulation was spotted, PAN's poll watchers used CB radios to call in demonstrators with bullhorns and lawyers well versed in electoral procedures. Under these circumstances, as one Mexican columnist observed, "It was not practical for any P.R.I. representative to try the decrepit set of tricks of the party's golden age."

This may also explain why the P.R.I. at first let the election results stand, something it had never done after losing. Traditionally, opposition victories at the polls were lost later in the government-run vote-counting rooms. But it was not long before two of the elections were declared void and the P.R.I. engaged in a new round of vote rigging. The P.R.I. didn't lose any major contests after that, the C.I.A. reported to President Reagan, because it used "massive ballot stuffing."

Most experts view the possibility of Mexico going Communist as almost negligible, but not impossible. One man who was obsessed with the prospect was former C.I.A. director William Casey. Before his illness and resignation earlier this year, he had been more concerned about Mexico than any other country except the Soviet Union, according to C.I.A. officials. (The hot-tempered Casey had even upbraided subordinates over the quality of intelligence reporting from Mexico City and had personally rewritten some of their analyses. At least one of the C.I.A.'s Mexican analysts has resigned over such "meddling.")

A highly placed C.I.A. source said Casey had concluded that "the almost complete lack of C.I.A. covert action in Mexico has adversely affected the quality of the agency's espionage there." If the C.I.A. doesn't have an active role in placing propaganda in Mexican newspapers, or influencing Mexican politics, then the incentive to get quality information on a day-to-day basis is gone, the source explains of Casey's view.

In a tirade on the seventh floor of the C.I.A. building in Langley, Virginia, Casey

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

Radar warning breakthrough #4 is now available from the same engineers who made #1, #2, and #3

Bad news for radar detectors. The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) has cleared the Rashid VRSS for operation on K band.

What's a Rashid VRSS?

The Rashid VRSS is a collision warning system using a radar beam to scan the vehicle's path, much as a blind person uses a cane. It may reduce accidents, which is very good news.*

Now for the bad news

Unfortunately, the Rashid transmits on K band, which is one of the frequencies assigned to traffic radar. Rashid speaks a radar detector's language, you might say, and it can set off detectors over a mile away.

Faced with this problem, we could hope Rashid installations will be few. Or we could invent a solution.

Opportunity knocking

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In 1983, when a deluge of cheap imported detectors was found to be transmitting on radar frequency, our engineers came through again, this time with ST/O/P™, a sophisticated circuit that could weed out these phony signals before they triggered an alarm.

Then in 1984, using SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics originally intended for satellites, these same engineers designed the smallest detector ever. The result was PASSPORT, renowned for its convenience.

*For more information on Rashid VRSS collision warning system, see *Popular Science*, January 1986.

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Now we're introducing breakthrough number four. In their cleverest innovation yet, our engineers have found a way to distinguish Rashid from all other K band signals. It's the electronic equivalent of finding the needle in a haystack. The AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuit isolates and neutralizes all Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

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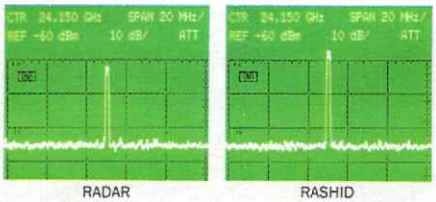

RADAR RASHID

Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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Unlike most politicians,
Norma Jean Almodovar *says* she's a whore.
And that's not the
most unusual thing about her.

CALL-GIRL CANDIDATE

BY ELLEN HAWKES

To hear her tell it,
Norma Jean found it easier to decide to become a prostitute
than to become a politician. "That's because
I'd always fantasized about being a high-class hooker,
but I'd never dreamed of becoming a candidate

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN LEVENSON

for office," she says, tossing her long henna-red hair over her shoulders. "But now I realize the only difference between being a prostitute and a politician," she adds with her mischievous grin, "is that there are some things a prostitute will *not* do for money."

At 35, Norma Jean (no, she says, she was not named after Marilyn Monroe) Almodovar was the Libertarian party's candidate for lieutenant governor of California. In a life that ranged from born-again fundamentalism to traffic cop to call girl, her background made her one of the most unusual political candidates since ex-madam Sally Stanford became mayor of Sausalito, California, in 1976.

Despite the fact Norma Jean was not elected this time around, she is already making plans to campaign for office in 1990 and enthusiastically says, "Maybe I'll run in 1992 on a third-party ticket for president." When asked if she was let down by the fact that only two percent of Californians supported her, she laughed and said, "Not at all. It was great that 90,000 voted for a convicted felon."

Norma Jean makes reference to her weeks in prison isolation after being convicted of pandering in 1984, and what *she* alleges are the murders of other call girls and cops who have dared to speak out against police corruption. "I wanted the public to hear my story so that they will understand how the government is limiting their freedom by their enforcement of victimless crimes. I campaigned for all people who believe that they, not the state, should control their own minds and bodies."

Although the libertarian rhetoric was obvious in her campaign statements, she insists it was also a personal crusade to fight for women's rights. Some feminists may have trouble with a "sister" who proudly describes her career as a whore and who defends any woman's choice to pose for *Penthouse* or to act in porno films. "There are those who think I demean women by being a prostitute or by posing nude. I say that they don't understand freedom. I've received support from Margo St. James and COYOTE, as well as other prostitutes' rights groups, because I believe that no woman can be free until I'm free to practice my chosen profession. No woman has the liberty to choose what she can do with her body—and that includes abortion—unless I'm free to do with my body what I choose, and that includes selling it, if I so desire."

If Norma Jean is open about her choice to work as a whore, she's equally frank about the phases of her decision. Here the personal and the political are so interwoven that her story is a clear example of a woman not forgoing her past but forgoing her sense of self and ideas of freedom from it.

Born on May 27, 1951, to Helen Ruth Doolittle Wright and Harold M. Wright, Norma Jean was the first daughter and fourth child in a family of eight boys and six girls. "My mother was a born-again Christian and didn't believe in birth control. She raised all of us as very fundamentalist Baptists." Norma Jean's father was a factory worker, and the family was very poor, living on "the wrong side of the tracks" in Binghamton, New York. "I was what kids called 'poor white trash,' and they teased me about being fat and wearing glasses."

Despite the solace of writing poetry and making hand-sewn dolls (both of which activities she continues today), Norma Jean's childhood sounds more like Stephen King's *Carrie* than "Father Knows Best." In fact, her father was not only a weak and frustrated man, but he took out his frustrations by beating his kids with a thick leather belt. Worse, for all the home's sexual repression, or perhaps because of it, she says, Norma Jean was sexually abused by her father.

"I grew up hating my father," she admits. "Then before he died a couple of years ago I was able to forgive him because I realized it was an emotional sickness. I understood how angry and frustrated he must have been with his life. He came from such a repressive family himself and our home was so strict that he couldn't express love or affection."

> "To those who think I demean women by being a prostitute or posing nude," Norma Jean says defiantly, "I say that they don't understand freedom."

Norma Jean pauses in the midst of her narration to take a stand against Ed Meese and the would-be censors of our society, and it's not far removed from her personal experiences. "Because of what I went through, I just can't buy the argument that pornography leads to child abuse. It seems that what was true in my family is true in others—that the more sexually repressive the atmosphere, the more cases of incest and abuse."

But if her past is the basis for her political views, it must also have affected her personally. Given her story, even in brief, you can hear the murmurs of armchair psychiatrists—"Aha . . . sexual abuse, guilt, prostitution. It all fits." Reduce it to the predictable pattern: After a strict religious upbringing that viewed sex as dirty, and a father who sexually abused her, a woman becomes a whore to confirm her sinfulness or because she hates men or because she wants to exact revenge, much like Carrie's apocalyptic prom fire. But make these suggestions to Norma Jean and she bristles. "That's not true at all. I became a prostitute because I love sex, not because I hate it or feel dirty or guilty. When I started working as a call girl, I learned that hugging and kissing can be meaningful without being sexual and that one of the most important parts of being a prostitute is the nurturing you do. So it just isn't true that I went into the profession 'to make men pay.' In fact, when the prison psychiatrists evaluated me, none of them found I was reacting to my childhood. They finally had to accept that I became a whore for my own good reasons and that I defend that choice out of my political and philosophical beliefs."

It is testimony to Norma Jean's strength and persuasiveness that even if you could find her subconscious motives, you'd still have to say "So what?" The very fact that she is comfortable with who and what she is deflects any simpleminded interpretation. Besides, she locates her deepest changes in attitude in the ten years she worked for the Los Angeles police department. That, she says, was the real eye-opener.

She had made her way to California in 1970 when she took a vacation from her filing job in New York City and stayed with friends who belonged to a Holy Roller cult in Los Angeles. "They put so much pressure on me, and one day I had such a horrible headache that I thought I'd been hit from heaven and was 'born again.' That night I 'testified' and they all rejoiced. Then two months later along came Radames Almodovar, a Puerto Rican who was part of this cult, a big, beefy guy, dark and attractive, the kind of guy I always went for."

Once again, sex intruded. But she made the mistake of telling one of the "sisters" about their "heavy petting." She took it to the elders who told the couple they had to get married, but not in the church, since they had "sinned." "Even though we hadn't had intercourse, he'd touched me 'down there,' as they called it, so we had a civil ceremony."

The Almodovars took their own apartment, and while he worked as a carpenter, she worked for the telephone company and began to take a few college courses in journalism, art, and creative writing. During that year Norma Jean found herself moving away from both her church and her husband, and gradually began to change her image. She dieted down to a size seven, traded in her glasses for contact lenses, cleared up her skin problems, and wore makeup.

At the same time, her husband applied to work for the police department; but when the papers came through, he didn't want to leave his carpentry job, so Norma Jean applied instead. At five foot four she didn't meet the height requirement and was eligible only to become a civilian employee in the traffic division. After six

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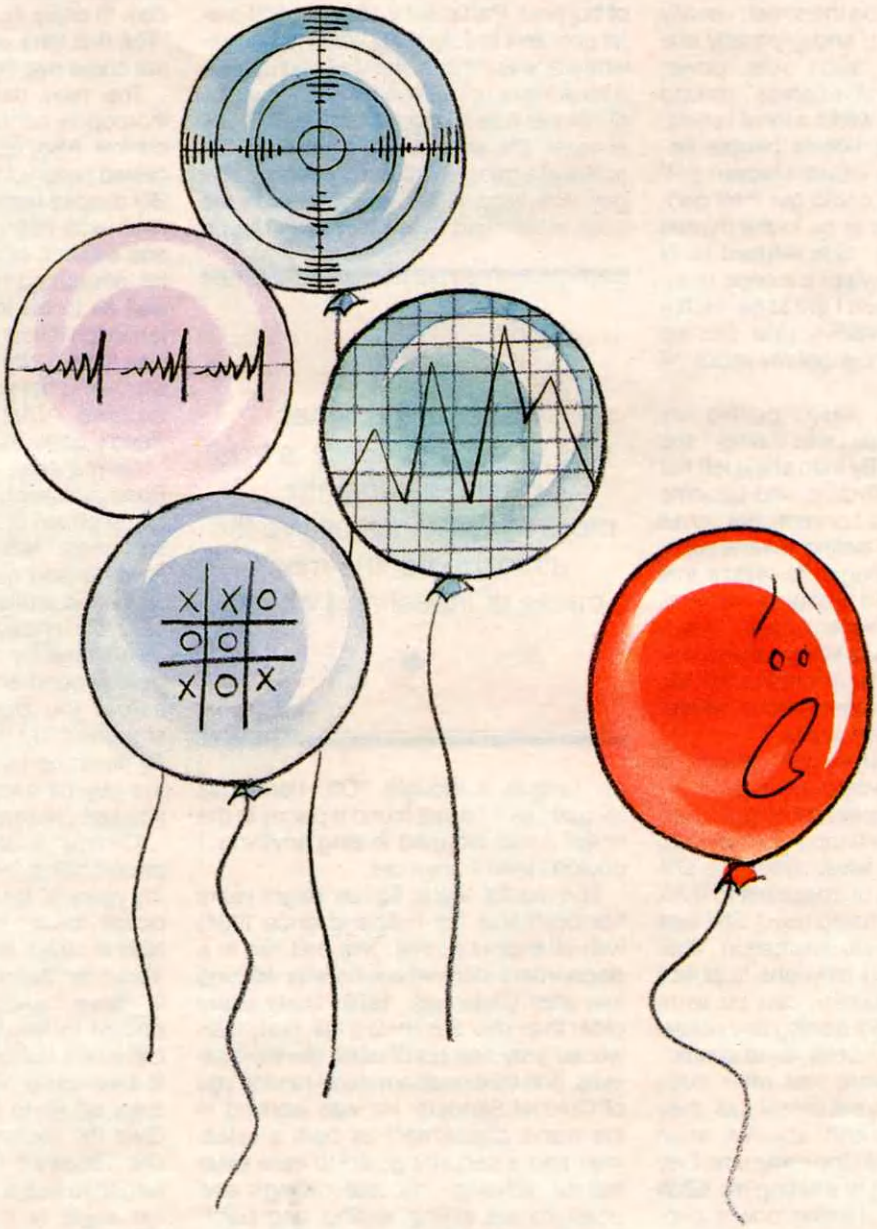
BY ART CUMINGS



"We seem to have developed a small orbital defect."

weeks of training, she was assigned to the Hollywood division. "I wrote tickets, impounded stolen vehicles, directed traffic, answered radio calls to accidents, and worked special events. I always pride myself on being the best at whatever I do—it's the work ethic I grew up with—so I was a very good traffic cop—*too* good I soon realized."

Not yet having formulated her libertarian beliefs, she began to notice that many cops didn't live up to her idealistic image of them as "my heroes, strong tough men who were the helpers of society." While Norma Jean didn't carry a gun or wear a badge, she was out on the street, usually working a night shift, and gradually she became aware of "short cuts, power plays, and abuses of authority" among her colleagues. She wrote a lot of tickets, she says, "but only tickets people deserved, not what we called 'chicken shit' tickets so that cops could get their quotas and cut out early to go to the movies with their girlfriends." She refused to fix tickets for her supervisor's friends or influential people. "Soon I got to be such a thorn in my supervisor's side that he asked me if I somehow got my rocks off by writing tickets.

"Well, I certainly wasn't getting my rocks off with the cops I was dating," she quips with a giggle. By then she'd left her husband, filed for divorce, and became what she admits in a conventional sense was "promiscuous," dating several cops. Still, she says she began to realize that she was dissatisfied because none of these men would let her enjoy sex. "I knew sex felt good, but I was still quiet and shy, and I didn't know how or what to ask for. They were all the super-macho wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am types."

Looking back, Norma Jean laughs at her naïveté. Cops would ask her out for dinner or a drink, expect her to go to bed with them, and then announce they had to get home to their wives. She says she didn't know enough or chose not to think about how she was being used. She was just part of on-the-job recreation, their "favorite sport being blowjobs in police cruisers. Oral stimulation can be wonderful, but if you're not getting any sexual pleasure yourself, it sucks, so to speak."

She was also aware that while cops often had sex with street prostitutes, they were disrespectful and abusive when they arrested them. "At the same time they didn't think anything of offering me $200 to have sex with a retiring police captain," she says.

On another occasion she was asked by the vice squad to go undercover as a prostitute to set up a black pimp so that he could be arrested in the act of oral sex (at the time a felony in California). By then she'd come to believe that what anybody did in the privacy of their own home and with mutual consent wasn't the cops' business. "Besides, I also didn't think that prostitution or pimping were really crimes as long as force and coercion weren't involved. So when they asked me to lure him into oral sex, I refused and said, 'Under that law every cop I've ever dated is a felon.' "

Much as she'd done as a child, Norma Jean kept a kind of diary of what she was experiencing both on the job and in the bedroom. Her poems of these years also record her growing disillusionment both with her work and the men in her life. Add to that a physical attack by a Hollywood businessman to whom she'd given a ticket and the department's refusal to prosecute "because he was a prominent businessman," and hers was a classic case of burnout. Particularly after her first major accident in July 1975, when her three-wheeler was hit and she was laid up with a back injury until January 1976, the stress of her job was taking its toll. Finally back at work, she was directing traffic at the scene of a gang shoot-out one night. "This guy was lying in the street, shot in the back of the head. A few feet away I found his tongue. I thought, 'Oh, here's his tongue,' as if I'd just found a penny in the street. I had stopped feeling anything; I couldn't take it anymore."

> "It seems that what was true in my family is true in others—that the more sexually repressive the atmosphere, the more cases of incest and abuse."

She credits Victor Savant (eight years her boyfriend, her husband since 1984) with changing all that. She met him in a department store where he was working just after Christmas, 1976. Thirty years older than she, Savant is a tall, burly man whose gray hair and beard, twinkly blue eyes, and faint southern drawl remind you of Colonel Sanders. He was working in the men's department as both a salesman and a security guard to earn extra money, although his real callings and passions are acting, writing, and painting, he says. "His first love is architecture," adds Norma Jean. "Don't let him tell you otherwise."

He did, of course, insist otherwise over a drink one afternoon. Norma Jean, it seems, is his first love, and he has remained devoted to her ever since she first came to the department store and throughout the difficult times they've endured together. "My first impression of her? Heavy lust," he says. "I thought she was the most lovely, sensitive, sweetest-looking woman I'd ever seen."

"He may have found me attractive," says Norma Jean, "but our relationship was strictly platonic for the first six months. Our first date he took me to the theater, the first time I'd ever been. I'd never met anyone so suave and so educated, and because he didn't try anything our first date, I figured he was gay."

Not so, as it turned out, and Norma Jean says it was his gentleness that not only brought her out of her emotional numbness but also introduced her to a new range of sexual pleasure. Here was the man who finally allowed her the freedom to enjoy sex. As Norma Jean tells it, "The first time we went to bed, he made me come five times."

The next morning Norma Jean felt thoroughly confused. "It was as if I'd lost control. Also, he was not like my preconceived notion of the man I should be with." But despite her initial reservations, Norma Jean was falling in love, as was Victor, and with his worldliness and experience he introduced her to sexual freedom as well as to his long-held beliefs in libertarian philosophy. "What I wanted most was to help Norma Jean understand her worth and her value as an individual," he explains. "That's why I gave her Ayn Rand's book *Atlas Shrugged*."

Norma Jean certainly connected the Rand philosophy to her own life, but also to the abuse of individual rights by cops she knew. Moreover, her job was still stressful and depressing. The last straw was when an illegal alien, driving a stolen car, rear-ended her. "I went to get X-rayed, and by the time I was out, he'd posted bond and had probably skipped across the border. I went home and shredded my uniform just to make sure I'd never be tempted to go back. When the guy hit my car, I thought, *This is it, you just changed my life.*"

Of course, joining the ranks of high-priced call girls is a far cry from "changing your life" by simply resigning from the police force. You can talk that way to Norma Jean because she is so open about her decision and how she came to it. "Sure, I know, and that's why I want people to see that it was *my choice* to become a call girl, just as it was my choice to become a cop." She takes it step by step, eager to have others understand. Over the course of the next two months she received disability payments and began to see a psychologist to deal with her anger at the cops and the system. When her disability payments ran out, her superiors told her to come back for light duty. She refused, and her doctor confirmed that she shouldn't go back to work. Nevertheless, her disability insurance was cut off. "And that's when I decided to start work as a prostitute."

But not out of the blue, it seems, and not purely for economic reasons. "Ever since I knew what a call girl was I'd had that fantasy," she says. "Things I read and saw in movies made it seem much more

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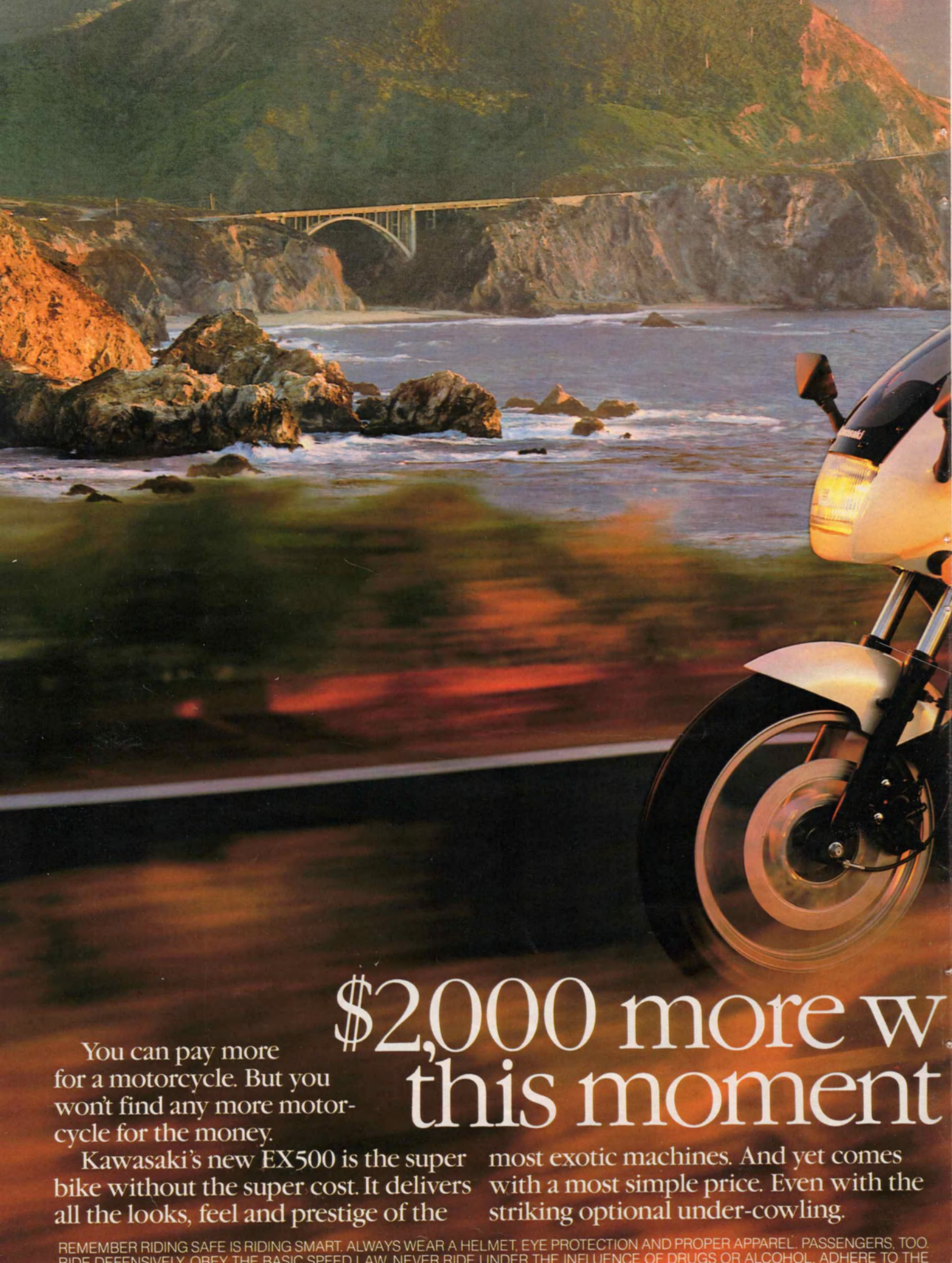
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glamorous and a lot more fun than any job I had. When I was working in New York, I'd hear about these women living in penthouses with beautiful clothes."

Despite the earlier vague notion of high-class hookers, it was Victor, however, who "allowed me the sexual freedom to act out that fantasy. In our sex life, we'd play all these different roles, and one he himself had was that I was an expensive call girl. I pretended that I lived in a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, and I'd put on a stunning negligee, turn the lights low, put on soft music, and greet him at the door. We'd make wild passionate love, and afterward he'd be very much a gentleman, would discreetly leave me several hundred dollars, and say, 'Thank you, darling, I'll see you next time.' So that was my fantasy, and then I thought, *Yeah, this is fun, maybe I could do that.*"

While men may share this sexual fantasy (and Norma Jean often found this to be true of her clients), Victor himself had a special feeling about prostitutes. Many years before, he worked as a bouncer at a brothel in an old plantation house upriver from New Orleans. "Everything I know about women I learned from two marvelous whores," he says. "I lost my virginity there; they taught me how to make love and how to prolong orgasm. So I never believed in the stereotype of whores, since all the ladies in the house were wonderful."

But that is not to say that Victor was some sort of Svengali proposing that Norma Jean become a prostitute herself. Both of them insist that it was Norma Jean's private decision, which she alone considered for several weeks before broaching it with him.

He thought about it for a few days, but because neither of them objected to multiple sexual relationships, and because Victor was an advocate of personal freedom, he said that he had no problem with it but that it was her own decision. His only concern was for her safety. Since she said she would take only those clients referred by madams she knew, he reasoned that she was probably in far less danger than if she'd been driving in an L.A.P.D. black-and-white at night alone.

After a few more days, Norma Jean dialed the madam she'd met while working for the police and told her that she was interested in going into the business, and the madam invited her over.

"She had a beautiful apartment in Beverly Hills, furnished just like my fantasy. She asked if I wanted to start that afternoon. At first I said, 'No, no.' Then I thought, *Well, if I'm going to do this, I'd better just go ahead.* Since I was wearing jeans and a T-shirt, she loaned me one of her beautiful Dior gowns.

"A little later this nice-looking guy came into the bedroom. He asked if this was my first time, and when I said yes, he said he would be very gentle. We sat on the bed and he held my ice-cold hand. 'Just treat me like a boyfriend on a date,' he said. 'That's all; I'm real easy.' So I began to touch him and make love to him, and he had an orgasm very quickly. He said, 'See, that wasn't so bad,' and he gave $100 as a tip on top of the $150 he was paying. He just rolled a $100 bill off this big wad of money, and then he got dressed and left. I'm sitting there thinking, *Is this it? Where's all the wild, hot sex, the dancing girls?* Of course, now I know that most of the time the sex is just that tame. The madam took 40 percent of the $150—that's the usual deal. The first time a madam sends you a client, she'll take 40 percent, then if the client wants to keep seeing you, you get the full amount. But I also got to keep the tip, so in 15 minutes I'd made $190. Driving home I'm thinking, *Wow, is this all I've been afraid of? It wasn't so difficult taking the money, I didn't have to ask; it wasn't outlandish, I didn't have to tie him to the chandelier; and beyond that he was nice. Jesus Christ,* I thought, *I'm 30 years old; I could have done this when I was 21.*"

Once again she objects to the suggestion that if she had another skill she wouldn't have gone into prostitution. "Not at all. It's something I enjoyed doing, not just for the money, but, as I gradually learned, because of the nurturing, therapeutic value of it."

Victor supported her decision. "He even brought me all these men's magazines, and I read about different positions and fantasies. I bought sexual aids and grew my hair and nails long. I was ready to fulfill a lot of different fantasies,

"Just remember, Raoul, I made you and I can break you."

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though I drew the line at S & M, and if someone showed he didn't respect me, I didn't take him as a client."

But much to her surprise, there wasn't a lot of wild sex. In fact, most of her clients with a few exceptions were mainly into talking. "They needed someone to listen, someone who would allow them to express their sexual fantasies verbally. For example, the most I earned in one night was $10,000—I never took my clothes off, and all we talked about was this guy's fantasy that his wife was an expensive call girl who catered to lesbians."

For the first time in a long while, Norma Jean was content with her life. She was happy with her work and her relationship with Victor, and the one "condition" they'd discussed seemed to be working fine. "Since I was there to give my clients pleasure, Victor and I agreed I would not have orgasms with them. I did not want to become sated so I couldn't enjoy sex with him. That was no problem for me, since I was there as a sort of therapist. The only change was when I started to do 'doubles,' ménages with other women. I discovered I was bisexual, that I took great pleasure in making love to another woman, and then I could have orgasms. That was okay with Victor—in fact, that had always been one of his sexual fantasies—and now one woman with whom I've often worked and Victor and I have our own relationship. We all get off on it."

As was her wont, Norma Jean began to take notes about her experiences and her feelings. Her clients were among the rich and famous, but their identities would be concealed—they liked her, she liked them, and she would not put them in jeopardy. But by God, she thought, at least she could be honest about her work, even though it was illegal. She saw a connection between the corruption among some cops, as well as their sexual harassment and demands, and their enforcement of victimless crimes, and she decided that she had the basis for a revealing, entertaining book. *Cop to Call Girl* would tell her story, and the chapters, with catchy titles like "Pig in a Poke-y," "Making Bacon," and "This Little Piggy Went to Market," would include anecdotes from both careers: the blowjobs in cruisers; sex with Explorer Scouts and the cop burglary rings; the police captain who masturbated with a live chicken in his office. . . . She would also describe some of her more colorful, kinkier evenings as a call girl—the powerful men who wanted to be spanked and scolded, the ones who wanted her to put makeup on them and let them wear her $90 Dior panties, the Arab sheikh who flew her and nine other women as part of a harem to New York. . . . The pages began to accumulate, yet beneath the amusing, titillating stories she saw a serious message: that police corruption and kinky sexual attitudes betokened a double standard and that while she was not hurting anyone in her "illegal" profession, the police were hurting citizens with their authority to enforce the law indiscriminately, especially when it came to victimless crimes like prostitution. As it turned out, she says, her crime was writing her book, not working as a whore.

The story of Norma Jean's arrest and imprisonment begins in August 1982 when the police, in an attempt to "clean up" Los Angeles for the Olympics, set up a sting operation against some of the town's most notorious madams. Norma Jean got careless and took a job with a man who said he was recommended by a madam she knew. He was part of the sweep and she was arrested, but not before she made the mistake of mentioning to him that she had worked for the police department—and that she was writing a book about it.

While the charge against her was later dismissed, Norma Jean says she's sure that the cops had been alerted to her manuscript. "They wanted to search my apartment, but I refused since they didn't have a warrant."

> "She asked me if I wanted to start work that afternoon. At first I said, "No." Then I thought, *If I'm going to do this, I'd better just go ahead.*"

Once more, Norma Jean felt under stress, the arrest, though unsuccessful, reviving her old anger at the cops. She again started seeing a psychiatrist, who suggested that as part of her therapy she might try to reestablish contact with the few people she'd liked on the force. In the summer of 1983, she phoned Patricia "Penny" Isgro, once a station-house secretary, later a traffic officer herself. "When I talked to her, she was responsive and warm. She said she was curious about my new life, and we agreed to meet for a drink one night after she got off work."

What happened at that meeting, and what ensued as a result of their conversation, are both a matter of dispute. Norma Jean insists that Penny was eager to hear about a hooker's life and was equally impressed that Norma Jean was writing her book, readily supplying the story about the police captain who masturbated with a live chicken. According to Norma Jean, she even offered to get more anecdotes from friends in the division. Further, she says Penny was enthusiastic about the material rewards that prostitution could bring. Then she confessed, according to Norma Jean, that it had always been her fantasy to be a call girl, too.

Later in court, Penny would stoutly deny this aspect of the conversation. "Stoutly is the appropriate word," Norma Jean quips, "since she is six-foot-two and weighs 230 pounds—hardly the most suitable figure for a high-priced hooker." Nevertheless, Norma Jean insists that "since fantasy fulfillment is my business, I decided I would show my appreciation for the 'chicken' story by setting her up with a 'client' of mine for one evening."

In hindsight, it seems terribly naive of Norma Jean to talk to a cop, albeit a would-be friend, not only about her business but about her manuscript about police corruption and kinkiness. In fact, when Victor heard that she'd talked to Penny, he warned her off. Nevertheless, Norma Jean continued to phone Penny at work to ask if she had gotten more stories for the book as well as to tell her about the date she'd arranged. Penny herself, as she testified on the witness stand, at first refused to take the calls, telling colleagues she didn't want to talk to Norma Jean. Her explanation in the courtroom was that she didn't feel it was good for her reputation to associate with a known prostitute. More to the point, she said she didn't want to be in the position of helping someone write a book that would make the cops look bad. Nevertheless, for some reason she did take one call from Norma Jean, spoke to her briefly, and when Norma Jean mentioned the "date," she told her she would call her back. That "some reason" appears to be the vice squad and a detective by the honest-to-God name of Fred Clapp. The next conversations between Penny and Norma Jean, including one when Penny visited Norma Jean at home, were taped. Penny was wired—she'd agreed to cooperate with the police.

Norma Jean suggests that Penny was finally persuaded to go along with the vice squad's plan under the threat of losing her pension. Whatever the inducement, Penny "played along," asking her how and when and where the date would take place, how much money she'd get, and whether she might be able to continue in the business.

It was all on tape, with the added sensationalism of Norma Jean showing Penny around her apartment, the clothes, the sculptures of penises, the little sexual jokes that she and Victor shared, the discussion of threesomes and Norma Jean's enjoyment of sex with women and "doubles," and finally, her proud display of her workroom and her manuscript in progress. The night before the scheduled date, however, the client canceled, and Norma Jean began to suspect something was wrong when Penny became insistent about when it would be rescheduled. In the eyes of the law, however, consummation isn't needed for "crimi-

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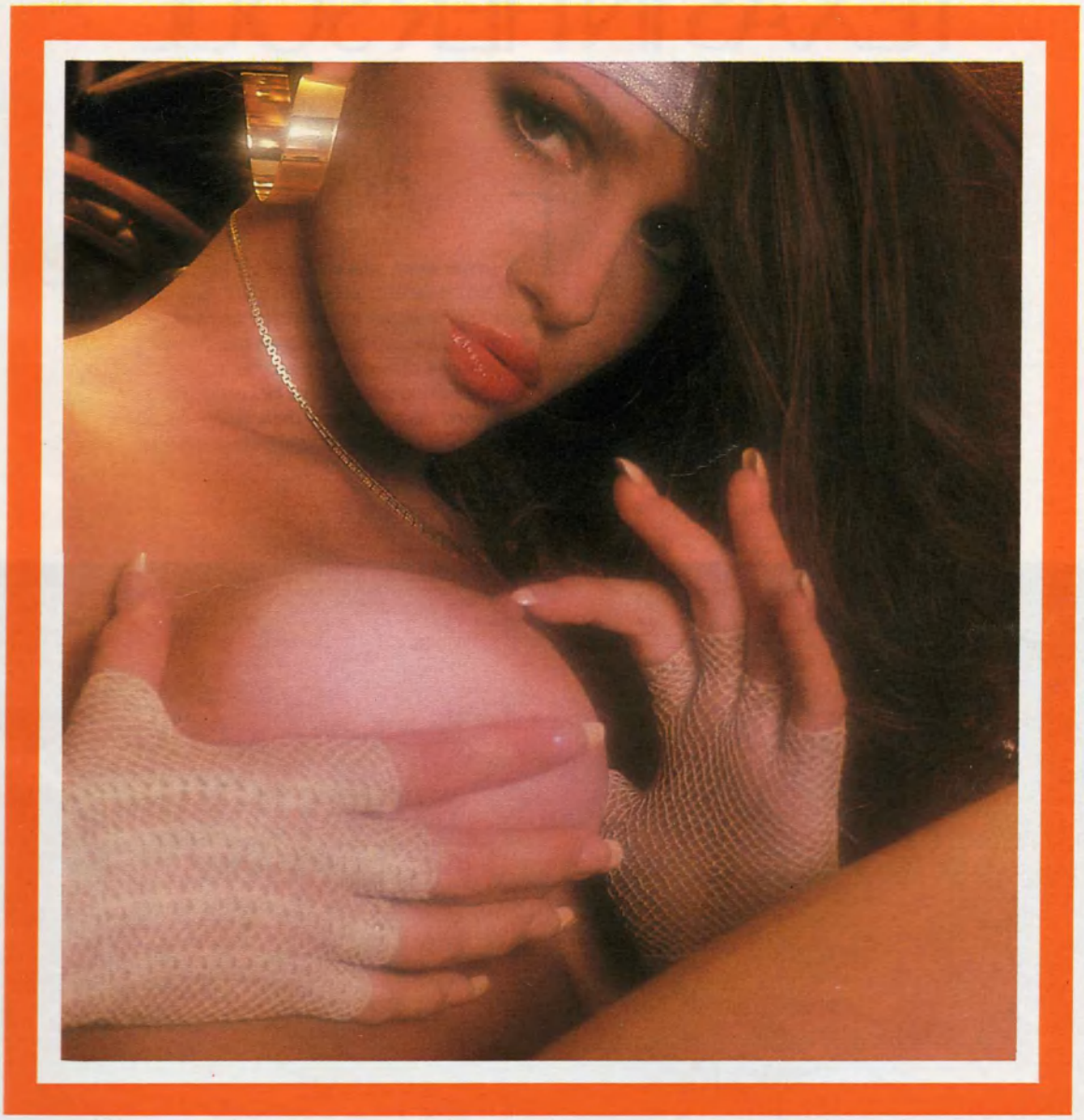


MELISSA

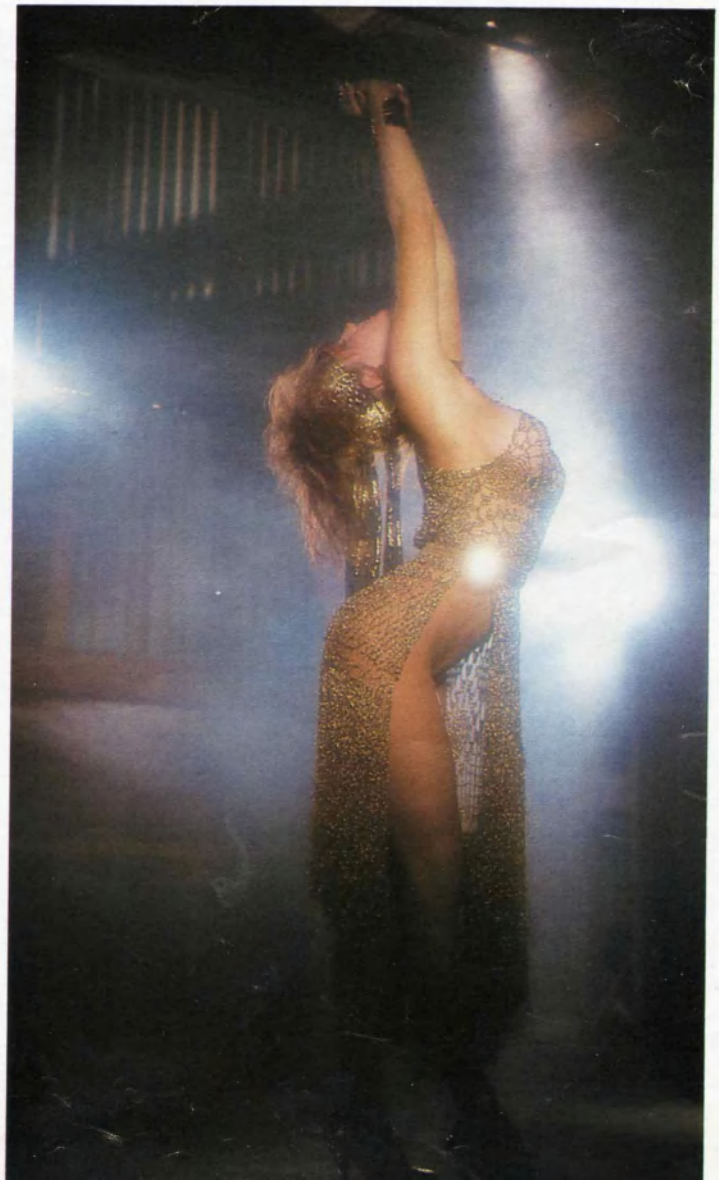
"I like to do everything I can to be pleasing to a man's eyes and to drive him crazy—which, in turn, drives me crazy."

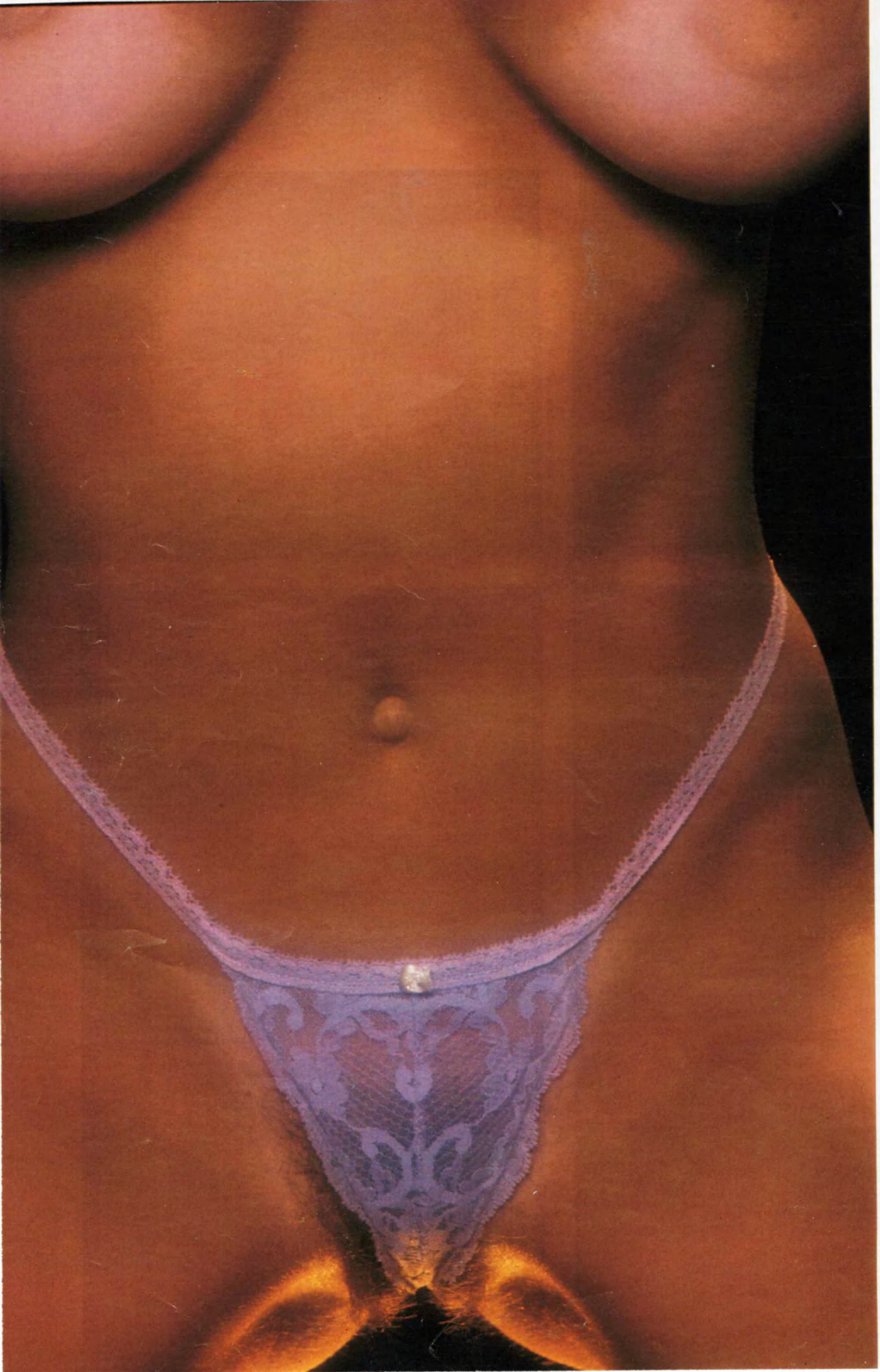
TEXAS IN HER SOUL

For amber-eyed Melissa Leigh, Texas has always been home. She was born in San Antonio, studied business at Tarleton State, and now lives in Houston, where she has worked for the past four years as a financial consultant. As successful as she has proven herself to be in commanding the attention of investors, 24-year-old Melissa has also commanded considerable attention of a different sort. Maybe it's her 38-24-36 figure. Maybe it's her ravishing auburn hair and the striking features that hint at her Scots-Irish-Cherokee background. Maybe it's how she walks and talks. Maybe—most likely—it's all of the above. But, though she hopes to someday settle down and raise a family, she hasn't yet found the man she's looking for.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Makeup by Robert Bolger, hair by Darlene DeFreitas

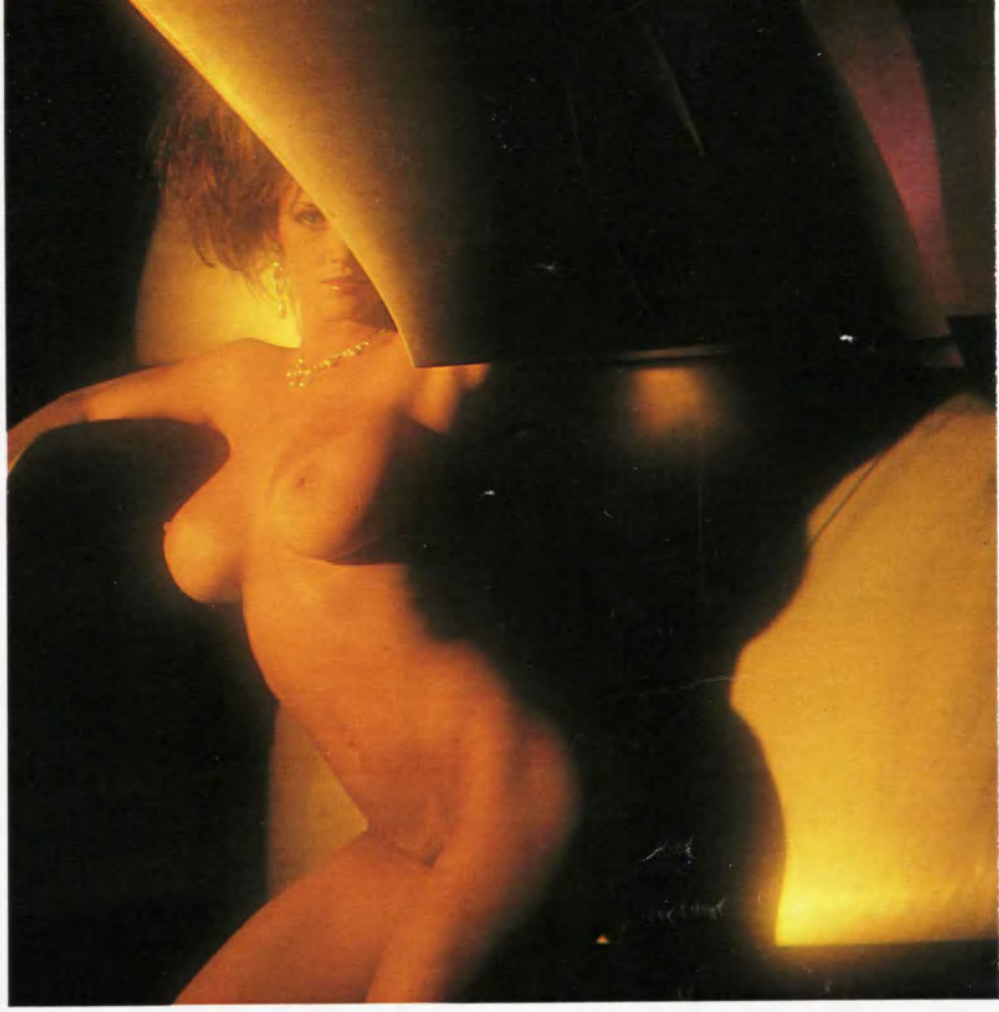




"I want a reasonably young man who is ambitious, financially stable, and in great physical shape."

"Maybe my ideal man doesn't exist," she muses. "That would be a shame. I hate being hot and horny and having to look after myself. Not that I don't like to masturbate—I do! But I like company, too. There's nothing like a nice hot, soft tongue."

Being Pet of the Month is something that excites Melissa's sense of adventure. "I want to do everything!"



That same sense of adventure led her to appear in Byron Davis's film *The Great American Centerfold Search.* Melissa was discovered at the Solid Gold club in Fort Lauderdale.

"I love *frenzy-fucking.* I love it all!" These may not sound like the words of a financial consultant. But Melissa isn't your average professional lady. She's one of a kind . . . and, if she keeps looking, she's bound to get her man.

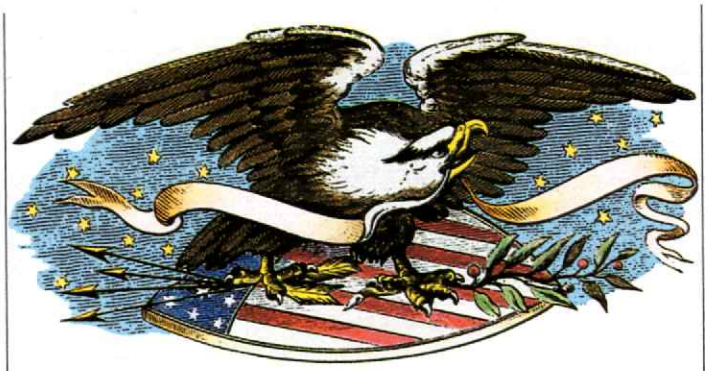
MISS MELISSA LEIGH/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"The Reagan administration's view of the world is, at best, less realistic than the fantasies on sale at Disney World."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Memorial Day, observed on Monday, May 25, this year, is an appropriate time for reflections on America's military successes and failures and those who endured or perished in service to their country. The quietude of a military cemetery is a good place to call up the memories of battles, events, and places only faintly recalled after the long passage of time. Those who best remember Pearl Harbor, for instance, are those who were there. For most other Americans, Pearl Harbor is at best a historical event long since dimmed as a day that will live "forever in infamy." The same might be said for World War II itself, as the bulk of those with firsthand knowledge about its horrors approach the age of 70. This is the generation that not only remembers Pearl Harbor, the shame of the surrender to the Japanese forces at Corregidor, and the defeat at Kasserine Pass by Hitler's elite divisions, but the one that also went on to avenge those defeats by their own courage and the sacrifice of their comrades.

War, in the mixed metaphor of politics, "ain't beanbag." It is a deadly serious business that requires a certain degree of retribution before going on to a new relationship with one's former enemies. Although there is some truth to the cliché "To the victor belong the spoils," the greater truth for Americans is that our military victories have enabled us to set the terms for future relations with such former adversaries as the Germans and the Japanese. Lacking a victory since World War II, however, we have been faced with frustration and, for one reason or another, we have been willing to negotiate with our adversaries from a position of stag-



nation and/or unilateral moral disarmament rather than one of strength, with a willingness to use it to protect our valid national interests.

America's veterans from both the Korean and Vietnam wars understand these geopolitical realities all too well. They don't particularly like them, but their frustrations are somewhat tempered by the realization that in today's political climate, their service and the sacrifice of their fallen comrades is regarded as "no big deal."

In recent months, America's veterans have had much to be dismayed about. The Veterans Administration's unlawful and reckless destruction of records pertaining to atomic testing that a federal court had ordered it to produce displayed, according to U.S. District Court Judge Marilyn Hall Patel, a "callous disregard for all processes of court." She added that the testimony of V.A. spokesmen in the same court was filled with "distortions, misrepresentation, and misleading information." In the face of this judicial indictment, Attorney General Edwin Meese III, who has been quick to investigate the "insidious effects" of such magazines as *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, has been overtly hostile to the appointment of a special counsel to investigate the operations of V.A. personnel in this matter and/or the performance of his California crony, V.A. Administrator Thomas K. Turnage.

Sadly, this is nothing out of the ordinary for Meese, who, after all, displayed a similar reluctance to request the appointment of a special counsel to investigate the Iran-contra arms scandal. The V.A. scandal may be small beans to the media, but it too is indicative of the arrogance of the Reagan administration in its dealings with the nation's veterans, and especially with their widows and children.

For the past six years, America's veteran population has been held hostage by the Reagan administration's view of the world, which, at best, is less realistic than the fantasies on sale at Disney World. America's veterans have known how to "stand tall" long before Mr. Reagan became president; since that time, however, they have learned how to stand alone.

The problem is not solely the fiscal sleight of hand practiced by former budget director David Stockman—this was egregious enough in its own right, causing, as it did, the nation's deficit to double in six years—but rather the blatantly two-faced appeals to patriotic motifs and sentiments, and the underhanded promotion of "less is better."

Veterans have not yet been crucified by the Reagan administration's fiscal irresponsibility, but in spite of a series of public-relations extravaganzas—such as the 40th anniversary of the Normandy landing and the "liberation" of Grenada—the genuine sensitivities of veterans have been ignored. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the convoluted tale of the President and his band of lackluster left-footed advisers and clandestine spooks in the Iran-contra scandal.

After the last witness tells his story about the Iran-contra scandal to the congressional committees and the special counsel's multiple grand juries empowered to investigate this travesty, the fact will still remain that President Reagan broke faith with the families of the 241 Marines who were killed in Beirut in 1983. No slippery political obfuscation, such as the search for a dialogue with the so-called moderates in the Khomeini regime, can obscure the fact that Iran recruited, trained, and dispatched their "soldiers"—better known as terrorists—to carry out this act of murder against the Marines, who were on a peacekeeping mission.

Leaving aside whether the arms to Iran were sold to gain the release of U.S. hostages, the greater horror is that the United States government traded with a nation that was and has been in a de facto state of war with us since our embassy was seized in 1979. Meanwhile, the Marines' widows and children have been forgotten and left to live on a mere pittance, while the arms merchants who prospered from this deal live in splendor.—*William R. Corson*

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"What does the future hold for our grandchildren? Do they have a future? Or will they be homeless and on welfare?"

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY DONITA LEELING

The author is a farmer in Crawford, Nebraska. She and her husband raise wheat, cattle, and quarter horses.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

NEBRASKA. THE GOOD LIFE. This slogan is imprinted on the mud flaps of almost every pickup truck in the state. My husband and I were both born and raised on Nebraska farms; this is the only way of life we know.

Crawford, Nebraska, is a quiet little town nestled at the base of pine-clad hills, a very pretty setting after coming across the flatlands and sandhills from the east and south. When we were growing up, it was a very busy, prosperous town, with numerous businesses and a theater. Saturday was the big day of the week—farmers and ranchers came to town and stores stayed open until late. It was a happy time; we worked hard all week so we could go to town on Saturday and visit with our friends, maybe go to a show or a dance.

The town is not the same now; the 1980s economy has hit, and many of the stores are now vacant lots. The once-thriving theater is boarded up and rotting in the sun. The remaining stores no longer stay open on Saturday night. They cannot afford the electricity or the help for what few people might wander in, look around, and leave. There are no friendly smiles or visits with friends. People stay home. They do not have the money for gas or to buy what they might want.

We were married in 1956. Back then it did not take a lot to live. We were working for a rancher for a time until 1965, when we bought some land of our own. It was not much but it was a start. We were happy and proud. Three children were born; our lives were complete. Through the years we added to our land holdings until we acquired 2,200 acres, all but 480 of which are paid for. In 1965, I went to work in our local 20-bed hospital to help pay our bills and make our land payments. We were not rich but we were not dirt-poor. We managed to keep our nose out of the water and we were happy. I managed to meet all of our expenses and lay aside a little each month for a small savings. We both worked very hard on our land; we raised some wheat, and have a small herd of Angus cattle and some registered quarter horses.

I helped out with the farming and with the haying as much as my job would allow until our son was old enough to take over for me. We paid him a small wage.

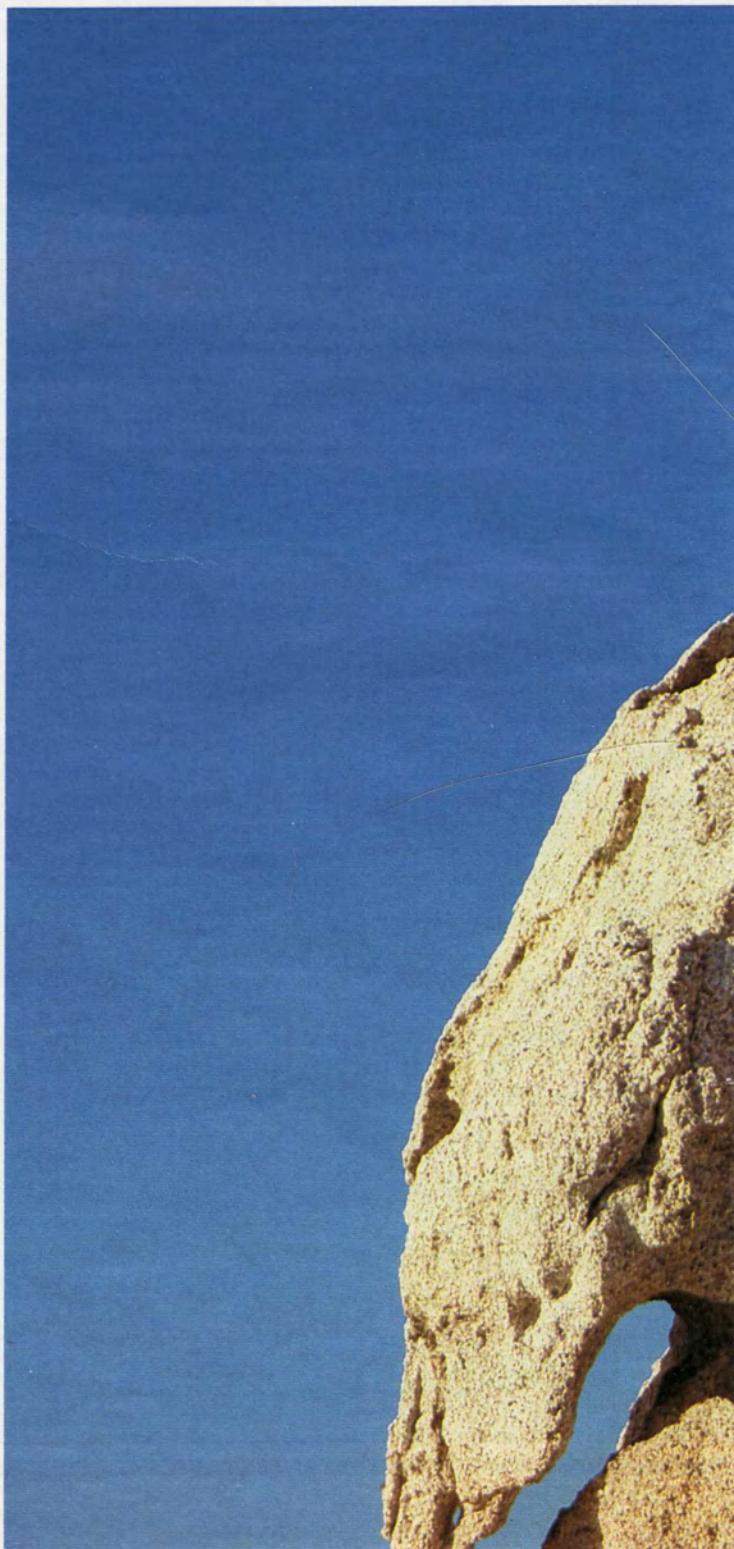
In the 1970s we bought calves, fed them over the winter and summer until fall, then sold them as yearling feeder cattle. People bought them, put them in feed lots, and finished them out. We made money on these calves for several years until we hit season after season of drought and grasshoppers. We had to buy hay to get us through the winter. The expenses were very high, and when the bottom fell out of the cattle market, we lost money.

In 1982 the government enacted a system called prospective payment, as part of Medicare, which calls for hospitals to cover health-care expenses that would otherwise be covered. The result has been that many small hospitals

HEAT IN A HIGH PLACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

On those spring days when the blue of the sky and the gold of the sun lure them, Karen and Sally leave crowded civilization behind and head for the sandy hills and rocky crags at the desert's edge. There, in the secret, open places they know by heart, they let the heat and the elements possess them.



The sun glows on their skin. Only the hawks that glide beneath the rolling clouds can see them. Desire stirs.

A warm breast rises toward a warmer tongue. Karen's echoing sigh seems to be the only sound in the

world. Her hands grasp Sally, bringing her closer. Their long tan legs entwine. Two sighs become one.

Flesh to flesh, they claim the moment as their own. Sally seeks her friend's sweetest charms.

Together under the sky, they do
as nature moves them.
There are kisses that cannot be
forgotten, intimacies that
seem to still the breeze. It is days
like this that cure the ills
of civilized life.

BILLY MARTIN

"It wrenched my gut to watch last year's World Series and hear the announcers say how great it was. If I had a brick, I would have thrown it through the set. It was the worst World Series I had ever seen."

On August 10, 1986, a ceremony took place at Yankee Stadium in New York that had been held in the past to honor such greats as Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio, and Mickey Mantle. The Yankees were retiring the uniform number of a former player and manager whose feats on the playing field never approached or could be compared to some of the superstars who played in Yankee pinstripes. Nevertheless, it was fitting that the number they retired that day was number 1, because if for no other reason, Billy Martin has always been that as a New York Yankee—a winner.

There are other reasons why to diehard Yankee fans Martin is No. 1. Unlike other team legends who loomed larger than life, Martin is the workingman's player and manager. He has been the Yankee they can identify with most—a poor boy from Berkeley, California, with mediocre skills who had to fight to survive. On the playing field the aggressive Martin took charge, delivering key base hits and making the fielding plays nobody else could when it counted the most. In the glory years under Casey Stengel, when the Yankees

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF

won five world championships from 1949 to 1953, Martin was in the Yankee infield. In 1954 Martin was in the service, and it probably was no coincidence that the Yankees lost the pennant that year. In fact, during his seven seasons playing with the team the Yankees won seven pennants and six world championships.

Like Mickey, Yogi, and Whitey, it seemed destined that Billy would be a New York Yankee forever; but on June 15, 1957, the day of the trading deadline, he was gone, traded to the then-lowly Kansas City A's. The move was sparked by the first time Billy Martin would receive as much notoriety off the field as on.

What was to be called the "Copacabana incident" by the media was actually a birthday celebration for Martin at the famous New York City nightclub. Mantle, Berra, Ford, and several other players and their wives were in attendance at Martin's 29th birthday when a fight broke out between one of the Yankees and a stranger at the club. The stranger was knocked cold, something Martin denies was his doing; but when the incident hit the newspapers, George Weiss, then general manager of the team and no fan of his scrappy second baseman, decided that Martin was a bad influence on some of the Yankee superstars and made the decision to get rid of him. It would take almost two decades for Martin to don Yankee pinstripes again. Then the team's owner would be the controversial George Steinbrenner, who, it seemed, would never be able to finally make up his mind about Billy Martin.

Billy Martin has always been a fighter. Born 58 years ago in Berkeley, the young Martin was a dirt-poor youth constantly getting into fistfights with neighborhood kids. He ran with a tough crowd of rowdies, and if it wasn't for Billy's love of sports there's no telling what his future would have been. Although skinny and small as a youth, he excelled in football and baseball. Football was his best sport, probably because he enjoyed the contact and hitting, but his first love was baseball. At Berkeley High School he was the team's shortstop and cleanup hitter, leading the league in batting. Billy was certain that upon graduation baseball scouts would be fighting one another for the opportunity to sign him. He was to be disappointed. After graduation Billy never met a scout. The reason given was that he was just too small to play professional baseball.

The summer of 1946 was one of discouragement for Martin, hanging around in city parks and feeling sorry for himself. Late in the summer he learned that Eddie Leishman, who managed a team in the lowly Class C league of professional baseball, needed a replacement for an injured player. Eddie knew Billy as a child and had previously played for him on a semipro team. Martin tried out and finished the summer playing for Oakland's Idaho Falls team.

He had enjoyed a successful two years in the minor leagues when in 1947 he got the opportunity to play for the Pacific Coast League Oakland Oaks and the manager and person who would have the greatest influence on Martin's baseball life—Casey Stengel.

The relationship between the legendary Stengel and the young infielder has often, and accurately, been described as father and son. Stengel took Martin under his wing as a player and taught him how to maximize his abilities. Subconsciously, Martin was learning something more important for the days when his playing career was at its end. From Stengel he learned how to manage a winning baseball team. He learned the nuances of the game, those seemingly unimportant parts of baseball that separate first-place from second-place teams. And Casey had one other gift that Martin was to learn, and that was how to deal with ballplayers. As Martin once wrote, "Casey knew how to treat people and get them to respond." Years later in Minnesota, Detroit, Texas, Oakland, and New York, Martin would take losing ballplayers and make them winners.

The trade from the Yankees to Kansas City after the Copacabana incident left a bitter taste in Martin's mouth. He felt betrayed, especially when he thought of how much he gave to the team. His records in five world championships for the Yankees ranked among the highest for the team, having batted .333 in 28 games when the money was on the line. For five years Martin thought it was Stengel who had instigated the trade, feeling like a son whose father had turned his back on him. He refused to talk to his mentor, not knowing that it was George Weiss who wanted him off the team.

After the trade Martin became a journeyman baseball player, playing for six different teams until winding up his playing career in 1961 for the Minnesota Twins. By today's standards, Martin's .257 batting average over the course of 12 seasons would make him a star. His performance as a manager would make him a superstar.

In his first year as a major-league manager in 1969, Martin took a losing Minnesota team and finished in first place. During his managing career, Martin's teams in five American League cities won more than 1,200 games with a winning percentage of .556, playing in five league championships and two World Series.

But success as a major-league manager brought no more security than as a player. Often in conflict with team owners, Martin never stayed in one city too long. In fact, he shares the record as an American League manager for most teams in one season and lifetime. It made no difference that Billy Martin was named Manager of the Year in 1974, 1976, 1980, and 1981; the stubborn and proud manager refused to give in to owners' decisions that he felt were detrimental to having a winning baseball team. His battles with George Steinbrenner were everyday items in sports columns, as Martin came and went four times over the years as the New York manager. Finally, after the 1985 season Billy Martin had enough as a baseball manager. If not burned out, a term Martin despises, he was certainly tired. He was tired of dealing with owners, as well as megabuck superstars and mediocre ballplayers. He was also tired of what he felt was unfair treatment by the media, magnifying and distorting his activities on and off the field. He also wanted to correct the record.

Along with sportswriter Phil Pepe of the New York *Daily News*, Martin recently completed a book about major-league managing. Aptly titled *Billyball* and just published by Doubleday & Company, it is not your typical bland "how to" book. It is typical Billy Martin—aggressive, frank, and revealing about today's owners, managers, and players. And it is a book on how to be a winner.

Penthouse believed that with the 1987 season about to begin, after a previous season that was one of the most exciting in baseball on and off the field, its readers would welcome the insights and impressions of Billy Martin. We asked Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein to spend some time with Martin and talk baseball.

"Billy and I met at the Balboa Bay Club in beautiful Newport Beach, California," Sonnenschein reports. "He was relaxed and eagerly looking forward to spending the coming season in the Yankees broadcast booth. Although 58, the rested, tanned, and slim Martin looked like he was in shape to start at second base next season. 'Ask me anything you want,' he said. 'I'm happy to talk to you.' And so over the course of the day I was given an education about baseball and a revealing look at one of its greats."

Penthouse: Are baseball owners different today than when you were a player?

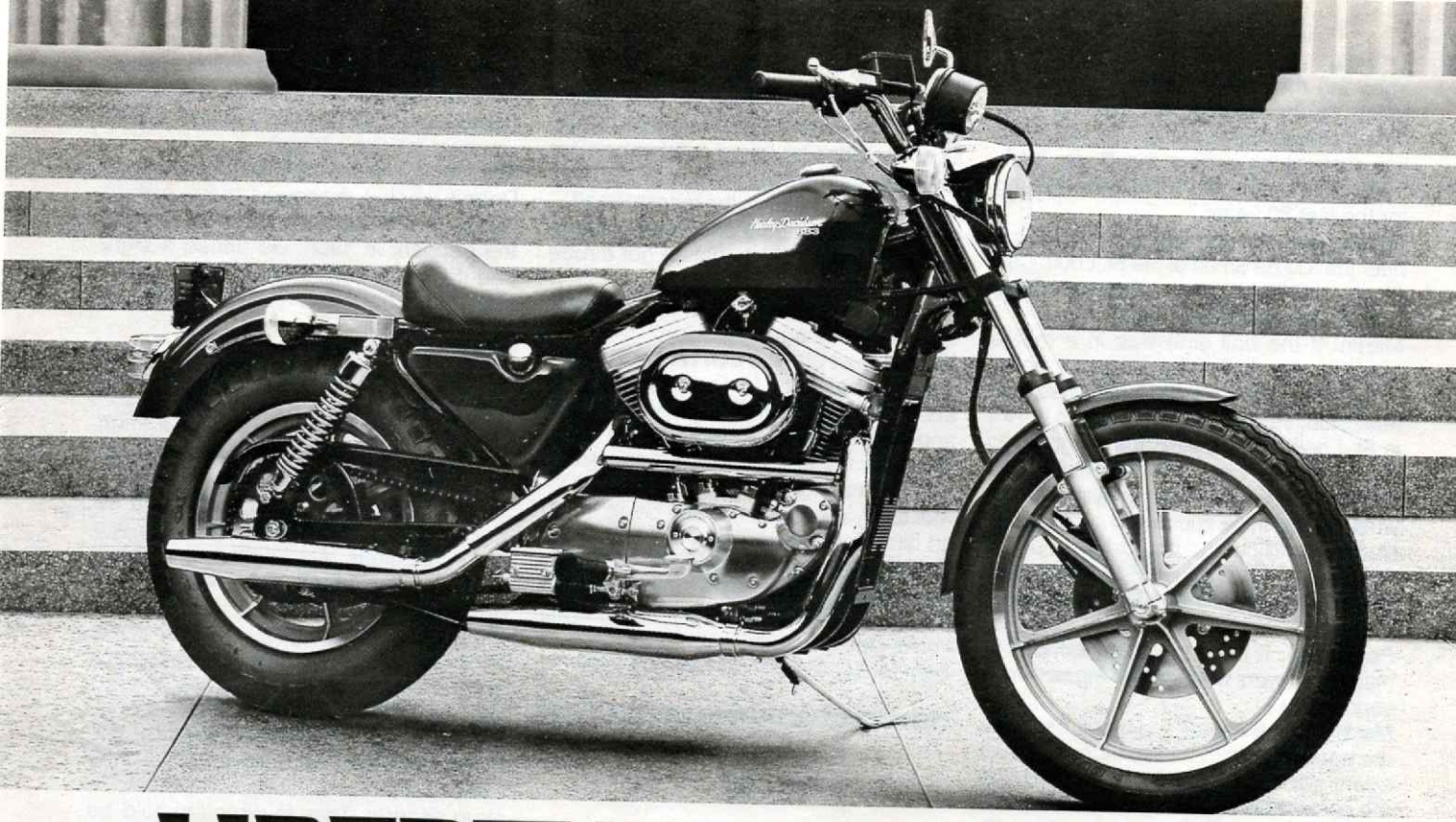
Martin: It's like night and day. The new owners want more publicity and to be recognized more by the media. Also, the old owners left it all up to baseball people. The new owners don't do that. They want their names in the newspapers, the limelight, and to take bows. Not all of them, but a lot.

Penthouse: But weren't the old owners stingy with a buck?

Martin: The new owners have gone the other way, which is wrong, too. They created their own monsters. That may be the reason baseball is mediocre today. You're getting a guy batting .230 who thinks he's worth $8 million.

Penthouse: So you think these megabuck salaries are a mistake?

Martin: It doesn't bother me personally. I don't get offended if a guy is making more money than I ever made. What bothers me is when you are successful as a man-



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ager and they don't want to pay you as much as the players are getting. That doesn't make any sense to me. And when you confront the owners, they'll say, "Well, that's what managers have been getting for the last 50 years."

Penthouse: How do you feel when you hear that Ozzie Smith of the St. Louis Cardinals, a .230 hitter or worse, is making over a million dollars a year?

Martin: If the ball club was in a media area like New York, where you are going to get so much revenue from radio and television, yes, he would be worth it. Not in St. Louis, where they are not going to get the money back with his value.

Penthouse: If you were playing today, what do you think you would be making?

Martin: A million and a quarter.

Penthouse: What about Mickey Mantle?

Martin: The city. What city do you want, Mickey?

Penthouse: It must be rather difficult to manage players who are making ten times your salary.

Martin: Yes. It makes it difficult because the agents get into it too much. Once an agent signs a player, the agent will call the owner and say, "Hey, Billy's not playing my player, Billy is not doing this with him." Once they sign a contract, it should be up to the manager and owner to dictate what they are going to do with the player. They should honor the contract. Now they come back with their agents moaning and groaning like babies.

Penthouse: Are you thinking about some players in particular?

Martin: I'll give you an example: Butch Wynegar. The guy quit the Yankees. He wants his money, saying he couldn't stand the pressure with Lou Piniella and me because we wanted to win. Come on! He's a quitter, a born quitter. He quit the Yankees to do what? To go home and pout. Now he wants the other half of his money. If he felt that strongly about not playing in New York, why didn't he give all his money back? You know what it really is? He's over the hill, gang, and he's trying to blame everybody. He's trying to blame the people of New York. Baloney! Half of the people in New York never even knew he was there.

Penthouse: Mickey Mantle told *Penthouse* that today it's like 25 different corporations walking out on the playing field. Do you agree?

Martin: Yeah. They all carry briefcases on the plane. They're all worried about this business here or that business there. David Winfield is a person that I sometimes think does too many things during the season when he needs his rest more. I think management has a right to stop him from doing that. There's no question about that. On the other hand, when he goes out on the field he's a player. He plays hard. A problem is with the younger kids who come up to the majors with stars in their eyes and have a tendency to get major-league habits. You have to tone them down.

Penthouse: Like Dwight Gooden?

Martin: I think that Gooden was going through a great stage of notoriety when all of a sudden he found out that he's not the superstar he thought himself, and that he's not going to carry the team himself—guys like Ron Darling and other pitchers can do the job. I think that he got a rude awakening.

Penthouse: Do the young players appreciate their managers?

Martin: Most players don't realize what a manager has done for them until they are about 42 years old. Then they look back and appreciate that the manager made him a competitor, made him aggressive. And the manager did all this, although he was always yelling at him and being rough on him. Some guys need to be pushed. There's a lot of common sense and a little psychology when you're handling players. They themselves don't know what you're doing to them.

Penthouse: Are ballplayers spoiled?

> Reggie Jackson? I wished that I was a player. Then I'd have beat the living hell out of him. I really would have. But as a manager, I couldn't do it.

Martin: Shit, most of them have been raised by baby-sitters. Not even by their own mothers and fathers. What the hell, a lot of them are acting like we're baby-sitters out there.

Penthouse: Yet, why have you gotten so much out of your players?

Martin: You treat them like men. Then again, I've seen a great manager like Casey Stengel slap Mantle one day because of something he did. He actually slapped him. You slap a player now and they'd hang you. That's a no-no. You don't dare slap that sweet little boy.

Penthouse: Being so aggressive, it must be a strain sometimes to control your temper.

Martin: Well, the hard part is to sit there and you're madder than hell and you want to jump up and scream at the player or throw a bat like they do. Once in a while you kick an ash can or something like that, like the day Reggie [Jackson] refused to bunt.

Penthouse: What did you do?

Martin: I wished that I was a player. Then I'd have beat the living hell out of him. I really would have. But as a manager, I couldn't do it. I went in my room and grabbed my radio and threw it against the wall as hard as I could smash it.

Penthouse: Was Reggie the only player you ever felt like hitting?

Martin: No. There was an outfielder in Detroit when I managed there named Northrup. Oh man, he cost us winning the pennant in 1968. He defied a sign, and if I had known it for a fact, I'd have killed him. That's how mad I was with him at the time.

Penthouse: Realistically, though, how would you deal with players like Jackson and Northrup?

Martin: If I had my way, I'd have fined them and suspended them. But the way it is now you can't hardly fine a guy $500, or if it goes over $1,000 you have to go to arbitration. And then they usually win it. It's ridiculous. What's the point, really, in fining a guy $500 who's making a million point two?

Penthouse: Many people, these days, think that drugs, as well as big money, are hurting baseball. Were drugs a big problem when you were managing?

Martin: Since I didn't take drugs myself, it was hard for me to detect. That's why I had to go to people who knew about it, drug experts. They told me I should be looking for certain things. I called a couple of players down on it and brought them to the attention of the owner.

Penthouse: What did he do?

Martin: Nothing.

Penthouse: Why?

Martin: I don't know. I won't mention his name, but he didn't do a thing.

Penthouse: Should there be mandatory drug testing in baseball?

Martin: Yes, I'd be for it 100 percent.

Penthouse: What's the difference between the players of your day going out partying and today's players doing drugs?

Martin: It's illegal. That's number one. Number two is that I don't buy the baloney that if you smoke a little marijuana it ain't going to hurt you. I've seen guys go from one stage to another until drugs control you, you don't control it. I wonder how many people's lives have been ruined by drug pushers.

Penthouse: Do you think the baseball players who testified with immunity at last year's drug trial in Pittsburgh got off easy?

Martin: Yes. I don't believe in immunity. I think that's wrong. In other words, if I'm a squealer, you're going to give me immunity? Bullshit! Law enforcement should get it done right and stop the immunity.

Penthouse: What should have been done with those players?

Martin: Their salaries should have been hacked off. Of course the new commissioner wasn't in office then. I think he would have done it. I think that after a guy has been caught a couple of times, like Lamarr Hoyt, and has been told the consequences of it, the next time he's caught he should be barred for life from baseball. Take his pension away from him, no salary. Let every kid in the country know

that we're not going to tolerate it.

Penthouse: Another controversy in baseball today concerns free agents. What is the crux of the issue?

Martin: The problem with free agency is that the player has lost his pride for the name of his team across his letters. His pride is the dollars in his pocket. He doesn't have the camaraderie, togetherness, love for his teammates, readiness to battle for his teammates. I think free agency has hurt guys like Rod Carew. He'd still be in the game. Here's a guy who was a credit to the game and should still be in it. I think that free agency has hurt a lot of ballplayers who were getting such big salaries that the owners said we're not going to pay them anymore. So they created this monster, and then they cut the monster's head off and hurt themselves at the same time.

Penthouse: What do you think of the owners cutting the teams' roster to 24 from 25 players as a solution to high salaries?

Martin: I think it's wrong. I think they should have gone up. Pay the players less and create more jobs for more ballplayers to be in the major leagues.

Penthouse: With one or two exceptions, the world-champion New York Mets have avoided free agency and built the club from the minor leagues. Is that, perhaps, one solution?

Martin: Yes, I think so. I believe in putting money into your farm system. Forget about free agents. Maybe if you need one to fill a gap, but not to go out and get three or four of them. Then you look at your payroll, and all you're getting are mediocre players in the twilight of their careers who can't play anymore.

Penthouse: Like George Foster?

Martin: A perfect example. They're still paying him. They're paying a lot of them. That's why a lot of clubs may go down the drain on account of it.

Penthouse: What did you think of last year's World Series?

Martin: It was the worst World Series I had ever seen. There were so many errors and sloppiness. It was an exciting series for the fans because they never knew who was going to win it or give it away. I made one error in eight, nine, or ten World Series. Last year I saw one guy make two or three errors in one *game*! Even mediocre ground balls were errors. That was a sloppy World Series.

Penthouse: So you think that the New York Mets were overrated?

Martin: No, I really don't. They're a sound club. What I didn't appreciate was hearing the governor or the mayor saying that this was the greatest thing to happen to the city of New York. Did he forget the Yankees?

Penthouse: You sound really angry.

Martin: You're darn right. I've worked in New York longer than those guys have been in office.

Penthouse: Do you think the Mets can win again this year?

Martin: Repeating is hard. You become

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

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CALL GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

nal" intent; and the next day Fred Clapp and his officers arrived at Norma Jean's house, arrested her on the charge of pandering, and confiscated her manuscript and notes as "evidence" (they did not, she claims, seize her clients book, which would seem more necessary to making their case).

In September 1984, Norma Jean was convicted of pandering. In retrospect, she feels unhappy that she did not take the stand in her own defense. Therefore, the only evidence the jury heard were the tapes of the conversations, as well as Penny Isgro's testimony.

When asked why she agreed to assist the vice detectives, Penny seemed more adverse to the proposed book than to prostitution. "It went a little beyond civic duty," she said. "As civilian traffic officers, we have a rough time out on the street with the public as it is. We do not need any adverse publicity."

Pandering is essentially a "crime of words"—"a person, who by promise or by any device or scheme, causes, induces, persuades, or encourages another person to become a prostitute is guilty of pandering." Hence, Norma Jean's personal philosophy went on trial since her description of her life, the fancy clothes, the lavish meals at the best restaurants, her acquaintance with famous, powerful people—all those benefits she described to Penny openly, all those benefits she enumerates to any audience because she feels strongly that she can be a prostitute if she so chooses—were described in the courtroom as "inducements," "persuasions," or "encouragements" of another woman to become a prostitute.

For this she was found guilty and sent to prison for 90 days to undergo psychiatric evaluation. The experience was a grueling nightmare when she was kept in prison isolation and denied visitors. Finally, she was returned to the courtroom for sentencing. Under California law, pandering requires a mandatory sentence—the legislature had enacted strict and lengthy sentences in an attempt to punish pimps preying on young runaway teenagers, and those who use force, violence, and often drugs to enlist women in prostitution. This was certainly not the case with Norma Jean, and the judge took this into account. District Attorney Ira Reiner argued, however, that it was not within the court's discretion to reduce a mandatory sentence. Further, he insisted Norma Jean should serve the mandatory three years because she was unrepentant about being a prostitute and openly told the examining psychiatrists that she would continue to work for prostitutes' rights and to try to change the law. The judge disagreed with the D.A. and placed her on probation, but while instructing her that she could no longer practice prostitution, added, "If you get busted at all for any reason on prostitution, you'll go to the joint. I put you up there for a reason. . . . I wanted to give you a taste of what it's like to be up there."

But the real "crime of words" in this case it would seem is Norma Jean's manuscript. Not only have the manuscript and assorted notes not been returned to her, she says, but the district attorney's office has now filed an appeal of the judge's sentence. While the appeal first addresses the question of the court's discretionary ruling on a mandatory sentence, most of the argument refers to Norma Jean's proposed book, alleging that *Cop to Call Girl* "magnifies her pandering by using literary means to sell prostitution as a glamorous career to a potentially vast readership, while commercially exploiting her law-enforcement past to draw on scandalous escapades that undermine respect for law." In total, the manuscript is mentioned more than 50 times, as if the offenses were not just pandering but public notoriety, descriptions of prostitution as a glamorous career, revelations about cops' behavior, personal ambition and hope for commercial gain from her book, and a lack of repentance—all reasons the D.A. argues that Norma Jean should be locked up.

> "She remembered her more kinky evenings as a call girl—the powerful men who wanted her to put makeup on them and let them wear her $90 Dior panties. . . ."

Norma Jean insists that the district attorney's eagerness to put her back in jail is why she's going public, and why she decided to run for office. She claims that officials are not as worried about her activities as a prostitute as they are about her exposing corruption and scandal in the police department.

As part of her effort to bring her case and the issues it involves to the public's attention, she began to talk at Libertarian party supper clubs after her release. While she was still in prison, her younger brother was actively involved in the Oklahoma petition campaign to put the Libertarian party on the ballot. He told another organizer of the drive, John Robertson, a man long involved in libertarian politics, about Norma Jean's case. When Robertson returned to California he contacted Norma Jean, and after hearing more about her arrest he realized that she could speak forcefully and articulately about the issues that he felt her story embodied.

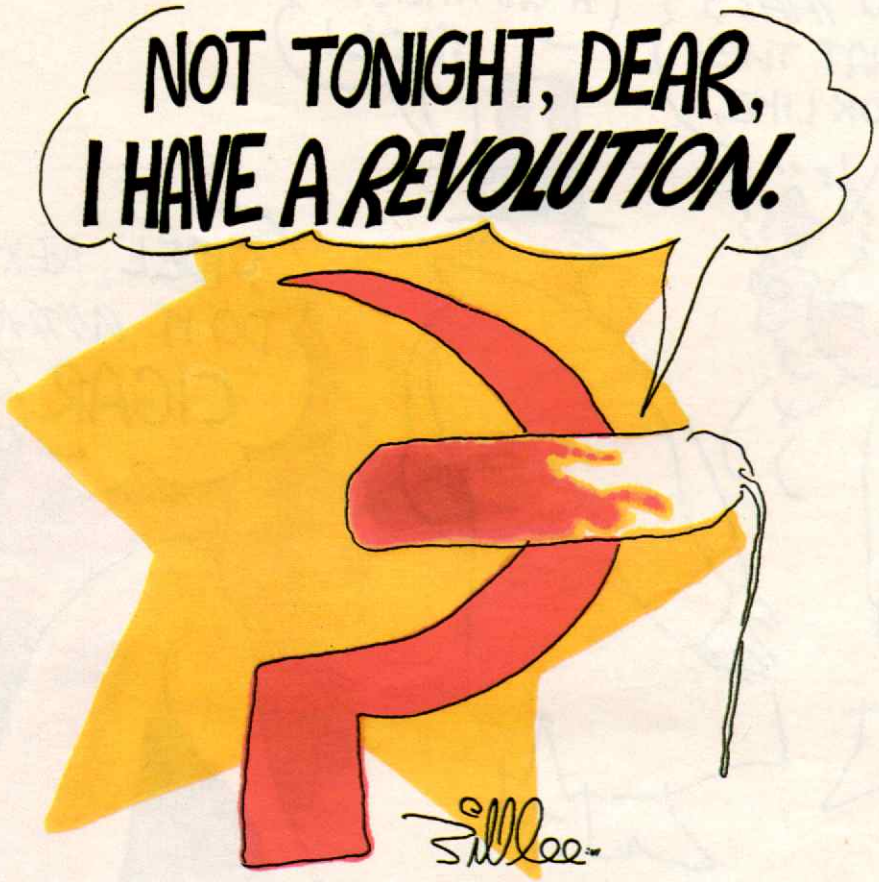
With Robertson's prompting and Victor's support, she entered the race for California lieutenant governor. In retrospect, Norma Jean's attention-getting campaign strategies may not have won as many votes as she hoped, but her message was still powerful: She used her candidacy not only to tell her story but, more important, to crusade for less government interference in citizens' private lives. She stands by her conviction that the scandal and corruption among a certain segment of cops is related to the enforcement of victimless crimes, since it "turns them into drug dealers, thieves, pimps, and panderers when they should be protecting victims of rape and arresting people for violent crimes."

Her campaign was also timely in that it served as an attack on all "those moral do-gooders, those Ed Meeses of the world who use the government's power to tell us what we can and can't do in the privacy of our own homes."

What's in the future for Norma Jean? She will continue to work for prostitutes' rights and give lectures. Several times she has been a guest on the Joan Rivers show, and she is also hard at work on her book. In the back of her mind, however, looms the ever-present fear of serving time. As of yet a court decision has not been reached.

Hooker, writer, therapist, doll maker, painter, candidate, crusader for personal liberties—all are facets of Norma Jean's public persona. But when she looks at herself in the mirror, whom does she see? In reply she holds up one of the several dolls she's made. In contrast to her other "hooker" dolls, this one has red yarn hair in braids, freckles, and bare feet. "This is the real me," she says, "the farm girl with bare feet and jeans, carefree and casual. Despite all the talk about my glamour and my three-inch-long fingernails and my silk dresses, this is how I really see myself." But would she like to return to such country-girl innocence, retire to a farm far away from the notoriety and celebrity she's achieved? At this she laughs: "Sure, but only on the condition that there would be a big old Victorian house on the property which I would turn into a wonderful brothel." By then she would hope that her business would be legal because, when all is said and done, she'd much rather be the madam of a whorehouse than Madam President of the White House.

Whatever one's feelings about prostitution, it's clear that Norma Jean has taken a principled stand, strong in her belief that her personal life is not only her own but an important political statement. To paraphrase Mae West, "Goodness has nothing to do with it." For Norma Jean it all comes down to freedom.



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THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN MAO

SHOWSTOPPER

I've always thrived on being the center of attention," says 20-year-old Riva Rose, an exotic dancer who's played to packed houses throughout her native Canada. "Posing for *Penthouse* gave me an overwhelming feeling of power. It was intoxicating."

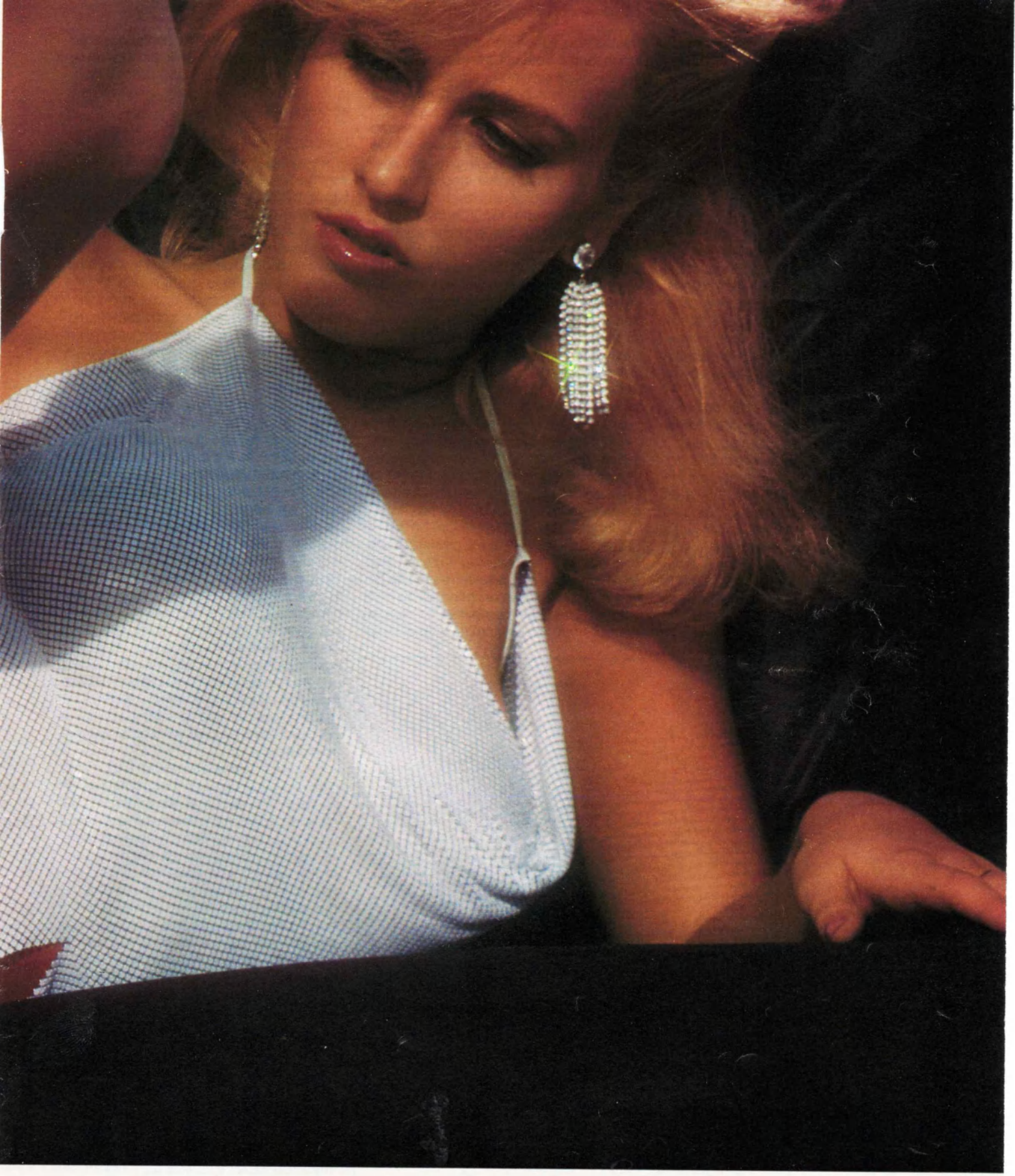
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

"I have actually made men climax simply by staring into their eyes."

Makeup and hair by Lee Garland

But beware the devastating gaze of this flaxen-haired, blue-eyed enchantress. "I have actually made men climax simply by staring into their eyes."

As for her own erotic musings, Riva has often dreamed of being shared by a pair of well-muscled identical twins.



"I want to prove that a woman can be sensuous, yet at the same time capable and intelligent." Mission accomplished!

FORUM

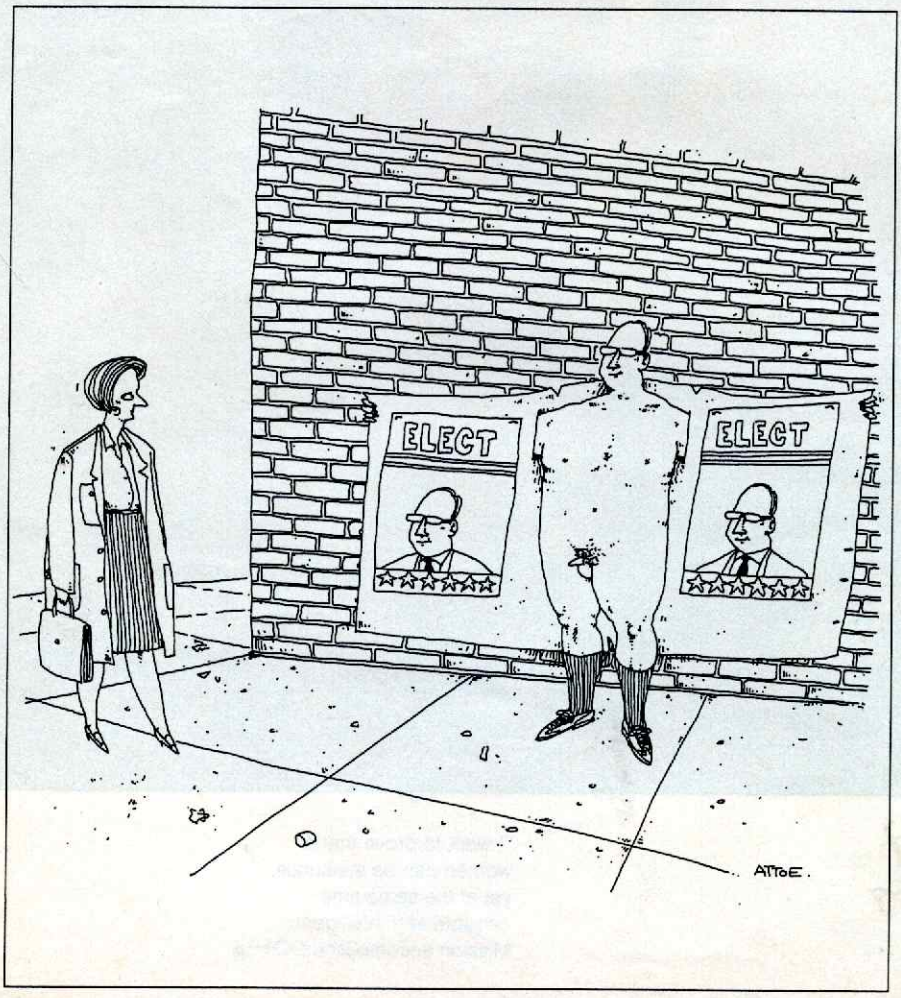
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

find her fantasy a bit corny. I told her it was a wonderful and unique dream, and being a bit of a romantic myself, I agreed with her insights. I pointed out to her that although I didn't own a castle or a title, I would love to fulfill her fantasy to the best of my efforts.

We decided to meet early that next morning in front of the local shopping center. As I pulled into the parking lot on my motorcycle, I noticed she was already there, patiently waiting for my arrival. She hopped on the back with a dazzling smile and a hot kiss placed on my lips. I knew right then and there that our planned encounter was going to be a special one to remember.

I chose a secluded lake for our rendezvous and pulled the bike next to my van, which was already parked there. I guess the bike already turned Lila on, because she kept touching me in suggestive ways even before I opened the van's doors to let her in. As she stepped into the back of the van, my little princess gasped in amazement. I had filled the entire back of the van with flowers and candles, and as I proceeded to light the candles, Lila turned on the small television that was also there. I turned to my lovely captive and embraced her with a lustful hug. I then poured some champagne for the both of us and commented on how Lila's green eyes flashed in the candlelight and how she did resemble Fergie a bit. As the royal couple appeared on the screen, I gently caressed Lila's beautiful face with a flower. As we both removed our clothing in anticipation, we became hotter and more excited. I started to caress her firm breasts and she moaned in reply to my touch. I took the almost full bottle of champagne, poured it over her body, and lovingly lapped it up while I continued to work my way down. By now she was working herself into a frenzy and took my hand and placed it on her mound. As I was gently rubbing her cunt, to my surprise she playfully poured some champagne on it. My own pleasure was mounting as I plunged my tongue deep into her and sucked the mixture of wine and her love juices. Lila, who by now was having orgasm after orgasm, cried out, "Love me, my prince!" Playing the part of the chivalrous knight to his lovely lady, I took that royal command and plunged my hardness deep inside of her.

With the rise and fall of our bodies in perfect unison, we were together as one. The moment her heaving hips bucked uncontrollably, my passion rose to its zenith, and together we exchanged the most intimate pleasure bestowed on human beings since the beginning of time. I took her back to the real world as soon as our pleasure was spent, and as the royal wedding ended, so did our own fairy tale in its sweet completeness.—*Name and address withheld*



LAYOVER

While sitting at a small airport in New York, waiting for a flight to Georgia—where I would pick up a connecting flight home to Florida—I noticed an extremely good-looking man approaching me. He had biceps that could almost break my heart, and my blood raced as I realized he was taking the seat next to mine. We immediately struck up a conversation and discovered that we were both taking the same flight to Atlanta, and we both lived in Florida. And I thought this was going to be just another boring flight! This was too much—my pussy was getting fired up already just thinking about the possible implications!

We boarded the plane and took our seats. Much to his chagrin, I pulled the latest issue of *Penthouse* out of my bag. After he got over his initial embarrassment, we began to read the letters together. I was getting hornier by the minute, so I started to lightly caress his massive arms and watched the goosebumps rise and fall. I commented on what big muscles he had. He got a sly look on his face and said he had a bigger muscle between his legs that I might like even better. All through our flight our breathing was labored and erratic as we panted our way through the entire issue. As the plane came in for a landing in Atlanta, we made plans to find a secluded, quiet place where we could work off all our excess energy.

The best place we could find in the airport was a stairwell that contained an elevator. The fact that we could be discovered at any minute was an enormous turn-on for me. We didn't waste a minute. My Adonis picked me up, deposited me in the corner, and gave me a kiss that made my pussy drip. I let my fingers do the walking from his shoulders down to the ripples of his abdomen. He grabbed my ass and started to grind his rock of manhood against my hot love nest. I clutched at his bulge through his trousers, and a throaty moan left my lips as I found myself holding on to at least nine and a half inches of cock. He was definitely the best-hung stud I'd ever held on to in my lifetime.

I unzipped his pants and out sprang his throbbing rod. I didn't have to think twice about my next course of action. I went down on this sweet meat so fast that I just about swallowed it. I pushed it down my throat as far as it would go. In a matter of seconds he exploded all his sweet come into my mouth. As I sucked up the last glistening drops, I looked up into his smiling face and we both laughed over our accomplishment.

We were startled to hear the elevator door open. As I scrambled to my feet,

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two airport personnel stepped out with knowing grins on their faces. Could it be that we were not the first to find that little secluded corner? By this time my plane was boarding, and my Adonis walked me to the gate. We embraced and made promises to keep in touch. I know one thing for sure, whether or not I ever see him again, I have found a surefire way to alleviate boredom on airplanes and in airports. Flying will never be the same again.—*Name and address withheld*

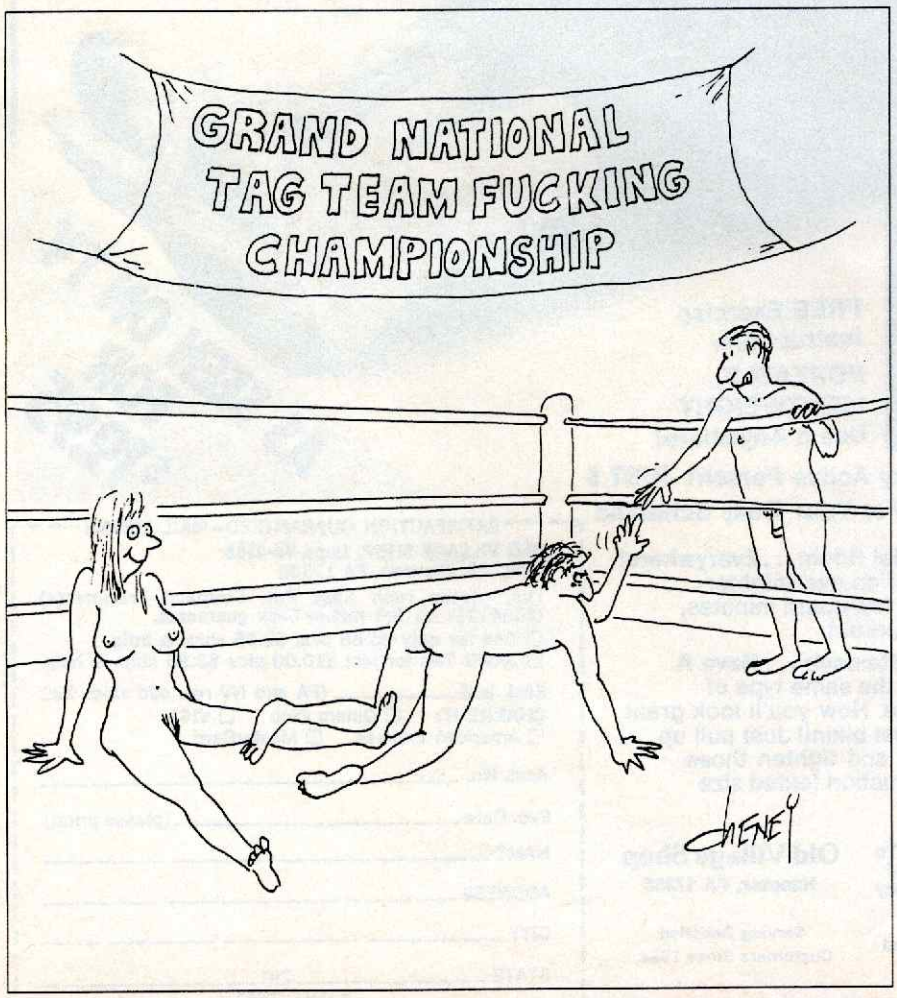
MAINTENANCE MEN

I'm a 36-year-old female stockbroker, five foot six, with long raven-black hair. I'd like to tell you of an experience I had one Saturday afternoon when I was home alone in my condo, feeling very horny, as it had been quite some time since I'd had sex. I put on some mellow music and relaxed, loosening my jeans so I could masturbate. I was really getting into it, moaning and sighing blissfully, when I heard a couple of voices talking to me. My front door was ajar, and the building maintenance men were staring in at me. Forgetting that my jeans were bunched up on my thighs, I invited them in. Max and Ted entered, grinning. Max said, "Looks like you could use some help." I was totally embarrassed, but they quickly approached me and began caressing my hair, face, and arms. Ted said, "We came over to fix your garbage disposal, but I figure you need us to fix you even more." Since they were both young, attractive black men, I just let myself go, and let Max pull my jeans off while Ted helped me off with my blouse.

Ted blew gently on my moist pussy and shoved a thick finger inside. I reached for Max's pants and pulled out his semi-erect cock. It was long and thin, and looked like a beautiful piece of chocolate candy. Max played with my full white tits, grabbing my hardened nipples possessively just as I went to give him head. He groaned as I squeezed his balls, my tongue dancing over the underside of his sensitive dick. Meanwhile, Ted was pushing my legs apart and burying his tongue into my bushy garden. I have a really thick, full clump of black pussy hair, and he had to use his hands to push it out of the way to get to my free-flowing love juice. He soon had me squirming and erupting as I gurgled all over Max's cock.

Suddenly Max moaned and warm jets of sperm filled my mouth. I was so surprised that I let a mouthful of his tangy juice ooze over my lips and down my chin onto my breasts. The next thing I knew I was squealing, as Ted had finished snacking and was now hunched between my pale thighs, jamming his huge black cock up my cunt. He had a real monster of a machine, and couldn't get much more than half of it inside me. He pumped me with slow but hard thrusts that shook my entire body, causing my boobs to jiggle. I stroked Max's dick as we both watched Ted labor between my legs. After a few minutes, he pulled out and swung me on top of him. I grabbed his thick, wet love muscle and put the head of it back into my snug slit. I really started to ride him, my squeals turning into screams as I came. He literally roared when he came, and I saw some of his come seep down my thighs as I continued to ride him.

They each fucked me twice, and I sucked them both off again that afternoon. When they left, with big smiles on their faces, I felt totally sated. I think I'll be calling for maintenance support again real soon. Black is indeed beautiful.—*Name and address withheld*



THREE-LOCK BOX

My job as a locksmith, in the eastern part of Wisconsin, has me working in all kinds of unusual situations and places. I am six feet tall, in good shape, and have recently been divorced. I never thought I would be writing to "Forum," but what happened on a job last summer is just too good to keep to myself.

I was called by the sheriff's office to unlock a van stuck by a remote lake. When I got to the site, I could hardly believe my eyes. There stood an expensive-looking conversion van with two tall beauties standing next to it. Both of them were clad in soaking wet T-shirts and nothing else! Trying to maintain my composure, I asked for identification, and the brunette explained that all their papers were locked inside. The redhead said she had proof of ownership, and pointed to the personalized license plate that read BIG 40D. To erase any doubts in my mind, she pulled off her T-shirt. Not to be outdone, her friend followed suit. Now I had two tall, totally naked lovelies standing in front of me, smiling, obviously enjoying my nervousness. My seven-inch manhood was also obvious, and their eyes didn't miss the bulge it made in my pants.

I acknowledged that they were the owners and started to unlock the van. Edie, the redhead, and Robyn, the brunette, were enjoying being naked in front of me and kept jumping up and down and giggling while I worked. Once I got the van open, Edie and Robyn told me that they'd like to show their appreciation for a job well done. I didn't argue when they said it would be more fun if I were naked, too, and they proceeded to take all of my clothes off. In less than a minute, I was eating some of the best pussy in the world and getting a first-class blowjob at the same time.

After a few minutes, Edie let out an animal groan as my tongue brought her to a van-shaking orgasm. I was trying to hold off my own climax, but Robyn wanted—and got—all my come. I'm usually a "once a day" sort of lover, but the girls wouldn't take no for an answer. They changed positions, and Robyn's pussy was every bit

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

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XMP-501 **CENTERFOLD SPREAD** Torso Mag's cover man David Dude (All-Male)	XEX-115 **WOMEN WHO LOVE GIRLS** Hyapatia Lee, Tamara, Joanna Storm, Bunny, Nina Hartley, (All-Girl)
XMP-502 **MIND, BODY & SOUL** Michael Fox, Ken Christopher (All-Male)	XEX-108 **GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS** Seka, Desiree, Crystal, Tish, Aurora, Lori (All-Girl)
XVH-235 **THE BEST OF STALLIONS** In The Park, Ebony Love, Super Taurus (All-Male)	XBT-102 **WOMEN IN LOVE** 10 beauties in 5 hot features (All-Girl)

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Sexy cannot be helped even by Hyapatia Lee—a dog is a dog even if it is being walked by Miss America.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

BLAME IT ON RIO
Rio Heat
(Vidco)⊥
The once-great director Ted Paramour (a.k.a. Harold Lime) has now been reduced to churning out crotch- and cranium-numbing fare such as *Rio Heat*. The ostensible reason for this tape is Elle Rio, presented to us as a bombshell from Brazil. She's a dud, and we don't know if Brazil would own up to her, either—their national-debt problem being what it is. Elle is the maid who takes over the mansion through all sorts of devious, Machiavellian tricks, although none of them quite make sense.

In this script, Elle is forced to praise a pathetically shriveled dink as a "big hard-on"—but perhaps a limp dick is just a hard-on in the Southern Hemisphere, where she's from. Lousy acting all around, especially from the incomprehensible Elle. The attempt at a steamy, "Dynasty"-like soap failed, and all that was left was Ted Paramour's burst bubble.

Rio: *cranium-numbing.*

Sexy: *an undeniably beautiful Hyapatia Lee.*

GROPE THERAPY
Sexy
(Essex)⊥⊥
We get a little taste of the amount of care put into this video right at the end of the first shot: The camera shakes slightly, but the take was left in due to the what-the-fuck attitude on the part of the producers. That attitude just might be attributable to the presence of Hyapatia Lee as screenwriter and star, because there's a tendency to think the exquisite Ms. Lee is all you need to make a "sexy" video.

She is undeniably beautiful, with raven dark hair and pert, perfect breasts, but a dog is a dog even if it is being walked by Miss America. The plot concerns that mighty porn cliché, the sex therapist. Screenwriter Lee conveniently confuses the therapist's role with that of the sex surrogate, and the action is generally that of her seeing patient after patient in her office. The only twist is the jealous husband lurking behind the two-way mirror, but in the end he is given an "honorary doctorate" and allowed to participate.

For Hyapatia Lee fans—and I know you're out there; I can hear the splat of your drool—this one ought to satisfy, but the rest of us may have enough self-respect to demand something more.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle
(Video-X-Pic)⊥⊥⊥⊥
Annie Sprinkle is one of the most likable, endearing women in porn—plus she's got great jugs. She's one of a small group of fringe artists who approach porn not necessarily from a money-making angle, but because it provides them distance from the "straight" world. This is a tit man's tape, with some torrid tit-fucking of Ron Jeremy by Annie, along with her celebrated boob ballets.

Organized along biographical, vignette lines, *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle* shows us Annie getting it on, deep-throating men, and getting kinky in her eponymous way. All through it she is talking straight to the camera, addressing the men in the audience—putting her coy, innocent spin on the monologue. The world is a better place because there are people like Annie Sprinkle in it, and this tape is her showcase.

PENTHOUSE PICK
The Oddest Couple
(VCA)⊥⊥⊥
After lensing a couple of duds, director Ron Sullivan (a.k.a. Henri Pachard) is back in top form with this takeoff on Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple*, recast in sexual terms. The gender is switched, too: Instead of one sloppy and one neat male, we have one slutty and one repressed female. Danielle plays the loose member of the couple with a vixenish abandon, while Sullivan has coaxed a performance out of Siobhan Hunter as the prude that has to be seen to be appreciated. The plot runs through its fairly predictable paces, but it is the chemistry between the two leads that provides all the heat. This is Sullivan's reformulation of the Madonna-whore complex, and it is a wry, witty, and writhing example of it.

COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SATIN AROUND TALKIN'
Satin Seduction
(CDI)⊥⊥
Here's a tape that's right on the cusp between good and above average, but its mindless devotion to porn formulas finally sinks it. *Satin Seduction* is a showcase for the voluptuous and sexy Taija Rae, cast as a recent college coed for this slightly sophomoric romp in the

gropes of academe. It seems Taija has a boyfriend who is trying to qualify for the Olympics and who has cut her off from sex so as not to upset his training regimen. There are ample fantasy sequences as they both try to get by on dirty dreams, and Taija also resorts to the girl next door.

Finally, the obligatory nerd, played with panache by Tom Byron, takes out his chemistry set and helps by

Satin: *a sophomoric romp.*

cooking up a liquid aphrodisiac. In a funny and hot scene, Taija tries it out on a southern bitch bigot and a black man, which allows the tape to cover the interracial-sex angle. She then gives it to her boyfriend, whom it actually helps win the Olympic trials in an unspecified sport—maybe it was pole-vaulting. At any rate, the sex here is juicy, loose, and wild, but it comes at such predictable places that you have to think the producer was playing with his porn-by-numbers set.

SOME LIKE IT HOT
Hot Rocks
(Wet) ⊥⊥⊥

Director Bob Vosse surprises us all with this surefire porn parody of the radio biz. It's a turf that's been done before in adult films, and that's perhaps the only flaw in this one: a certain predictability in plot and approach. But the technical values are excellent, the music is above average, and the sex is a walk on the dial side—the radio dial, that is.

Ron Jeremy is Foxman, a Wolfman Jack rip-off that Ron actually performs well. The saucy, sexy Nina Hartley is the other standout as Fox's assistant, and she proves herself to be a fine comic actress.

There are a lot of juicy close-ups and a lot of mix-and-match sexual couplings—including an interracial three-way that's particulary good. All in all, *Hot Rocks* sizzles. It's too bad that Vosse is hampered by writing that's as bad as his use of a pseudonym, because he has everything else in place to make great videos.

SPANISH FLY
Trashy Lady (Dubbed in Spanish)
(TM) ⊥⊥⊥

This is a novelty that may be out of place here, since those interested in this tape might be reading the Spanish-edition *Penthouse* anyway. Since my Spanish is rudimentary, to say the least, I can't really testify to the accuracy of the translation. What I can tell you is that the dubbing is top quality, and that TM provides other listings of adult videos for the Hispanic population. To see Ginger Lynn and Harry Reems babbling away in Spanish is pretty hilarious for the English monoglot, while the sex—undubbed, since moaning seems to be a universal language—is as hot as ever. So say *hola* to a *bueno* film!

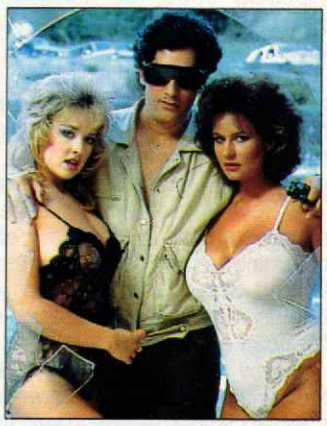
WHAT A CROCK
Crocodile Blondee
(VCX) ⊥

Minus one right off the bat for the cynicism of the producers, who slapped the title on this tape without bothering to have footage to back it up. No crocodiles here—although there are a lot of gaping maws—and no Australian studs, carnal comedy, or shrimps on the barbie, either. What we do have here is a tape kicking off with some fellatio by Amber "Now That's a Blowjob" Lynn—one of the most sexually excitable women in porn, who is trapped in one of the most boring porn productions.

Crocodile Blondee is a showcase for Amber, playing a nympho who's never had a man turn her down. When one does, she marries him, saving their first sexual episode for their wedding night. This is pure formulaic filth, and while Amber is great, she can't drag this one up to her level.

LOOSE CONNECTIONS
The Ex-Connection
(S.E.V.P.) ⊥

Adult video has always been attracted to the private-eye drama, perhaps because of the macho pretensions inherent in the genre. Here's one that tries hard but fails all around—the acting is not up to the plot, and the video work betrays both. There is no sex for the first five minutes of the tape, and then it's thrown into the story like a steak bone into a kennel full of starving Dobermans. Ron Jeremy plays a Mafia don in the "pharmaceutical business," and Taija Rae plays his would-be nemesis. What passes for a SWAT raid occurs during an orgy, and that's the high point of the tape. Even simply as a vehicle for sex, *The Ex-Connection* is a lemon.



Ex *fails all around.*

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TIME BOMB

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

expressed his anger that the Mexicans seem to allow unprecedented levels of Soviet and Soviet-surrogate spying on the United States from Mexico.

It should be noted, however, that the best information on the Soviets in Mexico comes from the Mexicans. In an unusual cooperative agreement, Mexico's counterintelligence agency, the Dirección Federal de Seguridad, taps the Soviets' calls and provides transcripts to the C.I.A. But the C.I.A. does not believe it gets all the calls because of a suspicion that the K.G.B. may have paid agents working inside Mexican government circles.

The C.I.A.'s secret N.I.E. noted of the Soviets, "Through their large embassy and intelligence contingents in Mexico City, Cuba, and the Soviet Union, [they] maintain contact with and provide funding and other support to local leftists, to revolutionaries from Central America and elsewhere, and to the Mexican Communist Party."

The Soviets maintain as many as 350 personnel in their Mexico City embassy, one-third of whom are embassy officers. To that figure must be added at least another 60 commercial Soviet businessmen and journalists. (Less than one percent of Mexican exports are sold to the Soviet Union, and the level and activity of the Mexico-Soviet relationship does not indicate any need for such a large embassy staff.) The C.I.A. estimates that at least 150 of these individuals are working for the K.G.B. or the Soviet military intelligence, the G.R.U. An even higher percentage of the more than 200 representatives of Communist-bloc countries, including Cuba, are considered to be agents of various Soviet intelligence services.

A key reason the Russians aren't extensively involved in Mexican politics is that they do not want to risk the wide-ranging spy operations they conduct against the United States out of Mexico. The Soviets in Mexico are believed to concentrate on two primary objectives: obtaining technological secrets from the United States and running American agents with access to secrets out of the Mexican embassy.

A new wrinkle in the first objective, as far as the C.I.A. can determine, is increased Soviet interest in secretly buying out failing Mexican businesses or subsidiaries of American businesses in Mexico and using them as a front for smuggling out U.S. industrial and technological secrets. Specially trained K.G.B. agents coordinate these activities closely with the Soviet consulate in San Francisco, which for nearly a decade has been running espionage operations against Silicon Valley in California.

The embassy has long been a favorite "drop" place and contact point for recruited American spies. For nearly two years in the mid-1970s, for example, Christopher Boyce and Andrew Daulton Lee sold thousands of top-secret documents about U.S. spy-satellite systems to K.G.B. agents in the Soviet embassy in Mexico City.

The embassy's eminence as a recruiting center surfaced more recently in the so-called "Walker family" spy ring when F.B.I. agents searching the Virginia home of John A. Walker, Jr., found he had made a trip to Mexico in 1975.

In addition, James D. Harper, Jr., now serving a lifetime prison sentence, sold classified information on an American ballistic-missile system from 1979 to 1981 to Polish agents in Mexico City and other Mexican cities. Another spy, Army warrant officer Joseph Helmich, Jr., sold sensitive military-communications secrets to Soviet agents in Mexico City and Paris for two decades until 1981.

The C.I.A. has not been able to keep up with all this activity. While they maintain a comparatively large station in Mexico City, Casey believed they are woefully understaffed. In recent months, non-C.I.A. diplomats at the embassy have been asked to perform basic surveillance chores. An unknown number have refused because they feared discovery and the incorrect assumption, then, that they worked for the C.I.A.

> A century and a half after the U.S. war with Mexico, responsible Mexican leaders are still paranoid about the possibility of a Yankee conquest.

Cuba is the most active of the Soviet's spy-service allies in Mexico. Castro "funds and gives clandestine support to several publishing and propaganda ventures that support Cuban policies and objectives," a separate, highly classified C.I.A. report revealed. "We know of a few firms in Mexico that are fronts for the Castro regime."

The secret C.I.A. report added, "Although clear evidence is lacking, Castro and his hard-line advisers may now believe that they should have done more in recent years to help the left organize and develop links to the masses. We would expect that small and deniable efforts to train small numbers of Communist party [members] and other subversives might soon begin, if they are not already in progress. According to one unsubstantiated report, a Mexican revolutionary completed two years of training in Cuba in 1982. Thus, if levels of instability were to rise in Mexico, we believe it would be more likely that Cuba and the U.S.S.R. would expand their subversive activities, and it would be easier for them to do so."

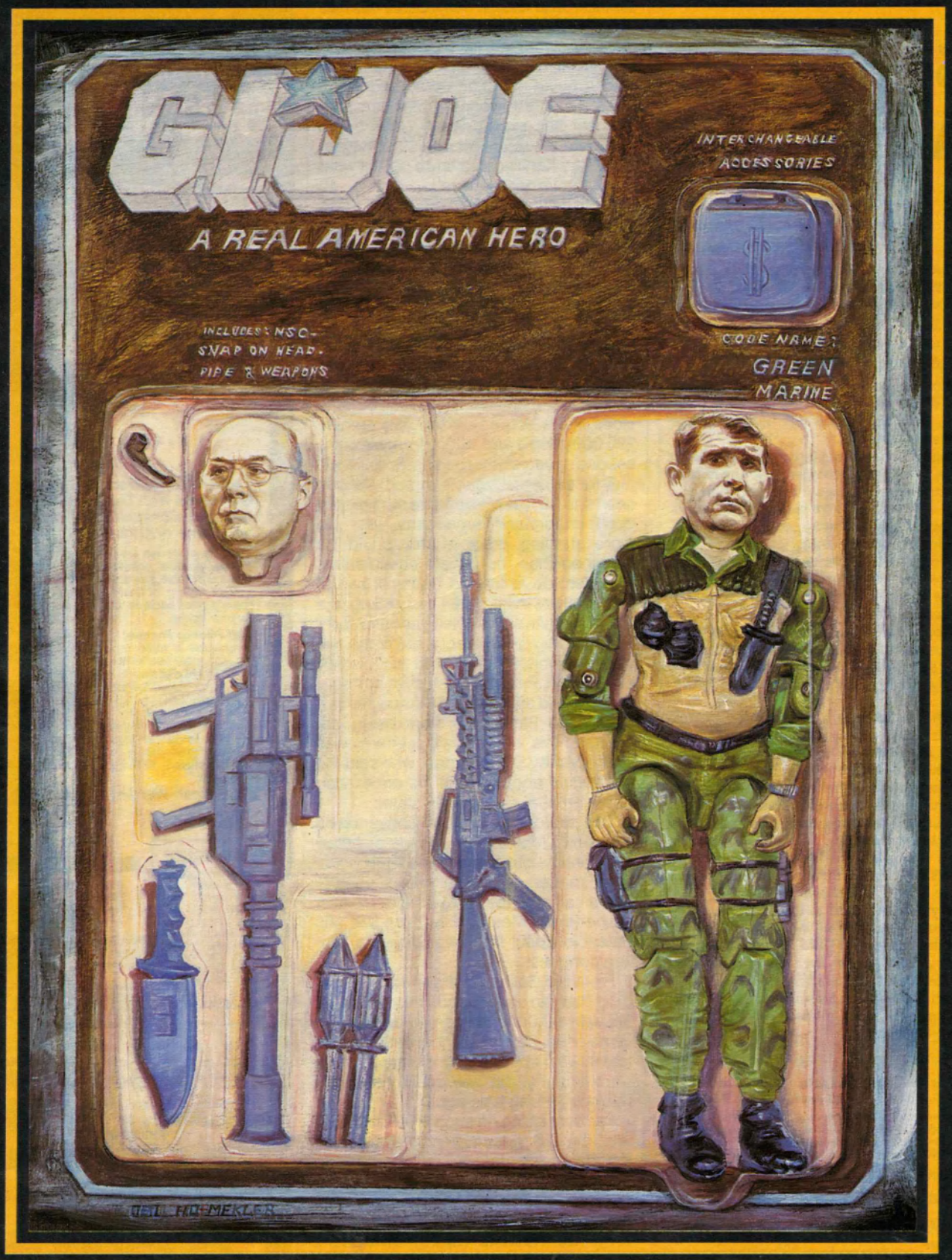
The C.I.A. report concluded, ". . . many analysts believe that the external Marxist-Leninist threat to Mexico would increase if Soviet-, Cuban-, and Nicaraguan-supported revolutionary groups were to prevail elsewhere in Central America. Mexican military, business, and other interests would view a revolutionary victory in Guatemala with more alarm than in El Salvador, and it would probably generate some significant policy disputes in the leadership. Tensions might be aggravated, moreover, if Mexican Communist and other radical groups were emboldened by a Marxist victory in Guatemala to establish a more conspicuous presence in Chiapas or other southern states. We suspect that De la Madrid would share the concerns of his generals and move firmly to contain and repress any Mexican radicals who became more active in such a situation. Radical or Marxist gains in Central America would probably result in greater Mexican troop and other military commitments in Chiapas. De la Madrid might also discreetly seek additional foreign security assistance and intelligence cooperation."

Few relationships between two countries are of greater mutual concern—and more potentially rancorous—than that between the United States and Mexico. And if you believe the presidents of both countries (with whom we spoke), relations are presently fair to good.

The two men first met in 1982, when De la Madrid was president-elect, and they have met four times since. "We have an excellent personal relationship," De la Madrid said. "He calls me Miguel and I call him Ron. He's very gentle with me. And he has shown a very positive attitude toward strengthening the relationship between Mexico and the United States."

President Reagan agreed. However, he gave us one account of a tough conversation he had with the Mexican president: "I was talking to him about the secret of success or greatness in any country has literally been based on their willingness to import money and people. And it's the secret of the United States—the people who have come to us, but also the investment from abroad when we were a pioneer nation with nothing but raw resources to go on."

Reagan, who has been selling private enterprise successfully since his days with General Electric, appeared to have struck out with De la Madrid—at first. The Mexican president, Reagan said, "cited to me the fact that so much of their structure is based on ancient Spanish laws."



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Since at least 1910, Mexico, wary of exploitation and foreign domination, has had strict rules prohibiting foreigners from majority ownership of Mexican companies. That has had an understandably discouraging effect on would-be foreign investors. In addition, the Mexican government has expropriated many industries over the years, and in 1982 nationalized the banks and a large part of what private enterprise was left.

"Until they're ready to challenge these laws," Reagan told us he warned De la Madrid, "I think they're going to have problems in today's world of readjusting and having the kind of economic growth that they could have. The potential is there."

De la Madrid has been taking some strides in this direction. He has been an avid proponent of the 680 *maquiladoras*—companies with facilities on both sides of the border—which now employ 290,000 people and, after oil, are Mexico's second greatest source of U.S. dollars.

A fundamental trouble in our relations seems to be that Mexican leaders simply don't understand Americans well. No more startling proof of this could be imagined than the private conversation President de la Madrid had with two of his top aides in late 1984, according to a highly sensitive U.S. intelligence report.

According to the report, one of the two cabinet ministers made an astonishing suggestion: Perhaps the restive northern states would secede from Mexico and join the United States. Far from being debunked, this off-the-wall scenario was seconded by De la Madrid, who said the U.S. would acquiesce in the annexation of the breakaway Mexican states.

This snatch of high-level conversation may strike Americans as totally divorced from reality, but that's beside the point. What matters is that, almost a century and a half after the U.S. war with Mexico, responsible Mexican leaders are still paranoid about the possibility of a Yankee conquest.

From his California experience, President Reagan understands this. "Here we are with a 2,000-mile border, and for 100 years or so, no conflicts between us," he told us with a tone of wonderment. "If we were imperialistic, we could have had [Mexico] a long time ago."

Far from being on such an offensive, in fact, the U.S. government is secretly on the defensive. Instead of drawing up contingency plans to invade Mexico, the Defense Intelligence Agency authored a secret study to determine how many U.S. Army (or National Guard) divisions it would take to seal our own border against an invasion by armed or unarmed Mexican immigrants.

Long before events mandate the madness of a Berlin Wall, or a border festooned with machine-gun nests and military uniforms, U.S. and Mexican leaders must wake up and find ways to forestall the final plunge.

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CURTAIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

for such tracking techniques. "If you tried to follow tracks here," says Pyeatt of the San Ysidro area, "while you were following those, you'd have another set going up your back. We just watch them come over and chase them."

Given American resources, it seems that putting a stop to the illegal flow of people going north would be possible, but, says Austin, "We'll arrest illegal pickers, and as we take them out the employer will say, 'You make it back tomorrow, José, and we'll put you on the job.' "

But the promise of work may have become more elusive since the passage by Congress last fall of a new immigration bill that aims to stem the tide of illegal aliens. The bill grants legal status only to those aliens who have resided in the United States since before January 1, 1982. Others are required to prove permanent residency in order to work here.

The effectiveness of this legislation has yet to be proven, since the new immigration bill places the responsibility of checking worker documents on the employer, who faces substantial fines for hiring illegals. Some immigration officials contend that the bill will prove to be a boon for counterfeiters who sell bogus social-security cards, birth certificates, and driver's licenses. Border Patrol men refer to the bill's amnesty provision as "Olly, olly, oxen free."

The bill also allows for an undetermined number of temporary workers to enter the United States from Mexico each year to harvest crops, and appropriates funds for an additional 1,900 Border Patrol agents.

Representatives of farm-worker unions and other support groups for illegal aliens, however, say it is a grave mistake to penalize employers of illegal aliens. "If you shut off this safety valve there could be a heck of a lot of unrest in Mexico," says Guadalupe Sanchez, executive director of the 10,000-member Arizona Farmworker's Union in El Mirage, Arizona. "There would be small revolts all over Mexico if these people couldn't come over here to earn money and send it back." Some experts believe several billion dollars may enter the Mexican economy this way.

The southern agricultural industry also relies heavily on illegal labor, he says. "The growers would have a lot of problems if illegal aliens are unable to get here," he says. "Many Americans won't take these jobs." Sanchez says his organization has been helping to develop irrigation projects in Mexico to boost economic development south of the border, which he sees as a long-term solution. "It's a difficult situation," Sanchez says of immigration reform. "Whichever way you go, there's people who will get hurt."—*Jim Robbins*

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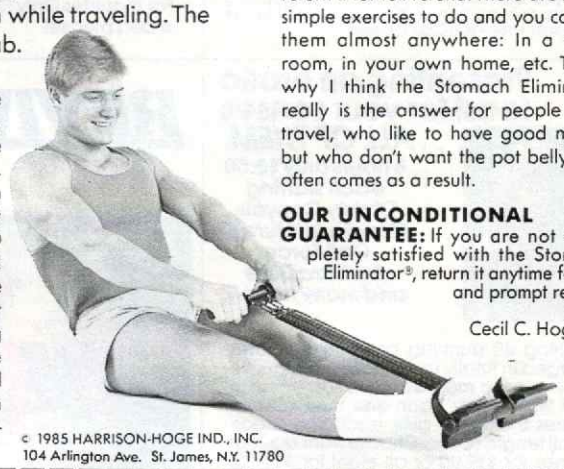

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MARTIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

a target when you try to repeat, but I think the Mets have a good chance to repeat.

Penthouse: What about the Yankees?

Martin: I think the Yankees got a good chance to win in 1987, if our pitching comes through in the spring and some of the players manager Lou Piniella is looking at come through. I think we have some holes we got to plug, and that will be the main thing we have to do in spring training. Beef up our infield and beef up our defense. Our defense hurt us more than anything last year.

Penthouse: Does it wrench your gut to be passively watching the games and not managing?

Martin: Not really. It wrenched my gut to watch the series and hear the announcers say how great it was. If I had a brick, I would have thrown it through the television set.

Penthouse: Although you wrote in your book that you don't want to manage again, it seems hard to believe you.

Martin: Right now I'd say no. I'm tired of being hurt. To manage you've got to really get into it. It takes a lot out of your body. It drains you emotionally. It isn't something you turn on and off like a light switch. You're out at the ballpark at 2:30 in the afternoon and you leave at one o'clock if not later in the morning. So all you're doing is sleeping in between and thinking. You're constantly thinking, how can I do this, what can I do there? You're always trying to do something to make your ball club win. And you have to fight the petty things on top of it.

Penthouse: Like what?

Martin: Like dealing with the press, who are unknowledgeable. Some reporters will ask you silly questions on purpose to set you up and get you mad. They just wait for you to make one mistake so they can pounce on it.

Penthouse: But really, Billy, aren't they just doing their jobs?

Martin: Well, there's one guy in New York who writes about me all the time, and I never even met him. I wouldn't know him if he walked in the room, and he rips me all the time. It's like he has a personal vendetta against me. And what his reason is I don't know.

Penthouse: Is the New York press worse than elsewhere in the country?

Martin: Oh yeah, oh it is. There are some good reporters, but those are usually the older ones. Not that there aren't some good young writers, but most of them have a tendency to copy other writers. They don't create their own writing, and they don't see what their eyes are telling them they should write about. They do what their ears tell them, and that's not good journalism.

Penthouse: Does your anger have anything to do with reporters' accounts of your own behavior?

Martin: It's like the pot calling the kettle black. Who are they kidding? Go back in baseball history. They'd have to throw Babe Ruth out of the Hall of Fame, from what I heard he did before a game and after a game.

Penthouse: Still, you do have a reputation as a party person. Mickey said if it wasn't for you he could have played five more years. Right?

Martin: [Laughs] If it wasn't for Whitey [Ford] and me, Mickey would never have been found to play baseball. They'd be looking all over Europe for him.

Penthouse: In your new book, *Billyball*, you say that Tom Lasorda of the Dodgers is "a professional bullshitter." What did you mean?

Martin: He loves his Dodgers and he's ideal for Southern California. There are guys like that and God bless them. Casey Stengel was a professional bullshitter. That doesn't mean he wasn't a great man, that I didn't love Casey Stengel. Tom Lasorda is the same way. He can charm a snake and everything else. That's great. I could never be like that.

Penthouse: Every year it seems we read about a new genius baseball manager or football coach. Do you think kids are actually more talented these days?

Martin: It's bullshit. You know why? You got to win a few years before you're a genius. I remember when Baltimore won two years in a row under Earl Weaver. They were saying "best team in baseball." I said win five years in a row like the Yankees and then talk about how good you are.

Penthouse: Speaking of Earl Weaver, were you surprised that he flopped when he returned to manage the Orioles last year?

Martin: When Weaver came back he had a tough going. He had been gone for a few years, and it seems like he felt that just by stepping back in his name would carry him. I don't know what he did before [to win], but even if I went back right now I wouldn't expect the name Billy Martin to jump in and be a success. There's work to it.

Penthouse: Watching Lou Piniella managing the Yankees last season, were there times you felt you wanted to offer advice but couldn't?

Martin: No. I felt that I could at any time because Lou and I are very close. But I wouldn't say anything because I never wanted to get caught in a trap the press was trying to lay for me. They were looking hard for it, and we were looking for it. I traveled by myself, stayed at different hotels. I didn't even ride the bus with the team. I was a loner all year.

Penthouse: You're certainly outspoken in your opinions, but in the past you've been very critical about Jim Bouton's tell-all book, *Ball Four*. What's the difference between the two of you?

Martin: He talked about personal things about other players, but he never wrote what kind of guy he was—that he was also screwing around. He was ratting on his teammates, and you don't do that.

Penthouse: Did he cause you, in particular, any problems?

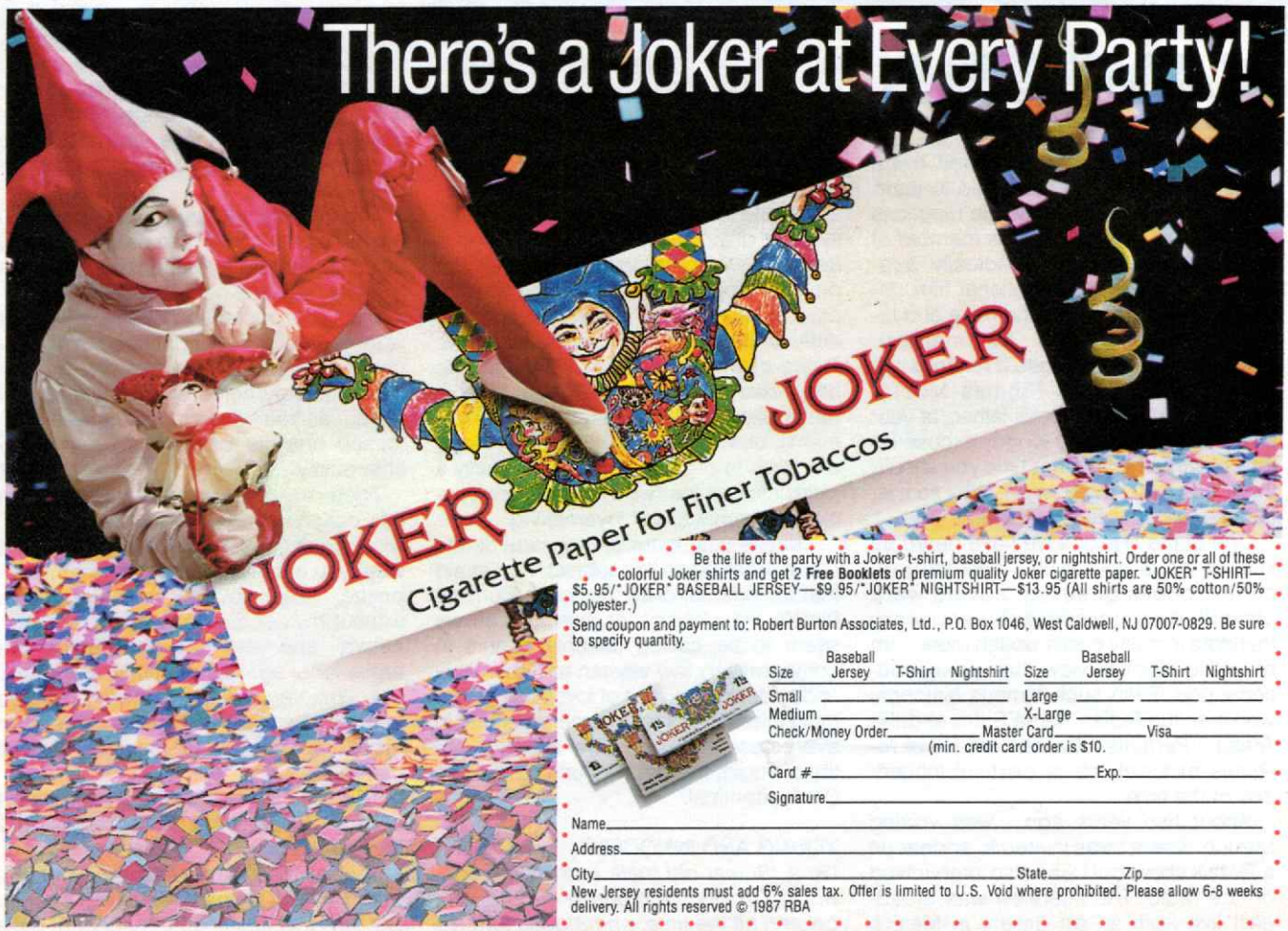
Martin: It didn't cause me any problems, but when you hurt Mickey or you hurt Whitey, you hurt me.

Penthouse: Have you ever discussed *Ball Four* with Bouton?

Martin: I threw him off the field when I was a manager. If he didn't walk off, I would have thrown him off the field. I called him Benedict Arnold. As far as I'm concerned, that's what he is.

Penthouse: Finally, Billy, how would you like to have Billy Martin described for posterity?

Martin: This is how I'd like to be thought of: He was fair. His dreams came true, going from nothing in Berkeley to New York City. He had the pleasure of being in the World Series. He was very aggressive, gave no ground, asked for none, and became a very successful manager because of his knowledge of the game. A person who is a lot warmer down deep inside than people think and one who gave more of himself than he got in return. Finally, a person who gave an honest day's work for less money than he deserved because money was never an object with him.



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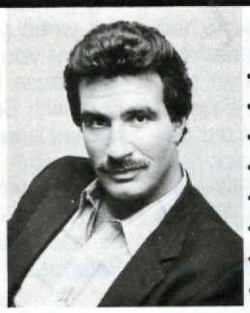

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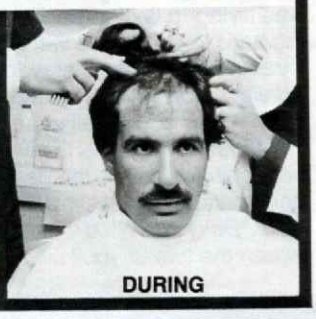


DURING

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

religious beliefs and superstitions, it is a miracle that we have managed to learn as much as we have about the functions of our sexual apparatus. One member of the Meese Commission actually suggested that in any educational film depicting sexual relations, the male and female actors should be married, presumably to each other. It reminds me of an old verse by Thomas Moore: " 'Come, come,' said Tom's father, 'at your time of life,/There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake/It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife.'/ 'Why so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?' "

One of the reasons we have heard so little of the G spot is that until very recently, books of sexual advice were classified as pornography and were therefore in many cases written more from an erotic point of view than an instructional one. Even such famous historical works as the Indian Kama Sutra and the Arabian *Perfumed Garden* are full of religious exhortations or political innuendos of the time.

About two years ago I was visiting Mexico, where I was invited to appear on a TV talk show, but I was also interviewed on the radio. The interview was broadcast live from an art gallery in Mexico City and my inquisitor was a Mexican painter who, apart from his success as an artist, was also well-known for his escapades as a cocksman. He had just read the G-spot book (which had been brought out in Spanish by my Mexican publisher) and could talk of nothing else. In his opinion, the discovery of the G spot was a heaven-sent opportunity for the Mexican male to dispense with the rites of foreplay. In his mind, he placed the spot exactly where the end of his penis hit the inside of whichever woman's vagina he happened to be inside. He gave a graphic description, with gestures and movements, of what a man should do to bring a woman to orgasm. But it was all only a justification of the "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" technique of lovemaking.

Despite your letter and several others I have received on this subject, I am afraid that we must still draw the conclusion that female ejaculation—or overflow, as we seem to be calling it—only occurs in comparatively few women and then only under ideal conditions of lovemaking. The most interesting fact to emerge is that in every case, apart from the actual quantity of liquid, the descriptions have been totally identical.

YOUNG AND INNOCENT

I'm a 19-year-old male and still a virgin, which I'm kind of proud of. I read your column all the time, and it does turn me on and provide me with some good fantasies. But I never read about love in your column. I'm what you'd call an incurable romantic. When I have sex, I want it to be with someone I'm either married to or that I'll be with forever. I realize I don't know a thing about sex, and it's probably as great as everyone says it is, but there's a lot to be said for love, too.

I masturbate occasionally, and it does feel really good, but I also have a girlfriend whom I'm really in love with. If I ever had to choose between her and being a virgin forever or losing my virginity, I'd definitely choose her. If we ever get married, I wouldn't care if we never had sex. I say love is a far cry better than sex, and I wouldn't trade the experience of being really in love for anything in the world. I realize that some (maybe many) of the people who write to you are really in love, but how about hearing about more of them!

So what can you tell me, Xaviera? I'm a virgin who doesn't regret it.—D. T.

Somewhere along the line, you seem to have missed the point. Maybe in your search for masturbatory fantasies in this column you have subconsciously ignored those letters where, although sexual matters are discussed, the problems that I attempt to solve relate specifically to love, or to the lack of it.

In our culture we are inundated with a wealth of literature and film dealing with love as myth or fantasy. These fairy-tale romances form part of our education, but they bear little resemblance to reality. If you have no firsthand experience of what a man and a woman do together, especially if they are in love, you are like a blind person trying to visualize the vibrant color red.

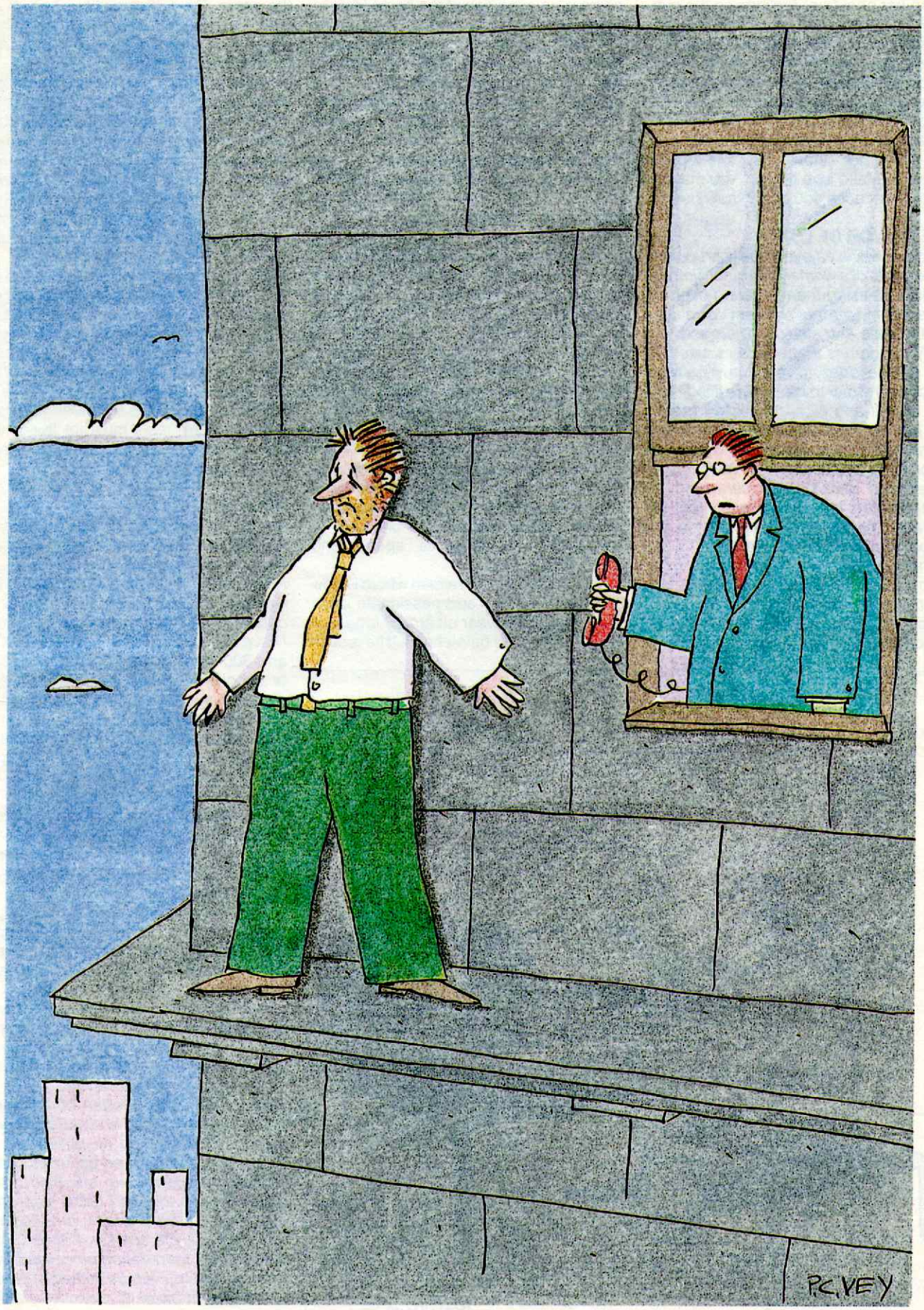
The mistake you are making (and you are not alone in this) is to divide love and sex into separate categories, when in general they are inextricably involved.

With your romantic notions, I wonder what you expect your girlfriend to do. According to the rule book, she is supposed to stay home and remain faithful to you, as you have clapped a well-padlocked chastity belt around her pretty little pussy.

There are, of course, many accounts in this column of sex for the sake of sex, with little or no emotional involvement. But what you are talking about is just the opposite, namely love for the sake of love without any sex. Sexual action is a healthy, natural, and vital function. Whether we argue for or against premarital sex, group sex, etc., very few people are prepared to forgo sex totally. Even Jerry Falwell and his ilk do not try to promote sexless marriages.

True love is not *above* sex, it is a part of sex, just as sex is an ingredient in a love relationship.

You say that you would marry your girlfriend, even if it meant remaining a virgin. But isn't this just another aspect of male



"It's your broker. He wants to know if it's okay to bang your wife. He figures that since you've lost everything else . . ."

chauvinism? Have you consulted her, asked her about her feelings on the subject? I suspect that you have not, because in your inexperience and lack of knowledge, you are afraid she might be put off by the idea. How would you react if the girl you love turns out to want a husband who is a competent lover? Suppose that when you take her in your arms and say to her, "I love you," she replies, "Prove it. Make love to me." You may fail the test because you don't know how.

THE FLAVOR OF LOVE

I have always enjoyed the particularly sweet taste of a woman's vagina. Nothing is more pleasing than lingering over the taste of my partner's sweet juice as I gently tease and kiss her to orgasm.

My concern is that I taste as sweet to her as she does to me. I have always watched my diet to make sure it includes lots of fruit and high-chlorophyll greens like parsley, thinking this would improve the sweetness and taste of my come. Additionally, I avoid sausage, pizza, cigarettes, and drink only moderately. I am disappointed to say, however, that my system is not really working. I am sure it helps, but my lovers, who are close friends, say that I don't taste any sweeter than previous partners who eat nearly anything that doesn't walk away.

You may have addressed this before, although I have not seen it, but please tell me what I am doing wrong. Since come is an excretion of the body, I would think that diet is the answer. I occasionally drink milk—could that be the problem? Also, how do these men in the movies produce so much come? My current lover and I joke that I would be fired the first day on the job! Even after prolonged control, I only come a small amount. Is there some porno-movie secret?

Thank you for your excellent column and books. You have greatly helped thousands of people.—O. L.

Sometimes when we are sixty-nining in the early morning, I will suck my lover's beautiful cock until he comes. Jets of sperm spurt into my mouth, and it tastes of . . . booze. Not the fresh bouquet of a vintage wine, but the pungent flavor of the morning after. When I comment on the fact that he drank a bottle of "Old Tennis Shoes" the night before, he politely reminds me that I polished off a large portion of spaghetti, and although he enjoys the taste, my pussy has a definite garlicky flavor to it. The reason for this is that both alcohol and garlic have powerful odors that tend to flavor one's bodily secretions—sweat, saliva, sperm, and vaginal fluid.

If I have a date with a man whom I know to be a wonderful and passionate lover, I will probably swear off smelly food and drink for a period beforehand. If he is such a talented Don Juan, I assume he will do the same. On a day-to-day basis, however, I am not prepared to miss out in the culinary department for fear of piquancy in the pussy.

Although there is a considerable difference among individuals, on the whole and in the hole, pussy has a delicious taste of pussy, and semen of semen, and as long as that is the case you don't have to worry. There are, of course, people who do not really enjoy natural flavors. They smoke mentholated tobacco, dump cola in their whiskey, and use vaginal deodorants. It is all a matter of taste.

Stars of porn movies are selected for their talent, as well as for their physical appearance, just as in other kinds of movies. So, obviously, the good-looking guy with the big, well-shaped, ever-hard penis that shoots a jugful of jism is gonna get the part. He may, however, save up for that copious come shot. Men who have to take sperm tests must let five whole days of abstinence elapse between tests for the tests to be viable.

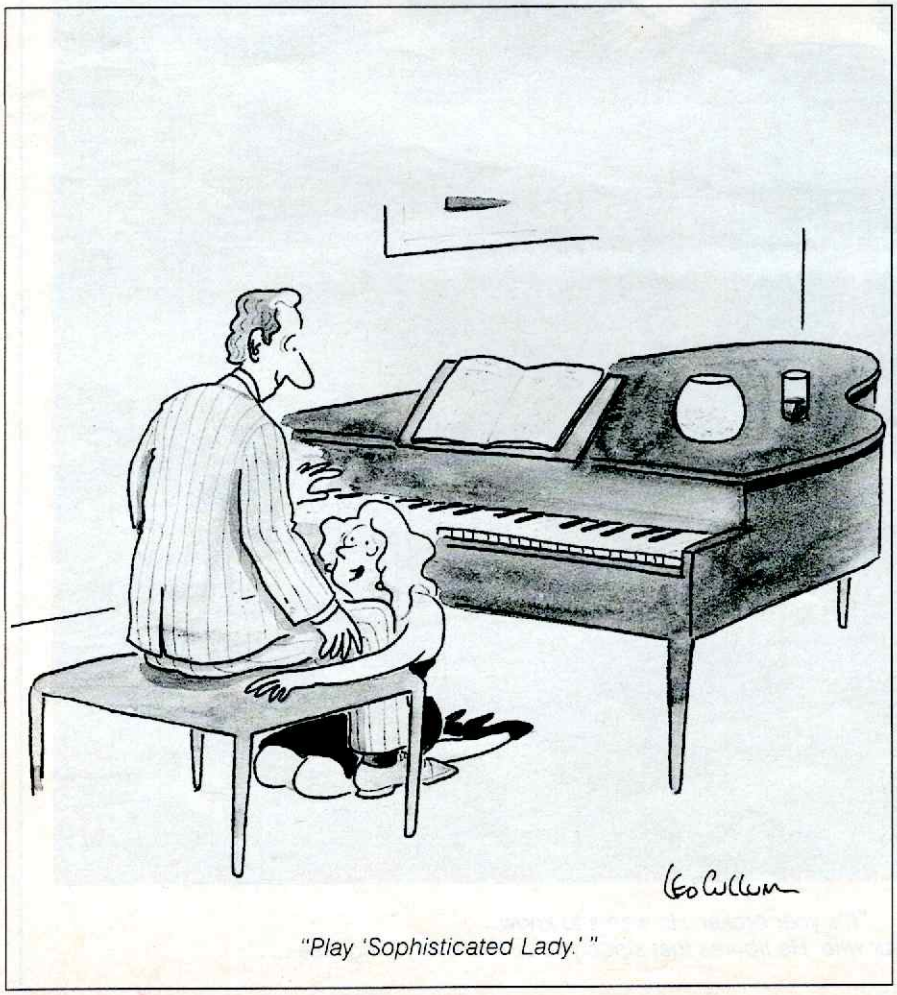
BURNOUT

Lately I have begun to feel sad. I have not had the same sort of sex life as you have, but it has been extensive enough. I read your column, and I wonder if you ever feel as I do. I consulted my diary a couple of weeks ago and figured out that I have been with somewhere between 200 and 300 men. I have not been a madam or a hooker as you have, but I am 34 years old and have been active sexually since I was 18. I liked it from the start, and since I am reasonably good-looking I've never wanted for men. I've been very lucky—I have never caught a disease, and I've never gotten pregnant.

I have dated all sorts—married, single, professional, artistic, white-collar, and cowboy types. They were all fun and good company. But in the last six months I have hardly gone out at all.

The sex is no fun anymore. That began when I was with a man I met through a club. He and I had been going together for a few months. He dated other girls and I dated other men, but we got together now and then. We were having sex and it was fun and cozy, and suddenly I didn't want any more. I faked a climax. (I seldom ever do that because I don't need to. I have always really enjoyed sex and very often come, sometimes more than once and quite often very intensely.) After that, he pulled out because we often finished up, when I came first, by me giving him oral sex. I managed it, even though I didn't want to do that either. I like oral sex, too, but even that has lost the sparkle. I haven't seen him since. I tried dating other men, but it bothers me to even be kissed anymore.

I played at bisexual love now and then, but that doesn't interest me, either. I looked at my diary a while ago and found a funny little chart at the back that listed my lovers by name. I had check marks



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next to certain names. I had notes listing characteristics by name. I was sad because they were just types. A Chuck is a Chuck, a Harry is a Harry, and so on. I guess it is a little like job burnout. I have gotten tired of sex. But in your column you seem the same as always. Don't you ever get tired of seeing men?—E. M.

You remind me of a girl I knew in Amsterdam who was a psychology student. But as she was a raving nymphomaniac, she decided to become a hooker and cash in on her hot pussy. Even then, she could not get enough. But after she had hustled her horny ass for over two years, she had had enough of sex altogether. She quit the business and went through a period of celibacy for almost a year. Now she has regained some of her sexual desires, but when she sleeps with a man, like you, she seems incapable of any emotional involvement. Although she is no longer a prostitute—in that she does not fuck for money—she still treats men as if they were clients. She says, "I'm a ten-minute girl."

As far as you are concerned, "A Chuck is a Chuck, and a Harry is a Harry," but have you tried a Jean-Paul, or a Vladimir, or a Mohammed? A man is more than the sum of his private parts. Many of them even have brains. I have almost always been just as interested in what a man has in his head as in his pants, but the ideal is a combination: a witty, intelligent man who is also a good lover.

The problem is that a relationship has to be reciprocal. And there's no one more boring than someone who is bored. You need to get away from familiar things, and I think a journey far away from Western civilization is your answer.

India would be a good place to go—meet different faces and races and maybe do some meditation. You could also hitchhike around the world, or visit places like Paris, London, or Amsterdam, where you can absorb some old-world culture without having to get sexually involved with the local population. If you get into the minds of some of those new faces, maybe then you will discover that your bodily functions are active and working once more.

If you have the guts to try it, it could be a great adventure, but whatever you do would be preferable to simply giving points to your lovers in your diary for their sexual prowess.

OUT OF HIS CLASS

Xaviera, I need your honest advice and mature opinion. I am a 22-year-old male college student who recently fell head over heels for an older woman. Evelyn is 47 years old and is something out of my wildest fantasies.

Evelyn is the type of woman I have always secretly dreamed about. She is extremely pretty with short, curly hair. She has a slender figure and long, supermuscular legs. She has very large, sexy breasts. She is small-boned and very hairy. She is also the sweetest woman I have ever known.

We began meeting in private. Evelyn was very careful not to be seen in public with a much younger man. When we made love, I was in heaven with her mature figure and, I'm ashamed to say, I usually had premature ejaculations as a result of seeing and touching her nakedness.

We became close very quickly, and Evelyn opened up to me. She also told me some of her wildest fantasies. One was to make it with a black man.

After a couple of months, Evelyn told me that we should not see each other anymore. I took it very hard, since she was the lady of my dreams. But I didn't put up a fight. I went home for spring break and decided that when I returned I would try to rekindle the flame. I was in for the shock of my life.

When I returned to school, I was dining at a restaurant off campus with a friend, and I noticed Evelyn a few tables down. I nearly dropped my fork when I noticed her escort—a tall, very dark-complected young man. Evelyn was wearing a very low-cut evening dress that revealed several inches of her vast cleavage. She was nicely tanned and looked absolutely stunning.

> ❛ Nothing is nicer than lingering over the taste of my girlfriend's sweet juice and kissing her to orgasm. ❜

What is so confusing is that her current lover is only two years older than I am. Why did she keep us so private, yet she almost flaunts herself with him? Also, I have seen Evelyn and her new love on the beach several times. She is always clad in a bikini so skimpy that she may as well be totally nude. She was never that forward during our short but sweet relationship. I have had to turn my head brokenheartedly to avoid seeing Evelyn and her black boyfriend kiss openly, with much passion.

I want to be the one rubbing suntan oil over her legs, taking in the sun by her side, and taking her home to remove her bikini and fondle those huge melons before making love to her. I have never experienced such beauty as I have with Evelyn and her tight, sweet pussy. Do you think I should keep after her?—R. D.

As a college student who must be getting close to graduation day, would you really want to go back and brush up on first grade? You are very lucky to have had a necessary phase in your sexual education. The lovely Evelyn presumably cured you of being a preemie. She instructed you in oral sex and generally taught you how to dot your *i*'s, in sexual terms.

It's quite possible that Evelyn used you as a sex object, but you certainly enjoyed it, and you would be a fool to feel bitter about it. For herself, she needs someone who, regardless of his actual age, has a mature outlook. Obviously, when she was with you, you made her too aware of the age difference to feel comfortable. Be happy for her, in that she has found a partner with whom she feels at ease in public.

From the tone of your letter, it sounds as if Evelyn played the role of a doting mother in your relationship, which is borne out by your adoration of her bounteous breasts. I often find myself mothering immature young men, and I adore it. But after a while, I find permanent adolescence a bit wearing. Maybe you are not yet ready for a relationship with someone your own age, and need a further course in maternal love. In that case, I am sure there are plenty of mature ladies around your campus who would enjoy the attentions of a juvenile stud. But whatever you do, you can express your gratitude to Evelyn by leaving her alone to enjoy her newfound happiness.

CREDITS

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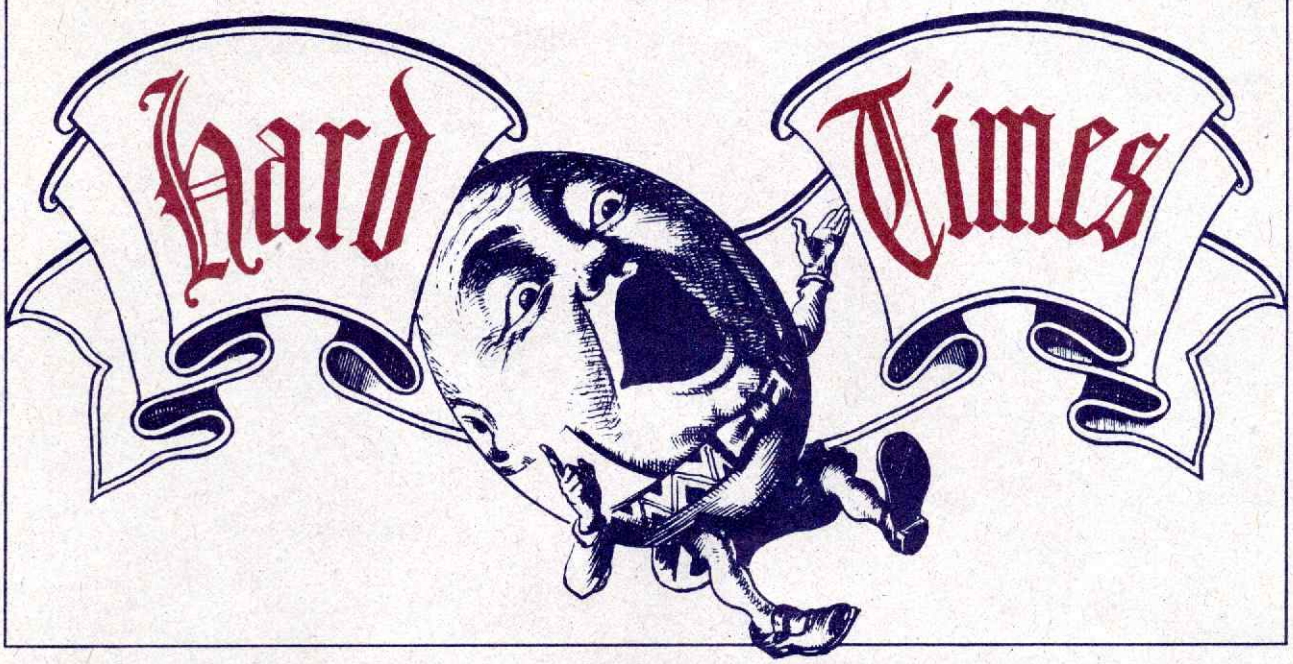
CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Melissa Leigh, whose pictorial begins on page 75, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. Suze Randall produced the love set on page 96 with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. The pictorial on page 118 was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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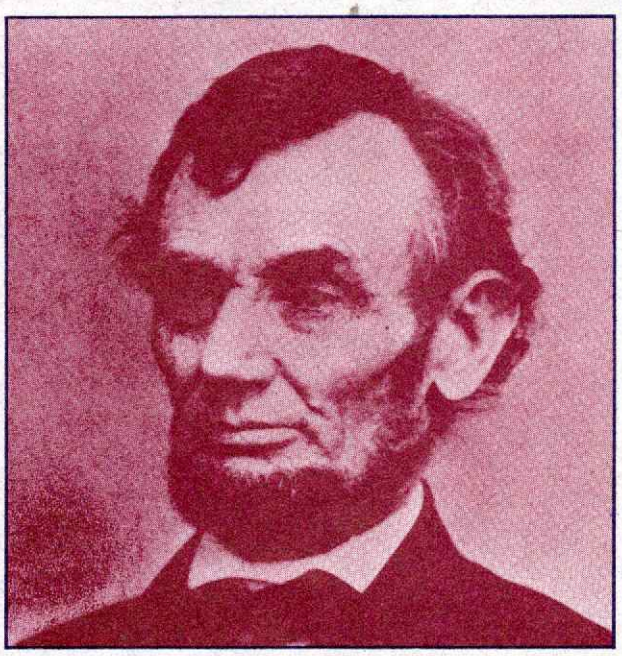
REAGAN'S DAUGHTER SAYS THERE'S A GHOST IN THE WHITE HOUSE!



President Reagan's 45-year-old daughter Maureen says that she and her husband Dennis have seen a ghost in their White House bedroom. "I'm not kidding. We've really seen it," she says. "It's a transparent person. What one sees, really, is the aura color. Dennis saw a deep pinkish aura; I saw red. Dennis saw him standing by the fireplace, and I saw him standing by the window." Maureen, at her father's request, has been named co-chairman of the Republican party. Needless to say, her ghost sightings have given some G.O.P. leaders second thoughts about her. Nonetheless, she persists in her belief. In fact, because she usually uses the Lincoln bedroom, she thinks the ghost is the Great Emancipator himself. Nancy Reagan's press secretary has attempted to put the best face on the matter by saying, "The Reagans think there might very well be a ghost there. But if there is, they think it's friendly." (*The Wall Street Journal*)

It couldn't be much worse than what we have now.—Editor

DIPLOMAT OF THE MONTH

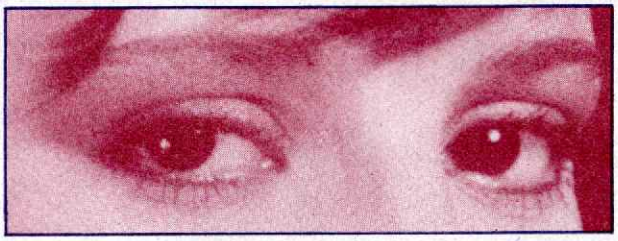
Paul Keating, Australia's treasurer, is one politician who believes in speaking his mind. In Parliament, Keating is wont to refer to his opposition in the Liberal party with such sobriquets as "sleazebag," "harlot," "gutless spiv," and "piece of criminal garbage." Although highly regarded as a financial genius, the hip-shooting Mr. Keating is in trouble these days. It appears that he has not filed personal income tax since 1984, and the opposition is calling for the head of "Cheating Keating." But he is hanging tough, dismissing his political enemies thusly: "I haven't got much time for wimps, and there are a lot of wimps around." (*The New York Times*)
Are you listening, Ed Koch?—Editor

DOUBLE WEDDING

Consuela and Maria Carillo are sisters whose relationship is *very* close. Twenty-eight years ago their mother gave birth to a baby girl with two heads. The two shared the same legs and sex organs, but above the waist they were different persons with individual hearts, lungs, stomachs, arms, and brains. Although doctors never expected the child to live, the infant survived and Mama Carillo took it home. Consuela and Maria grew up to have distinctive personalities—Consuela outgoing and a jokester, Maria quiet and reserved. After many years Consuela fell in love with Carlos, a builder she had met, and he quickly proposed marriage. Mama Carillo said no until a mate could be found for Maria. Within two years lightning struck again, and an older widower, Pedro, fell in love with Maria. What started out as a tragedy is a love story, as the sisters are happily married and share three children. (*The Sun*)
In this case, two heads seem to be better than one.—Editor

THE HORNY RABBI

A 64-year-old rabbi in Kfar Sava, Israel, had a rather original line in trying to get women to go to bed with him. He would tell young women that having sex with him would exorcise evil demons that made them ill. Other women were threatened that he would use witchcraft on them. Unfortunately for the rabbi, he tried his unique pitch on a plainclothes policewoman, who promptly arrested him. (*The Jerusalem Post*—submitted by Varda and Richard Nowitz, Jerusalem, Israel)
He probably won't have a prayer in court.—Editor

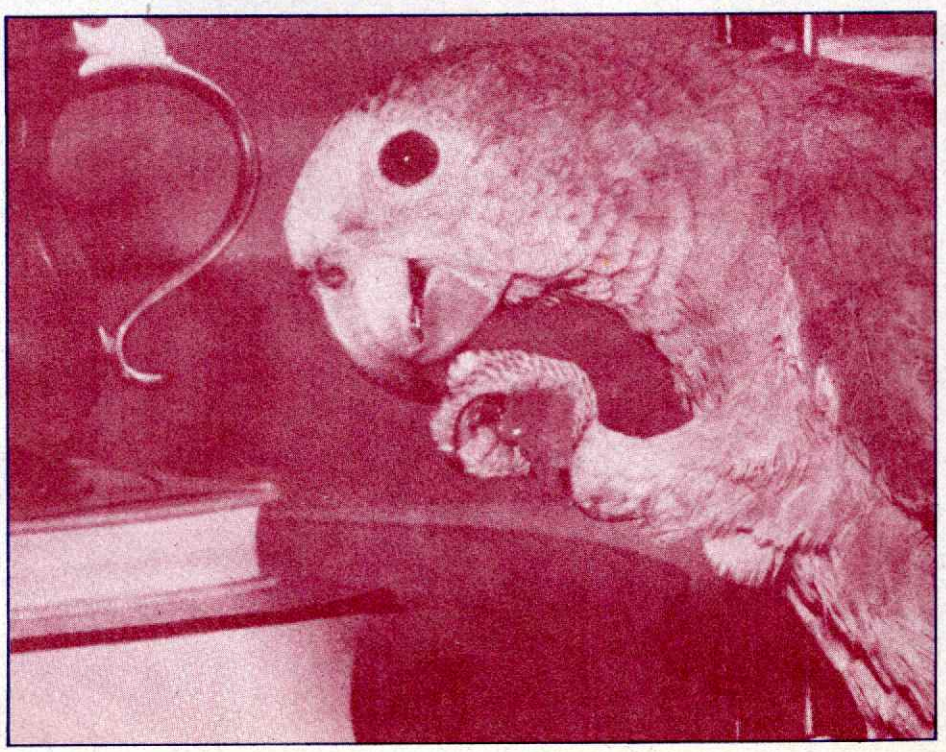


THE EYES HAD IT

We don't know exactly what Verne Cave said to Grace Todd one evening, but the young lady apparently took great exception to his sexual remarks and leg stroking during an evening's drinking session. Police have accused the irate woman of digging her fingers into Mr. Cave's eyes and gouging out his eyeballs. The 25-year-old Todd then stuffed the eyeballs down the 62-year-old Cave's throat. Cave choked to death, and Todd has been charged with second-degree murder. (*Gazette Telegraph*—submitted by F. Degiacomo, Colorado Springs, Colo.)
We guess he didn't see it coming.—Editor

PARROTING THE GOSPEL

An Italian nun is convinced that the Lord does speak to us in strange ways. Sister Florence Christina of Bologna hears God's message coming from her ten-year-old parrot. One night while sound asleep, she awoke to the voice of her parrot: "It spoke in a deep, mighty voice," she recalls, "which sent powerful vibrations through the room. I knew then and there in my heart I was listening to the voice of God." And according to the parrot, God is pretty upset about the way things are going on these days "and is considering giving the planet back to the animals." Presently, Sister Florence is trying to get permission from the Church to take her parrot on a world tour to spread God's message. (*The Sun*)
That would be a great dog and parrot show.—Editor

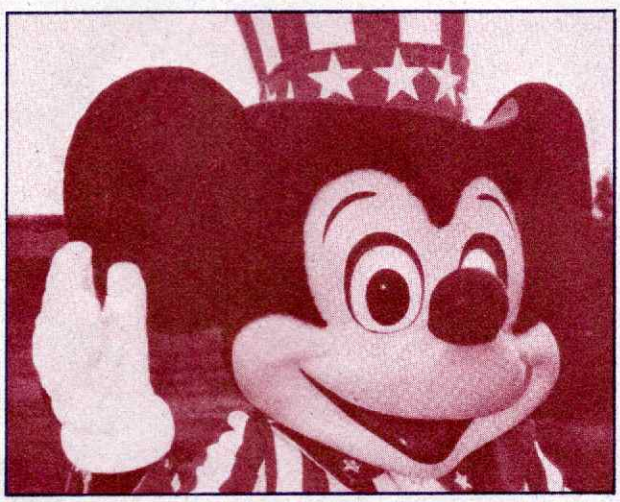


WHAT A DICK!

Daniel David Candelairo lost more than his freedom after holding up an Oakland, California, bank. Brandishing a fake bomb, Candelairo demanded that a teller hand over the money. She handed him a bag with phony money. Stuffing the bag down his pants, he ran out the door. Unfortunately, the bag also contained an explosive that was detonated by a device in the door. As columnist Herb Caen later wrote, "He is now in the hospital with a serious case of penis envy." (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by Carl Pihl, San Francisco, Calif.)
Good thing Candelairo didn't put his money where his mouth was.—Editor

MICKEY KNOCKED OFF BALLOT

Residents of Georgia are no longer permitted to vote for Mickey Mouse in state elections. Although the Disney rodent has been a favorite write-in choice for disgusted voters, a bill passed earlier this year by the state senate directs officials to ignore any write-in vote cast for anyone who hasn't filed a notice of a write-in candidacy. (*The New York Times*)
That's a real Mickey Mouse law.—Editor



BARBIE: WHAT A GIRL!

An assistant professor of pop culture at Bowling Green State University decided to determine what Barbie would look like if she were a real woman. The results were discouraging. Using the same proportions as the doll, the human Barbie would stand about five foot nine. Her bust would be 33 inches, her waist 18 inches, and her hips a mere 28 and a half inches. While the doll appears to be well-busted, it is only because of the comparison with the thinness of the other parts of the body. Worst of all, if Barbie were a real woman, her breasts would defy the law of gravity, jutting out of her chest unsupported at a 45-degree angle. (*USA Today*—submitted by Michael Citron, New York, N.Y.)
Does Ken know about this? — Editor

HE BLOWS UP AFTER DRINKING 168 CANS OF BEER!

Homer Devanus from Liverpool, England, was desperate to enter the *Guinness Book of World Records* by consuming more beer in one night than anybody else in the world. For weeks Homer went into training, and then came the night when he thought himself ready. At 9 P.M. he entered a Liverpool pub, and 14 hours later Homer had broken the record, guzzling 168 cans of beer. It was time to celebrate. Homer demanded one more for the road. It was a mistake. His stomach exploded, "splashing gallons of beer and blood all over everybody," recalled an onlooker. And if that wasn't tragic enough, bartender Christian Christopher made the announcement: "We can't count the record because he didn't hold the beer down." (*The Sun*)
We figure that's what happens to you when you drink on an empty stomach.—Editor

MOTH BALLING

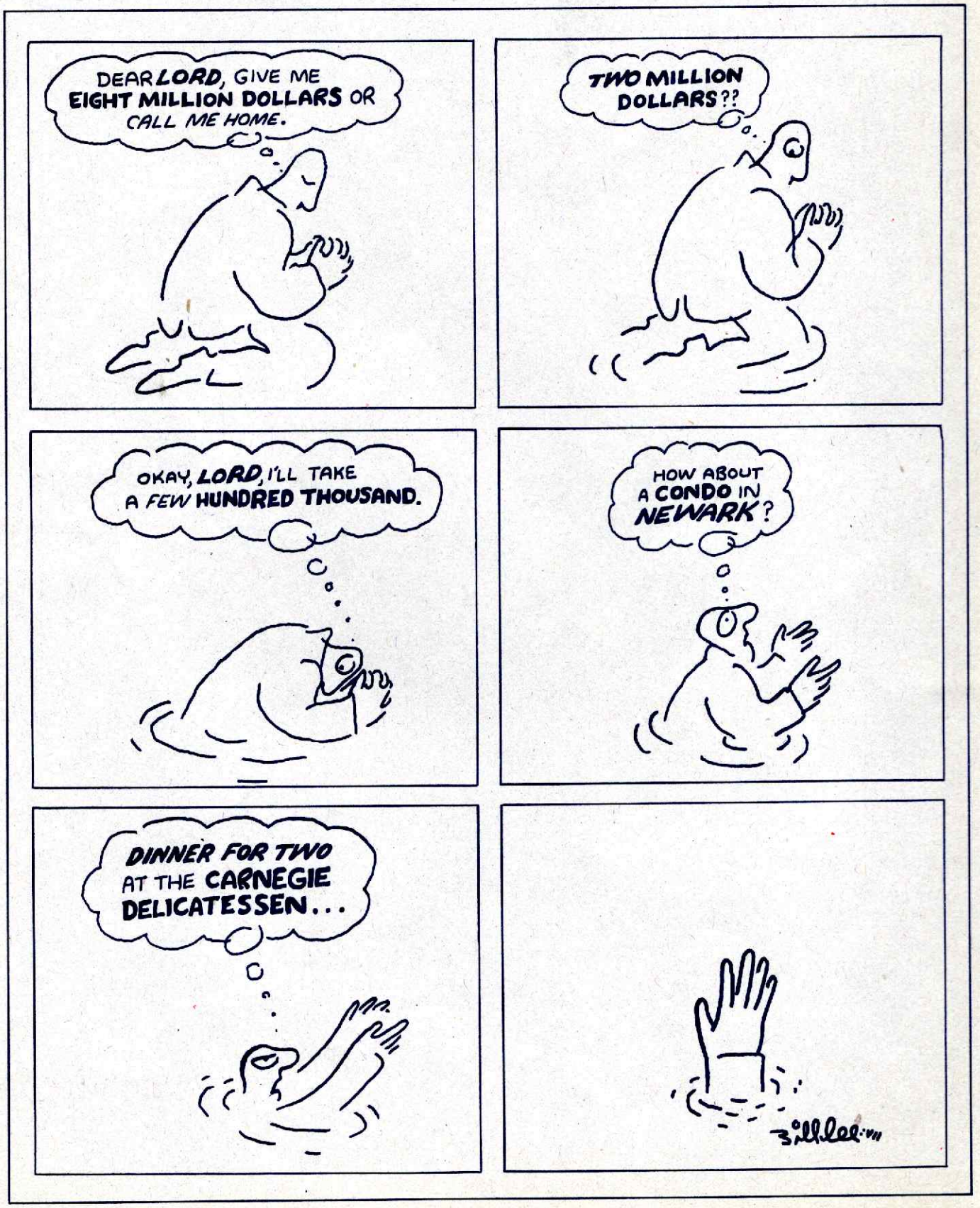
The love affair of two moths in Salisbury, England, was driving a family there wild. It seemed that the amorous moths had chosen as their love nest the doorbell of a Salisbury cottage. The passionate lovers kept rubbing against the bell while in the heat of lovemaking. After the doorbell rang once too often, police were summoned and justice was administered. (*The Sun*)
They had no sense of romance.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



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MARGO CHAPMAN

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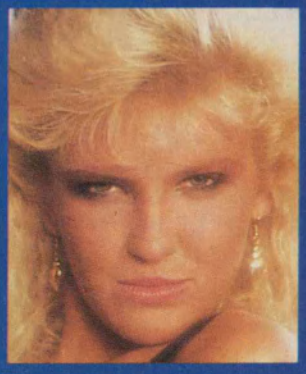

ANDI BRUCE

JILL SHAWNTAI

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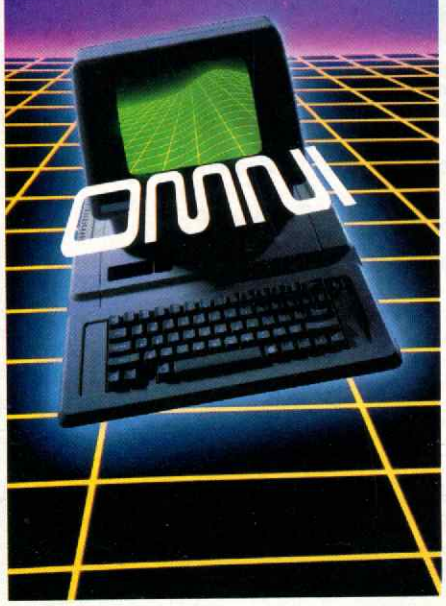

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

as sweet as her companion's. Edie's very talented tongue brought my dick back from its early retirement in no time. Shortly, my face was covered with more tasty love juice, and an avalanche of pleasure was building up in my groin. Edie licked every drop of come off my soft cock.

As we all ran to the lake to clean off, Robyn said she had always been turned on by the sight of a man's penis flopping around. While I was in the water she grabbed me, and with her magic touch I was pleasantly surprised to see myself brought back to attention. Since she enjoyed the sight of a swaying cock, I was happy to oblige her by doing jumping jacks on the shore. They both joined me, and after only 20 or 30 repetitions, we were all ready to go back to the van for some more games.

It was then that I realized I hadn't fucked either one of them yet. Edie bent over the table in the van, and I poked my cock into her love nest from behind. She moaned as I stroked her and played with her huge tits. Robyn was playing with my balls all the while. I pulled out right after Edie came, and Robyn took her place on the table. As she lay on her back, facing me, I slid my rod into her tight snatch and slowly fucked her. I sucked her beautiful left tit, with its hard nipple, while Edie sucked on the right one and played with my balls. Robyn and I finally came at the same time.

No two ways about it, this locksmith certainly found the "key to happiness" that hot Wisconsin summer afternoon.—*Name and address withheld*

ACTING OUT

A recent summertime stay with my parents in my hometown became a mission in dick diplomacy when one evening they lent me their Lincoln and told me to "enjoy myself." After about half an hour on the road, I settled on a bar that boasted "show girls of a different sort." I parked the car and headed in.

I took a seat at the bar and looked around. Dehydrated old cowboys and lovesick businessmen seemed to make up the majority of the crowd, and soon the waitress arrived and asked me what I wanted. Enough of her tits were showing to make that answer obvious. I told her I was from out of town and was just checking out some midwestern ass. She turned around, thrust her practically naked rear end in my face, and asked me how it compared. Then she informed me that when it was her turn to dance she'd show me some ass all right, and she left without taking my order.

She reappeared onstage, dressed in something that looked like a skintight version of a *Star Wars* costume. It didn't hide much, and pretty soon I was having a hard time hiding my awakening tool. She seemed oblivious to the other guys at the bar, and did her ball-bothering stunts right in front of me. These included stripping to her G-string, flashing me her gorgeous pink slit, and fingering herself. I must have stuffed more than ten one-dollar bills into that open joy nest. After her act was over, she came to me again and asked if I had seen enough midwestern ass for one night. I told her I wanted to meet her sex hole in person, as my tortured prick was going to rip straight through my jeans. She went and said something to the boss, came back licking her lips, and announced she was on "break."

Out in the parking lot she began to massage my hard knob with both hands, and then opened up her skimpy blouse to reveal her perfect braless jugs and erect nipples. She reached into her heavenly hash box and raised her fingers, wet with her love juices, under my nose. The erotic fragrance made my balls quiver against each other. I barely got the keys into the car door before we both piled into the backseat. I gave her nipples a tweak, then practically tore off her short skirt and panties, which were drenched in fuck fluid. I pushed my face into her soaking loins and began licking and nibbling at her soft pubic mound. She was moaning loudly and playing with her nipples while her legs grew tighter around me. I found her engorged clit and engulfed it as if eating a honey-coated gumdrop. When I could tell she was wet and wild and ready for anything, I quickly stripped and moved on top of her.

I parted her steaming lips and pushed my iron rod into her sex furnace. Her body was heaving and bucking in rhythm with mine, and each time I thrust my throbbing manhood into her, she gave little cries of ecstasy. Finally I felt the lava coming, and just as she began to shriek in the throes of orgasm, I poured a shuddering cargo of creamy love sap into her pulsating furry come basket.

She proceeded to pounce on my still-swollen member, and encircled its bulk with her dainty sucking machine. She fellated the length of my itching meat bat, and juggled my balls like a carnal clown at the same time. In a couple of minutes she brought me to yet another spectacular jam gush, and she greedily digested the scalding jism that spurted from my aching jewels in heavy gobs.

She then told me she had to get back to work, but left me her phone number and address, which I will definitely use the next time I visit the Cleveland area. I just hope that dear old Mom and Dad don't find the stains on the upholstery; I may want to have them framed.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, 200 N. 12th St., Newark, NJ 07104.

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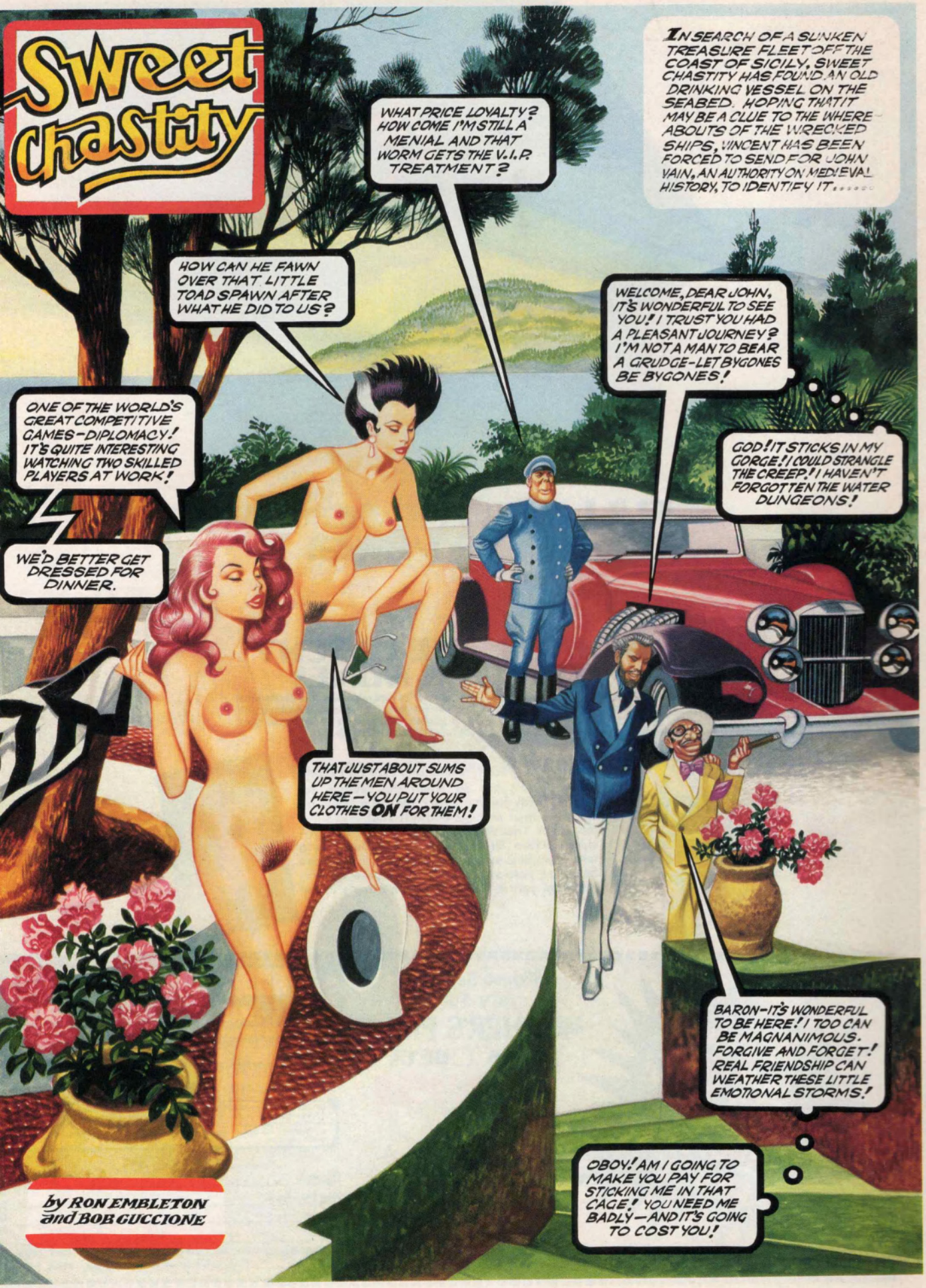
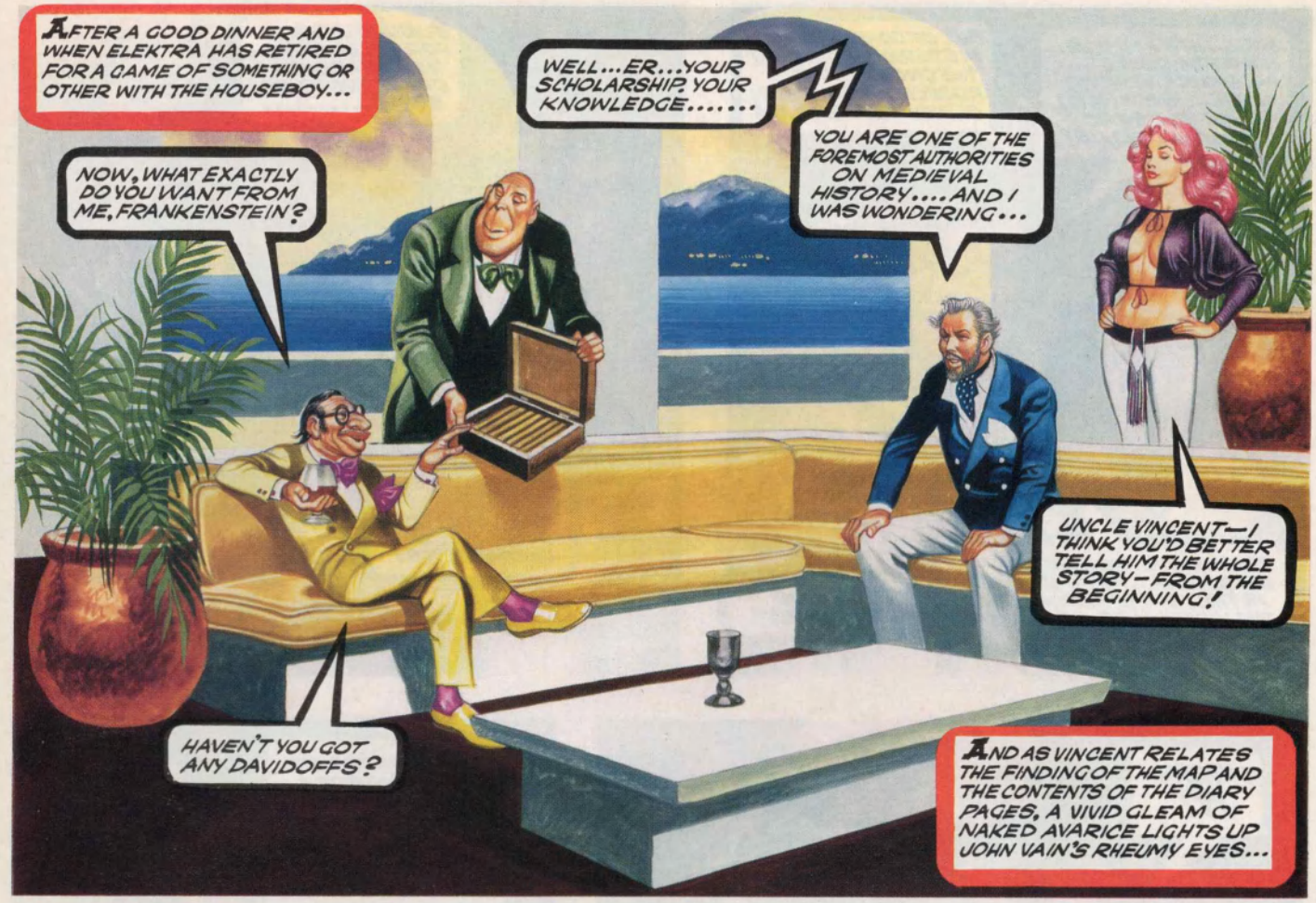

Sweet Chastity
IN SEARCH OF A SUNKEN TREASURE FLEET OFF THE COAST OF SICILY, SWEET CHASTITY HAS FOUND AN OLD DRINKING VESSEL ON THE SEABED. HOPING THAT IT MAY BE A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE WRECKED SHIPS, VINCENT HAS BEEN FORCED TO SEND FOR JOHN VAIN, AN AUTHORITY ON MEDIEVAL HISTORY, TO IDENTIFY IT.....
WHAT PRICE LOYALTY? HOW COME I'M STILL A MENIAL AND THAT WORM GETS THE V.I.P. TREATMENT?
HOW CAN HE FAWN OVER THAT LITTLE TOAD SPAWN AFTER WHAT HE DID TO US?
WELCOME, DEAR JOHN, IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU! I TRUST YOU HAD A PLEASANT JOURNEY? I'M NOT A MAN TO BEAR A GRUDGE-LET BYGONES BE BYGONES!
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT COMPETITIVE GAMES-DIPLOMACY! IT'S QUITE INTERESTING WATCHING TWO SKILLED PLAYERS AT WORK!
GOD! IT STICKS IN MY GORGE! I COULD STRANGLE THE CREEP! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE WATER DUNGEONS!
WE'D BETTER GET DRESSED FOR DINNER.
THAT JUST ABOUT SUMS UP THE MEN AROUND HERE—YOU PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON FOR THEM!
BARON-IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE HERE! I TOO CAN BE MAGNANIMOUS. FORGIVE AND FORGET! REAL FRIENDSHIP CAN WEATHER THESE LITTLE EMOTIONAL STORMS!
OBOY! AM I GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR STICKING ME IN THAT CAGE! YOU NEED ME BADLY—AND IT'S GOING TO COST YOU!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE


AFTER A GOOD DINNER AND WHEN ELEKTRA HAS RETIRED FOR A GAME OF SOMETHING OR OTHER WITH THE HOUSEBOY...
NOW, WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU WANT FROM ME, FRANKENSTEIN?
WELL...ER...YOUR SCHOLARSHIP, YOUR KNOWLEDGE.....
YOU ARE ONE OF THE FOREMOST AUTHORITIES ON MEDIEVAL HISTORY....AND I WAS WONDERING...
UNCLE VINCENT—I THINK YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM THE WHOLE STORY—FROM THE BEGINNING!
HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY DAVIDOFFS?
AND AS VINCENT RELATES THE FINDING OF THE MAP AND THE CONTENTS OF THE DIARY PAGES, A VIVID GLEAM OF NAKED AVARICE LIGHTS UP JOHN VAIN'S RHEUMY EYES...

SO—WE'RE AFTER TREASURE, ARE WE? AND YOU WANT ME TO IDENTIFY THIS?
YES...ER..; PLEASE!
NO PROBLEM! OF COURSE—I EXPECT AN EQUAL SHARE IF WE FIND THE TREASURE!
AN EQUAL SHARE? WHY YOU...!

I'LL K...!
COOL IT, UNCLE VINCENT!
OF COURSE...NATURALLY YOU'LL HAVE AN EQUAL SHARE!
NOW! WHAT THE HELL IS IT?

WELL... IT'S A SIMPLE DOMESTIC OBJECT.... PROBABLY A DRINKING VESSEL... BASE METAL — OF NO GREAT MATERIAL VALUE!
BUT OF CONSIDERABLE HISTORICAL INTEREST! THE CROSS IS THE ROSECROIX — THE EMBLEM OF THE KNIGHT TEMPLARS.
'BEAUSANT' IS THE TEMPLAR BATTLE CRY... AND 'OUTREMER' IS THE TEMPLAR WORD FOR THE KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM!
IT'S 12TH OR 13TH CENTURY!

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TREASURE SHIPS.....
I THINK YOU'VE FOUND IT! THIS MUST HAVE COME FROM ONE OF THE WRECKS!
I KNEW IT!

I KNEW IT!
STEADY, UNCLE VINCENT — WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE TREASURE YET!
NO — AND IF YOU GIVE WAY TO OUTBURSTS LIKE THAT YOU'LL HAVE THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF SICILY SEARCHING FOR YOUR TREASURE!
I THINK YOU'RE OUT OF BRANDY!

YOU'RE SO FORTUNATE IN HAVING ME FOR A FRIEND, FRANKENSTEIN!
THIS IS GOING TO TAKE ORGANIZATION.... CAREFUL PLANNING ... AND ABOVE ALL — SECRECY!
GIVE ME THE STRENGTH NOT TO BREAK HIS SCRAWNY NECK!

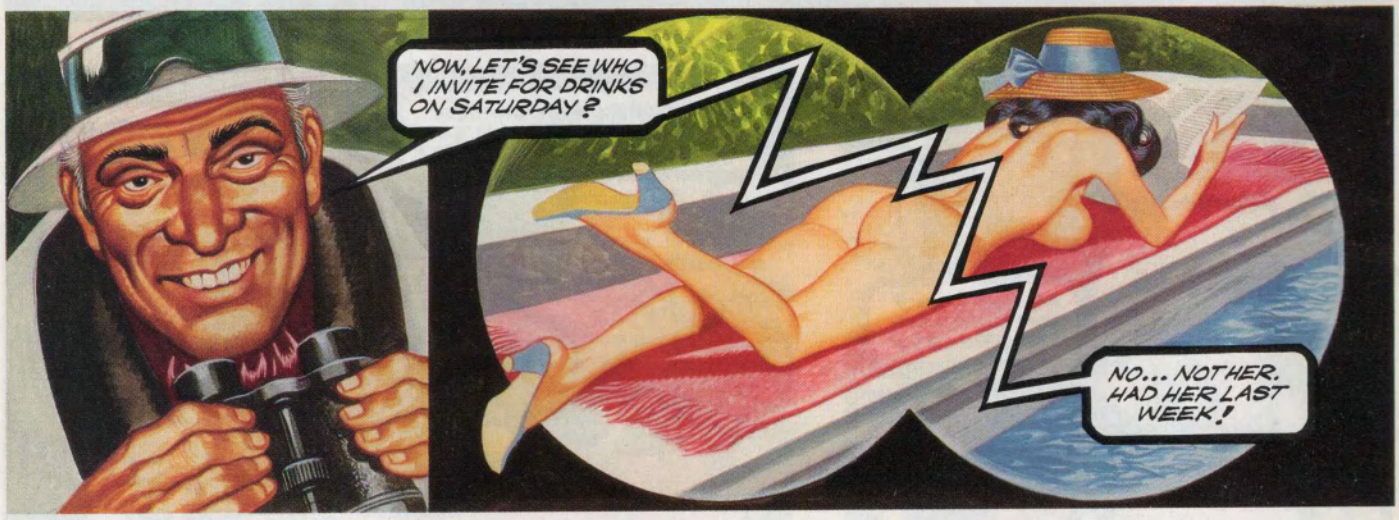
IN ONE OF THE NEARBY VILLAS MULTIBILLIONAIRE OIL AND SHIPPING MAGNATE ARISTOTLE PARNASSUS OPENS HIS MORNING MAIL.....
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
WHAT THE HELL IS WHAT?
HIS
THIS BILL, GODDAM IT!

DON'T TELL ME YOU BEGRUDGE YOUR WIFE A MEASLY 2 MILLION DOLLARS FOR AN ANNIVERSARY PRESENT?
ANNIVERSARY? WHAT GODDAM ANNIVERSARY?
DON'T SHOUT! I'D LIKE TO ENJOY MY BREAKFAST BELUGA IN PEACE! WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR SIX WHOLE WEEKS!

YOU MAY HAVE LASTED LONGER THAN ANY OF MY OTHER WIVES —BUT DON'T PUSH YOUR LUCK!
THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHERS WITH YOUR KIND OF TALENT!
HIS
HIS
ENJOY YOUR CAVIARE!

WINSTON! BRING MY BINOCULARS—I WANT TO SEE WHAT ACTION THERE IS AROUND THIS MORNING!
YESSIR! AT ONCE, SIR!

AND FROM HIS BELVEDERE EYRIE, PARNASSUS ENJOYS SOME RELAXING VOYEURISM.....
GOT YOUR NOTEBOOK, WINSTON?
YESSIR!


NOW, LET'S SEE WHO I INVITE FOR DRINKS ON SATURDAY?
NO... NOT HER. HAD HER LAST WEEK!

THAT LOOKS INTERESTING—THEY'RE MAKING AN EARLY START!
CAN'T QUITE SEE, THOUGH.....

...MMM...SOME NEW PEOPLE AT THE VILLA MARGOLIS!
...THEY LOOK PRETTY BORING!

MORNING, AUNTIE ELEKTRA–UNCLE VINCENT!
MORNING, CHASTITY–WANT SOME BREAKFAST?
NO THANKS –I'M GOING FOR A SWIM FIRST!

WHO THE HELL IS THAT?
MY GOD! IT CAN'T BE!
IT IS! THAT'S SWEET CHASTITY!

WINSTON! FIND OUT WHO'S STAYING AT THE VILLA MARGOLIS AND INVITE THEM HERE ON SATURDAY!
YESSHIR!
AN INVITATION FROM ARISTOTLE PARNASSUS! WELL, IT SURE BEATS A SALVATION ARMY TEA PARTY! WE'D ACCEPT IF WE WERE STAYING AT THE VILLA MARGOLIS!

Strange Facts—
and a New *Penthouse* Competition

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

This month's diversion is a simple quiz to test your knowledge of general oddball information. As in our quizzes in the March 1987 issue, most of the items are in some way related to sex—one of our favorite relations.

Notebooks ready? Take out a sheet of paper and number from one to 60. Write down your answers to the questions below, then check to see how you did against the answers beginning on page 160. A score of 30 or better is good, 40 or better excellent, and 50 or better phenomenal.

No peeking at your neighbor's paper, now. Pencil sharp? Ready—begin.

1. The first time the word *sex* was used in an English-language book was in 1382. What was the name of the book?

2. After a lawsuit, what scenes had to be cut from the X-rated movie *Debbie Does Dallas*?

3. What do Margaret Thatcher and Mia Farrow have in common with Andy Gibb, James Stewart, Eric Sevareid, and Ed Asner?

4. What U.S. general was, as a boy, dressed in girl's clothes until he was eight years old?

5. What is the most common dildo length?

6. What is the third-most popular sexual position?

7. What do the rock groups Steely Dan, 10cc, and The Lovin' Spoonful have in common?

8. Sex researcher Wardell Pomeroy has noted that it's rare to find measurements over one inch in whites, but this may occur in two or three percent of blacks. "Measurements of three inches and more were obtained from perhaps one out of 300 or 400 blacks." Measurements of what?

9. In the landmark 1935 study *L'Ethnologie du Sens Genitale*, what was the significant finding about Sudanese and Hindu men?

10. What literary substitute for the F-word did Norman Mailer introduce in his first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*?

11. What actress had a pair of mountain peaks named after her in Alaska?

12. What luggage did Benjamin bring with him for the hotel scene in *The Graduate*?

13. What was the name of the female gang member in *West Side Story*?

14. Who was the only competitor in the 1976 summer Olympics who was not given a sex test?

15. What was Elvis Presley's pet name for his penis?

16. We all know that *Penthouse* was the first magazine to actually show female pubic hair. What is generally regarded as the first popular *movie* to do so?

17. What does the acronym *snafu* stand for?

18. Do a higher percentage of first marriages or remarriages end in divorce?

19. What did the company of Bradley, Voorhees and Day make?

20. Which condoms are larger—English or American?

21. What is gymnophobia?

22. What is gamophobia?

23. What do Attila the Hun, Nelson Rockefeller, and Goldie Hawn's husband in *Private Benjamin* have in common?

24. What movie star's daughter killed her mother's boyfriend?

25. What U.S. city has historically prosecuted more adults for fornication, adultery, and lewd behavior than any other? (Hint: It's in the Midwest.)

26. In 1980, the U.S. Census Bureau formally acknowledged "living together" by announcing a new category: POSSLQ. What did it stand for?

27. Who was the first U.S. president to be born in a hospital?

28. Who was the first U.S. president to be divorced?

29. According to *Cosmopolitan*, do women prefer to be on top or have the man on top?

30. Gabriel Fallopius (1523–1562) was the Italian anatomist who first described the workings of the female tubing that was named after him. What other sexual first is he famous for?

31. Casanova said he once made love to the same woman 12 times, but in how many days?

32. For generations, how have teenagers used the names Jack Meyov, Connie Lingus, Dick Hertz, and Mike Hunt?

33. When a son loves his mother a little too much it's called an Oedipus complex. What's the female version called—a daughter's over-attraction to her father?

34. What record is held by 72-year-old Ellen Ellis of Wales?

35. What are 73 percent of all men by age 70?

36. What is still practiced by 25 percent of all men over 60?

37. The gibbon shares what sexual behavior with humans that is unknown in virtually all other mammals?

38. What happens to a man when nerves send signals to the cremaster and dartos muscles?

39. What is another name for "Vatican roulette"?

40. What are only three men in 1,000 able to do to reach orgasm?

41. What sexual practice do humans have in common with some fish?

42. What is a merkin?

43. Which golden-throated actress said of Sammy Davis, Jr., "He could do anything with me except have normal intercourse, because that would be cheating on his wife"?

UNDERCOVER EXCITEMENT

ESPIONAGE

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GAMES

44. Prince gave Denise Matthews the stage name "Vanity." He originally wanted her to take another name and promised it would make her known nationwide. She said, "No kidding." What was it?

45. What medical procedure have Lee Grant, Billie Jean King, and Gloria Steinem had in common?

46. What English TV series opened one of its episodes with a hotel sign that read FLOWERY TWATS?

47. What did TV's Archie Bunker call a gynecologist?

48. For fear of obscenities, "Saturday Night Live" was not live for which guest host?

49. What type of couple was depicted in bed in a 1947 ad that stated, "A buck well spent on a Springmaid sheet"?

50. In *Tea and Sympathy*, what did Deborah Kerr do after she said, "Years from now when you talk about this, and you will, be kind"?

51. In *Pete 'n' Tillie*, what actor asked, "How about coming up to my place for a spot of heavy breathing?"

52. What was the name of the slide show Jack Nicholson showed Art Garfunkel at the end of *Carnal Knowledge*?

53. Honoré de Balzac tried to avoid having orgasms because he thought semen contained the essence of his creativity. As he joined his friends at dinner one night, he made a tragic announcement. What was it?

54. When does the I.R.S.'s "Dinah Shore Ruling" allow actresses to write off their gowns as business deductions?

55. What did Leo Durocher refuse to change all through the Giants' 1951 pennant race?

56. "I'm freezing my nuts off" is heard, in Italian, in what opera?

57. In a dialogue that was judged too racy to air on a "Masterpiece Theatre" production, the Prince of Wales said to his mistress, Lillie Langtry, "I've spent enough on you to buy a battleship." What was her supposed real-life reply?

58. How did King George II of England die?

59. " 'Do it quick,' my wife would say. 'Get it over as fast as you can. It's not nice.' " Who said that?

60. If you want to buy condoms in Utah, what will a druggist require from you?

COMPETITION NO. 10: ANSWERING MACHINES

Hello. You have reached the American Clairvoyance Society. We're not in right now, but we knew you would call. In fact, we already know what your message will be, so don't bother to leave it. We'll be in touch.

You can leave a message of any length up to 18 and a half minutes . . .

—Richard Nixon

I'll be back as soon as I settle this thing at Waterloo. Meanwhile, I can be reached on my cellular phone, which I always keep handy inside my vest.

—Napoleon Bonaparte

At the tone, leave your name and your space-time coordinates.

—Mr. Spock

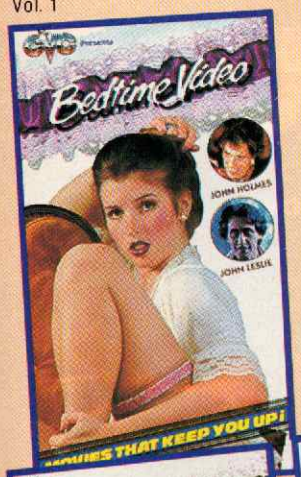
You get the idea. Send us an original message that might be on the answering machine of any character—living, dead, or fictional. Our grand prize winner will receive a Zenith VR1805 videocassette recorder—complete with wireless 12-function remote control—and three second-prize winners will each receive a General Electric 2-9855 telephone answering system, featuring total remote control from any touch-tone phone. Six runners-up will each receive a one-year subscription to *Penthouse*.

Send one original entry only, on a postcard by June 15, 1987, to: Penthouse Competition No. 10, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All entries become the property of *Penthouse;* none will be returned.

Answers:

1. The Bible. 2. The scenes shot in Dallas. 3. They have all had twins. 4. Douglas MacArthur. 5. Six inches. 6. Side-by-side. 7. They are all named after sex terms. Steely Dan was the name of a metal dildo in *Naked Lunch*. 10cc and Lovin' Spoonful were names chosen to describe the volume of an average male ejaculation—approximately a teaspoonful. 8. Clitoris size. 9. Of all racial groups measured, the Sudanese men had the longest penises, the Hindu men had the shortest. 10. "Fug" or "fugging." 11. Jane Russell. 12. A toothbrush. 13. Anybody's. 14. Princess Anne of England, a competitor in the equestrian events. 15. "Little Elvis." 16. *Blow-Up*. 17. Situation normal all fucked up. 18. Remarriages. 19. BVDs. 20. English. 21. Fear of nakedness. 22. Fear of marriage. 23. Death during sex. 24. Lana Turner. 25. Sheboygan, Wisconsin. 26. Person of Opposite Sex Sharing Living Quarters. 27. Jimmy Carter. 28. Ronald Reagan. 29. Man on top. 30. The condom. He made the first ones of linen. 31. In one day. 32. To play practical jokes on public-address announcers. 33. An Electra complex. 34. She was the oldest woman ever to give birth. 35. Still potent. 36. Masturbation. 37. Monogamy. 38. He gets an erection. 39. The rhythm method of birth control. 40. Suck their own penises. 41. Fellatio. 42. A hairpiece for woman's pubic hair. 43. Linda Lovelace. 44. Vagina. 45. Abortions. 46. "Fawlty Towers." 47. A "groinacologist." 48. Richard Pryor. 49. An American Indian couple. 50. Made love to a virgin boy. 51. Walter Matthau. 52. "Ballbusters on Parade." 53. "Today I lost a book." 54. If the gowns are too tight to sit down in. 55. His clothes. 56. *La Boheme*. 57. "You've spent enough *in* me to float one." 58. He fell off a toilet. 59. The Boston Strangler. 60. Money.

Vol. 1



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Volume II—All Lesbian action. Ten different beauties in five hot all-girl features. Blondes, brunettes, redheads, oriental, black, etc. #XBT-2

Volume III—John Holmes, Lynn Casey, Pia Conners and a cast of twelve do it—in couples, threesomes, foursomes, and an incredible orgy of five that you'll never forget. #XBT-3

Volume IV—Three 3-way features are highlighted by interracial sex, and some hot couples featuring John Holmes and Nicola, John Leslie and Colleen in sizzling Super Star Sex. #XBT-4

Volume V—All Threesomes! Jamie Gillis satisfying two sex crazed nymphs, Valeria takes on Ed and Ronnie in a hot tub, Sally Parks fills up with Tommy and Scott, and much much more! #XBT-5

Volume VI—Three hot orgiastic foursomes and a cast of seventeen steaming sexperts show you every incredible sexual trick with lots of wet n' wild climaxes. #XBT-6

Vol. 3

Vol. 4

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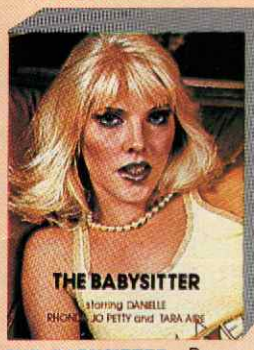
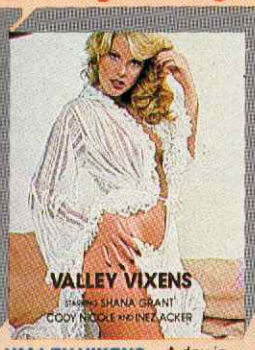
PLUS...These best selling full-length video features for $19.95—as low as $15.00 each when you buy five—

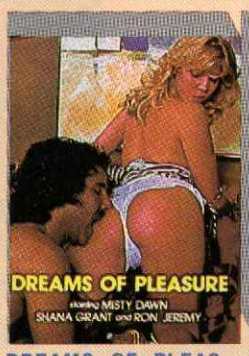


THE BABYSITTER—Danielle is a blonde, beautiful and sweet babysitter. She yearns for daddy, who satisfies every one of her sexual cravings. #XGT107

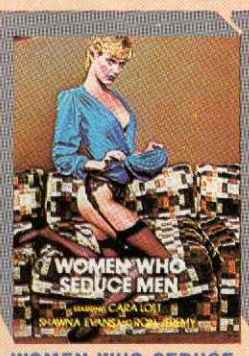


VALLEY VIXENS—A day in the life of four Valley girls. They bring home the entire gang from the office for some hot and lusty sex in the afternoon. #XGT124

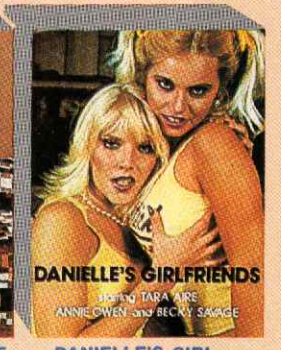
FORBIDDEN WAYS—Superstar Vanessa Del Rio with three different guys and lots of sexy friends who perform their sizzling sexual specialties in the hottest, horniest orgy you've ever seen. #XGT114



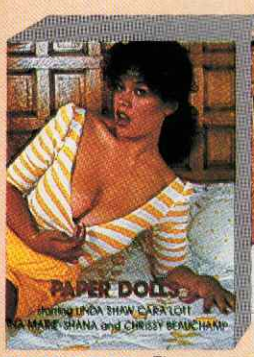
DREAMS OF PLEASURE—A well-endowed psychoanalyst who specializes in wet dreams and sexual hang-ups releases his own sexual frustrations on two delicious girls. #XGT120



WOMEN WHO SEDUCE MEN—Four lusty nymphos seduce and use an exec, a show salesman, and a truck driver to satisfy their insatiable sexual appetites. #XGT123



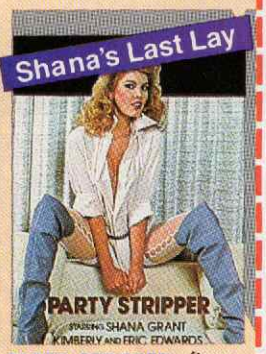
DANIELLE'S GIRLFRIENDS—Lesbian sex in a series of steaming vignettes of girls in heat ravishing each other's bodies. You'll beg for more. #XGT116



PAPER DOLLS—Five gorgeous Superstars show you how they rose to stardom by demonstrating their special sexual gifts on well-endowed superstuds. #XGT117

ANYTHING GOES—In a series of sizzling flashbacks, friends at a party visually recall their wildest love affairs. Their sexy memories result in the orgy of the year. #XGT119

HOT AFFAIR—When a beautiful young woman and her handsome stud meet an older, experienced couple in a sexual swapping party, the result is non-stop sexual action. #XGT118



PARTY STRIPPER—Sexy Shana's last movie before her untimely death. She treats her husband to a "Strip-o-gram" for his birthday. The stripper is so "hot," she gets them all into an incredible orgy. #XGT130

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COMING IN THE JUNE PENTHOUSE

THE MOSSAD—ISRAEL'S SECRET WEAPON

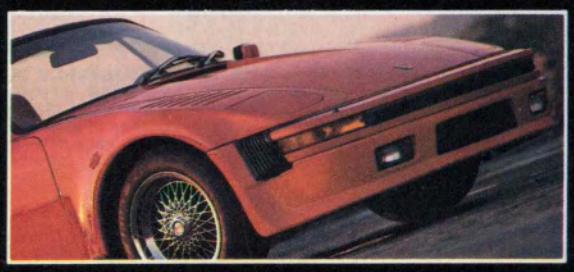
Israel's legendary intelligence operation—the Mossad—has long been considered to be the best in the world. But recently, in the wake of the Iran arms scandal and other disclosures, some Americans have questioned whether the Mossad is *too* good—whether it's also gotten in the habit of manipulating the government of the United States. Craig S. Karpel, a journalist who lives in Israel, reviews the Mossad's strengths and weaknesses and takes us into the hidden labyrinth where the world's most secretive secret service honors its fallen heroes. And in a companion photo essay, we visit a training camp somewhere in Latin America where former Mossad operatives train government and private security forces to combat today's international plague of terror.

AIDS: SOME STARTLING SUCCESS STORIES

After last month's report on the hysteria that has led to an out-of-control panic over AIDS among the general public, Gary Null goes on to review the work of two doctors who are finding success with their unique approaches to the disease. But since these men are not members in good standing of the "medical establishment," they have received little attention. Next month, Null rectifies this situation and shows how these safe, nontoxic treatments can help strengthen the body's immune system and serve to fortify its infection-fighting forces.

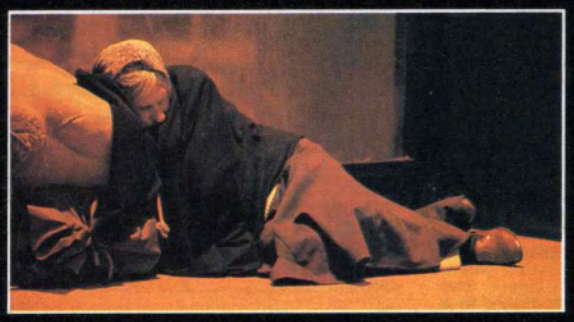
DID SON OF SAM ACT ALONE?

The so-called "Son of Sam" murders—in which New York City lovers' lanes were turned into a shooting gallery by a serial killer—captured the horrified attention of the nation. Finally, David Berkowitz, a strange loner, was captured and convicted of the crimes. But now, journalist Maury Terry has come forth with evidence that Berkowitz might not have been such a loner. Terry's research shows that there were links between Berkowitz and a nationwide satanic cult. In an essay based on research for his new book *The Ultimate Evil* (to be published by Dolphin), Terry reveals how he successfully fought to have the Berkowitz case reopened and how vital evidence of satanic cults has been ignored at our peril.



DREAM CARS

What would you give to create your own fantasy on wheels—the fulfillment of your automotive desire? Next month, Mike Knepper reports on a growing trend by car enthusiasts who are having existing models transformed to meet their personal specifications. Focusing on the truly spectacular customized Porsche, Knepper shows how your own special dreams—possibly a mahogany dashboard with a customized stereo featuring a remote CD with changer, just for starters—can become reality easier than you may think possible.



A BIG APPLE VACATION

Our normally peripatetic contributing editor Emily Prager has decided to take a most unusual summer vacation this year: She's visiting New York City, her own hometown. But as fans of her longtime *Penthouse* "View From the Top" column know, no decision Emily makes is ever made lightly. And next month she lets us in on her plans. For one thing, she knows that no summer in New York should be undertaken without a compass, a flamethrower, and an exorcist. For another, clothes have to be meticulously selected and planned . . . just like arms sales to the Ayatollah. "I will take no chances," she assures us, and you won't either by sharing the perceptions of one of today's brightest and wittiest writers.

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